THE MAN'S MAGAZINE 50 CENTS SEPTEMBER 1965 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

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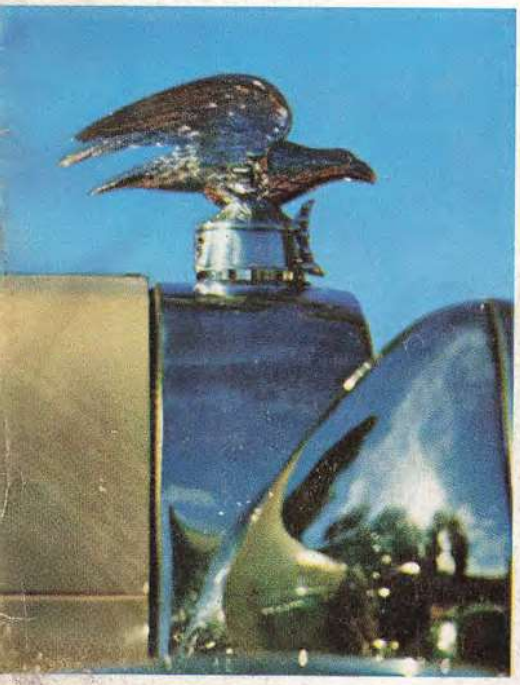
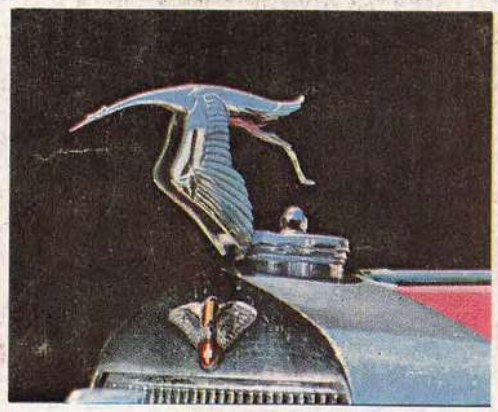
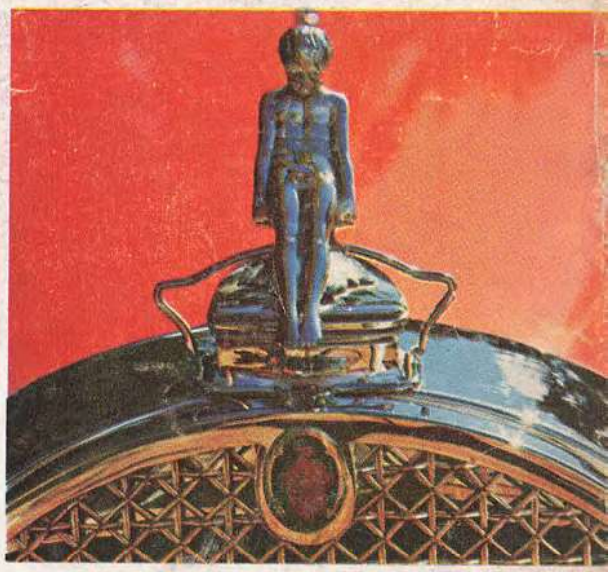
PRO FOOTBALL: A New Scandal Simmers

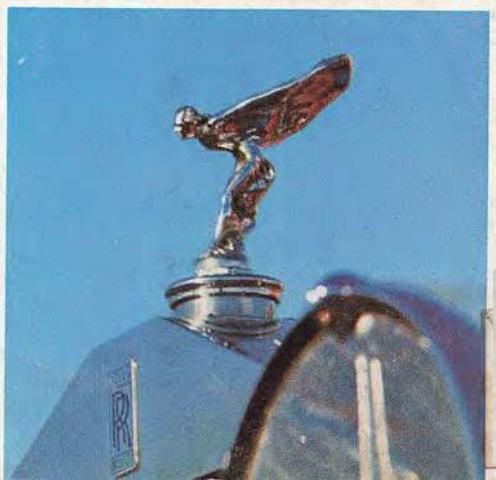
ABORTION: Why Should It Be A Crime?

DETROIT 1966: What To Expect In The New Cars









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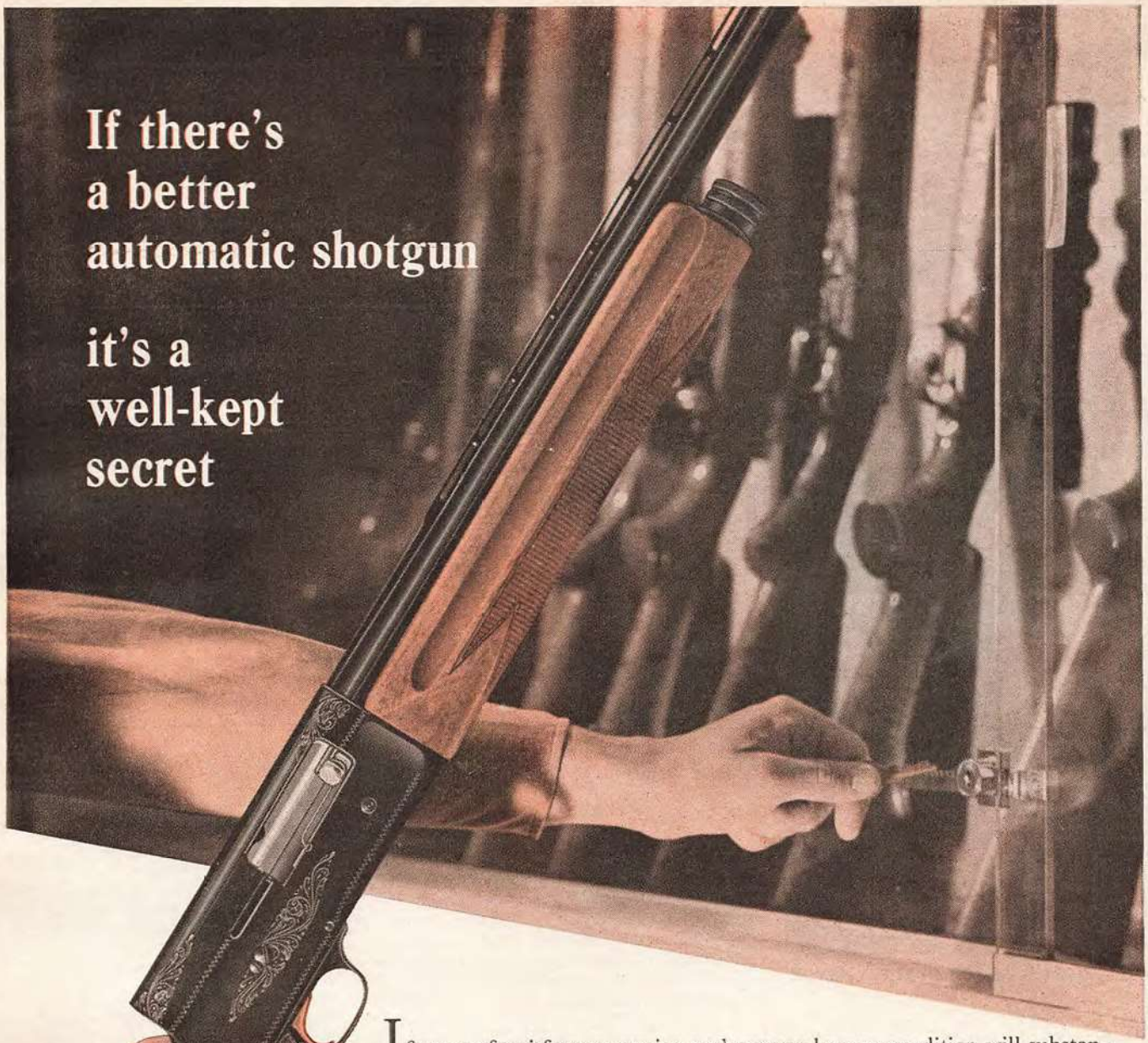

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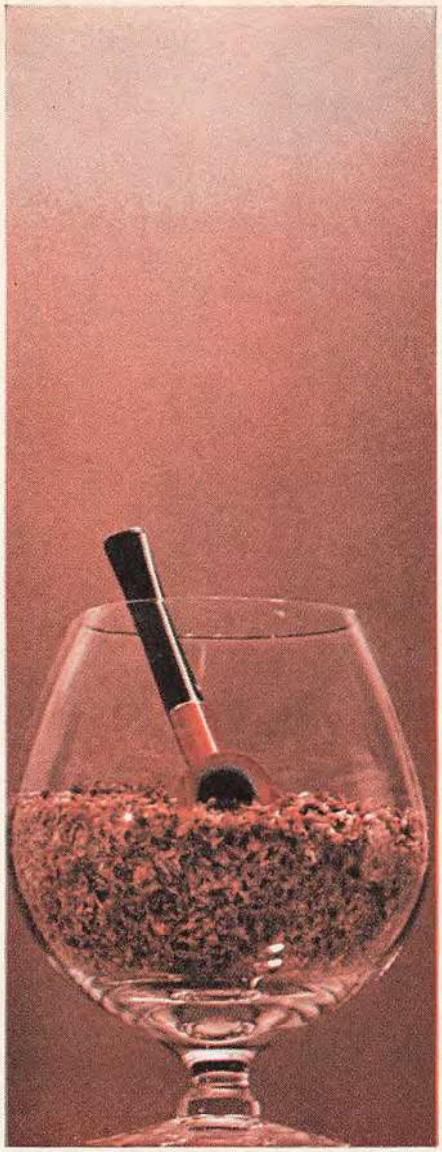

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The Sheet-Heads

Thank you and David W. Chalmers for his exposé of *Hooded Americanism* (July). It's about time that someone had the guts to expose these screwballs for what they really are. It is shocking that this country has put up with this nonsense for as long as it has. The KKK is no better than the Jesse James gang or the John Dillinger mob. This country needs the Ku Klux Klan like a hog needs a bridal veil.

—Leslie Tenley
Bellaire, Ohio

Your vivid description of the numerous atrocities these "sheet-clad creeps" and "native Nazis" have committed since the KKK's inception nearly a century ago makes one stop and think. Who are these self-appointed guardians of white supremacy? Who gave them the right to say who will live and who will die? If they are as superpatriotic as they claim to be, why must they dress like a bunch of kids at a Halloween party? The only answer I can arrive at is that they are cowards.

—Carl A. Quicker, Jr.
Sheboygan, Wis.

Hooded Americanism presented a fine history of the Ku Klux Klan. I rarely agree with President Johnson on political matters; however, I feel much the same as he does regarding the Ku Klux Klan.

—Douglas W. Capaul
Polo, Ill.

Pollution

Secretary Udall's piece, *Our Seesaw Battle Against Poison*, in your August issue, is great for bringing up-to-date the problems raised by Rachel Carson in regard to pesticide pollution. TRUE is to be congratulated both for running the Carson book earlier and the Udall article now.

Udall says the pesticides wash off the farmlands into the rivers and befoul them. Unfortunately, it isn't only the pesticides which are ruining our "fresh" water streams. Despite all the hullabaloo about sewage treatment, the stuff still pours in pristine strength into the sources for our drinking water. Personally, I've never had any liking for drinking even my own urine, let alone someone else's. But I guess most Americans have developed a taste for the brew—or they'd insist the mess be cleaned up.

—John Anderson
Chicago, Ill.

At this rate we'll soon be without a pot to poison.

S.O.B.

I had to tell you how much I liked the story by Robert Ruark (*The Most Unforgettable S.O.B. I Ever Knew*—June). I could swear you were talking about my father, except that he was a hard-working man. Robert Ruark has made his old gentleman live on paper and revived for me the memory of another old gentleman as well.

—M. Van Arsdale
Nantucket Island, Mass.

You may have noted that author Ruark died in London recently. In many ways Bob Ruark was the most unforgettable S.O.B. we've ever met. He'd like that as an epitaph.

Colossal Copulation

Thanks to your article *Australia's Strange New Sea Monster* (July) I have just given up skin diving. That thing is obviously a sperm cell cast off during some gargantuan copulation in the abyss. I don't even want to be on the same planet with Daddy!

—Pete Perrault
Clay, N. Y.

Haven't you ever heard of sperm whales?

Lopsided Liability

As a practicing lawyer of 24 years experience, I submit that Fred Warshofsky in *The Big Liability Scandal* (July) presented

[*Continued on page* 4]

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Chemical Engineering Unit Operations
Chemical Laboratory Tech.
Chemical Process Control Technician
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Elements of Nuclear Energy
General Chemistry
Instrumental Laboratory Analysis

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Construction Engineering
Highway Engineering
Principles of Surveying
Reading Highway Blueprints
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Electrical Engineering Drafting
Electronic Drafting
Introductory Mechanical Drafting
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Structural Drafting

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Electrical Appliance Servicing
Electrical Contractor
Electrical Engineering (Power option or Electronic option)
Electrical Engineering Tech.
Electrical Instrument Tech.
Industrial Electrical Tech.
Industrial Telemetering
Power Line Design and Construction
Power Plant Operator (Hydro or Steam Option)
Practical Electrician
Practical Lineman
Reading Electrical Blueprints

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Civil
Electrical
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Mathematics and Physics for Engineering
Math & Physics for Technic'ns
Modern Elementary Statistics

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Industrial Instrumentation
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Quality Control
Safety Engineering Tech'l'gy
Tool Design
Value Analysis

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Petroleum Production
Petroleum Production Eng'r'g
Petroleum Refinery Operator
Pipeline Engineering

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Plastics Technician

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Domestic Refrigeration
Gas Fitting
Heating
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Refrigeration
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Steam Fitting

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Pulp Making
Pulp & Paper Engineering
Pulp & Paper Making

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Real Estate Salesmanship
Sales Management
Salesmanship
Salesmanship & Sales Management

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Commercial
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Medical Secretary
Professional Secretary
Shorthand
Stenographic
Typewriting

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Foundry Practice
Industrial Metallurgy
Lathe Operator
Machine Shop Inspection
Machine Shop Practice
Machine Shop Practice & Toolmaking
Metallurgical Engineering Technology
Milling Machine Operator
Patternmaking
Practical Millwrighting
Reading Shop Prints
Rigging
Tool Engineering Technology
Tool Grinder
Toolmaking
Turret Lathe Operator
Welding Engineering Technology
Welding Processes

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Industrial Building Engineer
Power Plant Engineering
Stationary Diesel Engines
Stationary Fireman
Stationary Steam Engineering

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Carding and Spinning
Cotton Manufacturing
Dyeing & Finishing
Loom Fixing
Spinning
Textile Designing
Textile Technology
Textile Mill Supervisor
Warping and Weaving
Wool Manufacturing

TRAFFIC
Motor Traffic Management
Railway Rate Clerk
Traffic Management

TV-RADIO-ELECTRONICS
Communications Technology
Electronic Fundamentals
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[*Continued from page 2*]

the unusual case as typical, and the typical case not at all. Some extraordinarily silly results have been reached by jurors in damage suits, but they are by no means confined to high verdicts for dubious injuries or questionable causes of action. There are vast areas of essentially rural sections where verdicts are as spectacularly inadequate as your author contends they are excessive in others.

—*Griffin Smith*
Little Rock, Ark.

You are to be congratulated for *The Big Liability Scandal*. As an insurance adjuster, I have been preaching this line of thought for over 10 years. The sooner people realize that the money we pay out comes from their own pockets, the sooner we will be able to reflect that in lower rates.

—*R. L. Alexander*
Casper, Wyo.

I guess I was born too soon. In 1920, in an accident, I lost most of my left leg and part of my right foot. A so-called blue ribbon jury returned a verdict of $5000. After the trial, the late Judge Goddard spoke to me in the corridor.

"This is the first time I was ever in court," I said. "I read in the *New York Times* a few weeks ago that an actress sued a prominent playboy in this same court because of an automobile accident in which she suffered a gashed thigh. She was awarded $30,000. I don't get it."

The judge laughed. "Well, we can't predict what a jury will do, but I think the lady had a better leg to show her jury."

Clearly, just plain human nature has a lot to do with the disparities in liability judgements.

—*C. W. Hart*
Hackettstown, N. J.

Traffic Buster

The bonus book condensation by Henry Barnes in your June issue (*The Man with the Red and Green Eyes*) was one of the best I've read. Barnes is a man of fortitude and foresight. Yet he has only given a hint of what the future holds for transportation.

The day will come when left turns will be forbidden and the autoist will have to make three rights instead. On tollways a lone occupant of a car will pay double what is paid by a car with two occupants and triple what is paid when three are in a car. Autoists will be subsidizing rail transportation as an aid to reducing highway traffic. Certain highways will be for trucks and buses only and private autos will be banned from certain expressways unless they contain a minimum of two passengers.

—*W. Murbach*
Wheaton, Ill.

We'll stay home.

Cigar-Store Veep

The cover picture of TRUE's July issue seems to be a replica of our Vice-President, Hubert Humphrey.

—*Louis Frank*
Reno, Nev.

The resemblance is there, but the cigar-store Indian on TRUE's cover was carved long before H. H. H. was born.

Going Ape

I quote from the letter written by D. H. Ebersole in *TRUEly Yours* for July: "Neither is there a time in the past marking the period in which I or my ancestors ceased to be apes." Plain enough, I would say. He admits that he has never ceased to be an ape. Further attested to by the mentality and reasoning shown in his letter.

—*J. B. Tucker*
Silver City, N. M.

. . . Mr. Ebersole's letter to the editor represents the kind of birdmindedness that the church must fight. Your reply is classic.

—*Wesley Seeliger*
Episcopal Chaplain
Texas A&M University
College Station, Texas

. . . Your show of mature restraint and wisdom in answering D. H. Ebersole's foulmouthed, unchristian and totally uncalled-for letter is truely commendable.

—*Kenneth L. Wray*
Shawnee, Okla.

. . . Your reply to the self-ordained minister and Soul Saver completely broke me up. Perhaps his ancestry is showing.

—F. G. Yeager
Franklin, Ind.

Avid Av's

I want to rectify Mr. Daniel P. Mannix's *Danger: The Antivivisectionists Rise Again* (June). The bills being proposed in Congress *are not* antivivisection bills. We all recognize the fact that animals are needed for research. However, the bills would insure decent treatment of laboratory animals, including adequate rest and exercise areas, proper feeding and sanitation. Where subjected to painful tests, animals would be anesthetized—now not always the case. I feel that Mr. Mannix's article takes a "no holds barred" attitude which in all human conscience should not be allowed.

—James H. Ryan
Auburn, N. Y.

Mannix described the bills accurately. His point was that they would not simply have the good effects you mentioned but would strangle research in the coils of red tape.

Your author's bland assumption that only little old ladies in tennis shoes oppose animal torture is as outmoded as the contentions presented in the article. I am an engineer and am a member of a humane organization which numbers among its membership attorneys, engineers, doctors, dentists and other professional people who have made it their business to thoroughly investigate the entire subject of vivisection, both in the field and theoretically. As a result of thorough analysis, we have concluded that legislative protection for animals used in experimental laboratories is long overdue. Its lack proves only that the United States is socially and culturally secondary to nearly all other major powers, most of whom have instituted such laws years ago. Our alarming crime rate increase bears this out.

The contention that humanity cannot exist without animal experimentation is reminiscent of the arguments against child labor laws to the effect that the economy of the country could not survive without child labor.

—B. Cardoni
Van Nuys, Calif.

The benefits which animals themselves derive from medical research are frequently overlooked. Control of such dread animal diseases as rabies, canine distemper, infectious canine hepatitis, leptospirosis and feline distemper (panleucopenia) is dependent primarily on products of animal experimentation. The modern veterinarian can perform open chest surgery only because this technique has been perfected on experimental animals. Dogs and cats which sustained fractures of the femur (the long bone

[*Continued on page 9*]

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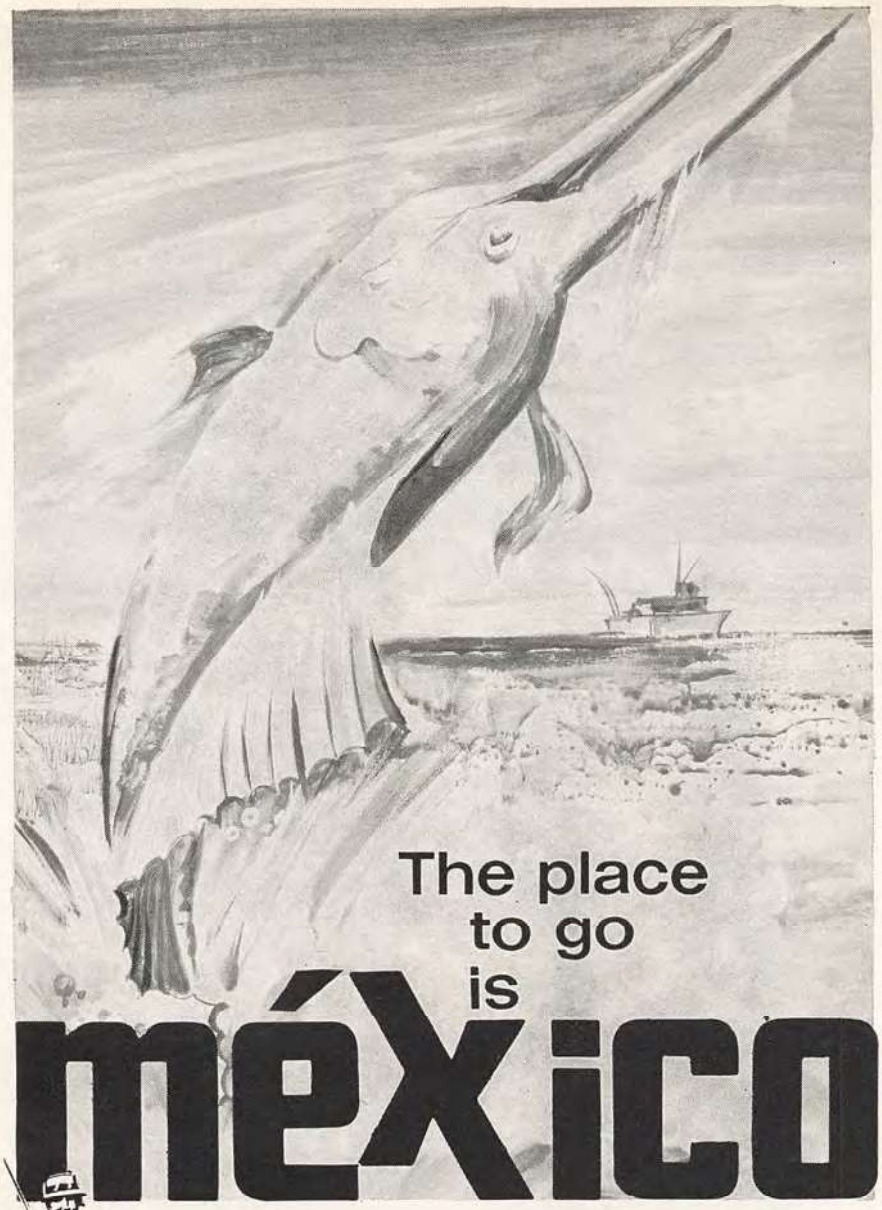

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For Mailing Addresses, see page 2.

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

SEPTEMBER 1965

CONTENTS

BONUS BOOK CONDENSATION

RICHARD GEHMAN **50** Bogart—Cool Cult Warms Up To An Old Hero
The irascible Humphrey, dubbed "H" by a new generation of Bogart addicts, was almost never without a gun in hand onscreen—or a drink offscreen. His legacy: A brutal brand of honesty.

TRUE ADVENTURE

ALFRED GAUMER **25** Ten Words That Lost a Million Dollars
MARK ROGERS & JOSEPH E. BROWN **46** My Deep Dive to Davy Jones

IN THE NEWS

SID LATHAM **28** The Mighty Maw of Mister Machine
NEWTON JOSEPH **30** From Rocks to Riches
LAWRENCE LADER **32** Abortion: The Civilized Crime
JOSEPH N. BELL **36** The Extremist Plot To Rewrite Our History
RON BUTLER **61** Campus Clothes Around the Compass

TRUE'S WHO

ROBERT A. LISTON **10** Tex Thornton: Architect of the Electronic Age

FISHING

TED TRUEBLOOD **44** Coho Cure for Fishing Frustration

SPORTS

STANLEY FRANK **48** The Dirtiest Scandal in Sports

AUTOMOTIVE

CHARLES N. BARNARD **34** Detroit 1966: What To Expect in the New Cars

SCIENCE

DALE SHAW **39** Danger—600 Volts DC

NATURE

DAVID GOODNOW **55** A Lordly Snooze in an Unlikely Pad

COLLECTION

BOB GRANT **42** Classic Stoppers

SHORT FEATURES

2 TRUEly Yours
8 TRUE Goes Shopping
9 It Happened in Sports
22 It's a Man's World
58 Strange But TRUE
122 This Funny Life

COVER: PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB GRANT

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VOL. 46 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION NO. 340

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C. Richard Monlux

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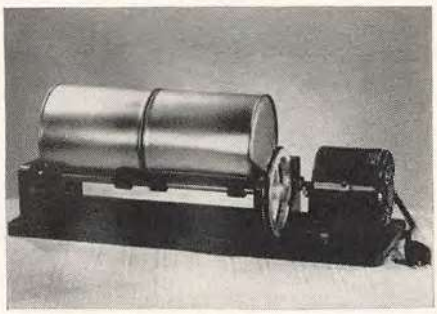

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For more True Goes Shopping, turn to page 104

[*Continued from page* 5]
of the thigh) were usually destroyed 25 years ago. The present-day veterinarian routinely handles such fractures successfully, thanks to the development of Kirschner pins and Stader splints on experimental animals.

The use of laboratory animals has brought countless medical benefits to many members of the entire animal kingdom. Let us not deny, to any members of this kingdom, the blessings of medical science.

—*Samuel Hodesson, D.V.M.*
University of California
Los Angeles, Calif.

No Sweat

In your *It's a Man's World* column you mentioned that underwear is cooler in summer (*Hot Stuff About Sweat*—June). *Scientific American* magazine ran a story a few years ago about a U.S. Army test in the desert that conclusively proved underwear was definitely not desirable in hot weather. The bare facts were that all tests proved nudity was best.

—*Mervin E. Fulton*
Tulare, Calif.

Protest From Everest

The paragraph in *It's a Man's World* for May entitled *Bad Guys on Everest* is an almost complete garbling of my remarks. I assume that the squib is in some sense based on my brief article in the December 1964 issue of *Naval Research Reviews*. I also assume your reporter did not finish high school or else has a reading comprehension that would make him a dangerous driver where traffic is regulated by road signs.

It is not true that: 1) "results of the study are now in," 2) overall saliency means "how well he hit it off with the gang" although it's an awfully cute translation, 3) "the climbers mainly described each other in negative words," 4) "when it came to choosing the man you'd like to go on another expedition with, the bad guys led all the rest."

It particularly rankles me, and I think it would the men who did in fact depend on one another with life at stake, to read your reporter sneering, "When life is at stake you can evidently depend on a bad guy." With reference to the last question in the paragraph, I'm tempted to tell you where I think at least some of the bad guys are . . .

—*Jim Lister*
The Berkeley Institute of Psychological Research
San Francisco, Calif.

True is proud of the American Everest expedition in which you participated, Jim (see *Americans on Everest*, June, 1964), and firmly holds that mountaineers are "good guys" whose "overall saliency" includes a sense of humor.

IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

By Ron Smith

RINGTHEBELL on Archive.org

THE DAY FREUD WORE KNICKERS

Walter (The Haig) Hagen once won the Professional Golfers' Association championship for four straight years. Some people said it was because his swing was so smooth he could have broken par with a rake and a stove poker. The truth is, he did it with psychology.

In Hagen's day the PGA was decided by match play—a soul-breaking game that pits man against man instead of man against golf course. The player who wins the most holes wins the match and moves on to face another player. And in man-to-man combat Hagen was an inspired con artist.

Hagen knew that in every match there comes a decisive moment, usually on the green. One of his stratagems was to concede short putts early in the match, providing the concessions didn't cost him the hole. Hagen then would turn the heat on his foe late in the match, at a crucial point. More often than not, the victim would blow the putt.

The dose of strategy of which Hagen is proudest is the one he applied to Joe Turnesa in the final match of the 1927 PGA at Cedar Crest Country Club in Dallas, Texas. When it was over, Turnesa sat in the clubhouse saying Hagen really was Sigmund Freud in knickers and spiked shoes.

On the first hole Hagen got his par. He also got a chance to prepare his patient for shock treatment. Turnesa had left himself a six-footer for a par. He was studying the putt when Hagen knocked the ball aside. Turnesa nearly toppled into the sand trap. "Are you nuts?" he blurted. "Nobody concedes putts in the PGA." Hagen grinned broadly. "You'd have made it easy, Joe."

On the second hole Turnesa faced another short but agonizing putt for his par. Hagen, whistling softly after getting his own par, slapped the ball away. "I'll concede this one, too," he said. "You never miss that kind." Turnesa's jaw dropped like a falling safe. Pale and shaken, he moved silently toward the third tee. For the next 30 holes he kept one eye on the ball and the other on Hagen.

By the time they reached the 35th hole Hagen was one down with two holes to play. But the moment of truth had arrived. Hagen canned a twisting putt for his par then stepped back to survey the situation. Turnesa was smiling like a man who'd just filled an inside straight. He needed only to knock in a piddling two-footer for his own par.

"I suppose," he said, "you'll concede this one, too."

That's when The Haig went to work. He looked at the putt from all angles. He stooped. He stood. He scowled. "Looks like a toughie, Joe," he said solemnly. "Better putt it."

The agony of Turnesa as he hovered breathlessly over the putt was something to see. After a small eternity he stabbed at the putt—and missed.

Hagen was sympathetic to the end. "Too bad, Joe," he said, and headed toward the last tee. Eyes glazed and mouth ajar, Turnesa wandered down the final fairway and came in with a bogey five. The Haig marched grandly on to win the hole, and the PGA, with a simple par.

BY ROBERT A. LISTON

ARCHITECT OF THE ELECTRONIC AGE

The former War Department Whiz Kid zipped through Ford and Hughes Aircraft before forming Litton Industries, a controversial industrial skyrocket. In 12 years, Litton sales have grown from $3 to $750 million. Here's how Thornton did it—making friends and enemies along the way

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

■ He stalked the floor, agitated, filled with his words and their importance: "Listen, there's more lack of skill at the top of American industry than anywhere else down the line. I'm convinced that if all men 50 and over—and I'm 52—were eliminated as directors and top officers of companies, this country would have the biggest overnight economic boom in its history."

The opinion was that of Charles B. Thornton, a genius from one point of view, a villain from another. Tex Thornton came out of the Lone Star State's Panhandle in his 20's and shook up the Army with a revamping of the entire military procurement system. In his 30's he became the whizziest of the "whiz kids" who remade the Ford Motor Company, then went to work for Howard Hughes, as architect of the electronics business at the Hughes Aircraft Company. Just entering his 40's, he took over Litton Industries and led it to a neat 18,750 percent increase in sales in just 10 years. He has made Litton one of the hundred largest U.S. corporations, a unique complex of technological industries turning out products for use deep under the sea and at the farthest point man has gone in space.

In lending his managerial genius to Ford,

Loner Thornton sets out for a ride in the hills on his horse ranch. No cowboy, he uses the saddle as a seat for thought.

Tex Thornton addresses meeting of shareholders. In expanding Litton, he's made many of them millionaires.

Always on the move, boss Thornton and Litton president Roy Ash have kept in step from minor tube company to vast empire.

When President Johnson recently conferred with big business leaders, Thornton occupied a prominent place—at LBJ's side.

Hughes and Litton, Thornton has become a multimillionaire, a friend and confidant of Defense Secretary Robert McNamara and a director of industrial empires. President Kennedy asked him to head America's space program, but he refused. Perhaps more than any other man in America he is the prototype of the industrialist of the future, the titan of technology who fashions food from plankton, fuel from fission and fusion, and dollars by the millions from electrons, protons, satellites and assorted nebulae.

Yet few businessmen have been so denounced as he. At the mildest he has been called lucky in his industrial expansions and overdue for his financial comeuppance. A superior at Ford is supposed to have called him "untrustworthy and overly ambitious," and he is said to have been fired from both Ford and Hughes. At the worst he has been accused of lying, cheating, attempted bribery and attempting to overcharge the government $43 million on a Korean War defense contract. These charges are currently being aired in Los Angeles in a series of sensational industrial trials.

When I talked to Thornton recently in his Beverly Hills office, he preferred, at first, to sound off on the technological revolution he insists is sweeping the country than to discuss the issues being taken up in the courts. "Since the war," he said, pacing about, "there has been more technological change than in all previous history. And the pace of change is constantly increasing. Photography was 112 years old, as a discovery, before it became a commercial product. It took 35 years for radio, 15 for radar, 12 for television. But in a period of only six years the atomic bomb was made into a reality, and in five years transistors had reached the market from the laboratory.

"In another 20 years you aren't going to recognize this country. Products we have never heard of—or dreamed of—are going to be in daily use. Fully half of what we now think of as indispensable is going the way of buggy whips and gas lamps."

He stabbed the air with a finger. "But *you* try to tell industry that. Company after company, executive after executive go along the same old way with complete confidence in the future based upon the past. Last year our sales were such and such, so next year they'll be that much more. But they won't! You can't explain to them—they won't hear or believe—that in five years what they make now may not even exist. We need younger, more visionary men in industry. That's why I say get rid of everyone 50 and over. We might miss 20 percent of them, but the other 80 percent would be good riddance."

He paused momentarily, then forged ahead with the impetus of conviction. [*Continued on page* 16]

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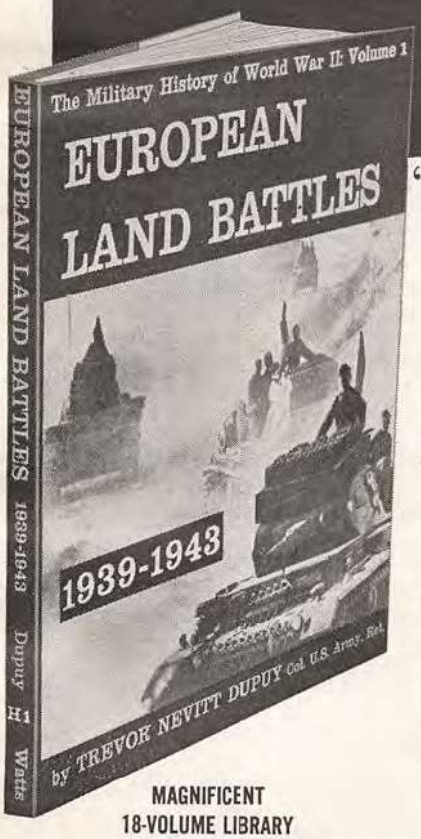

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR
Trevor Nevitt Dupuy

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[*Continued from page* 12]

"Let me give you an example. Right now we are seeing the beginnings of microwave cooking on a commercial basis. The stoves have been tested, and believe me, they are as far superior to today's electric and gas stoves as those were to grandma's wood stove. In five to ten years microwave cooking will sweep this country. Those in the utility, appliance and related industries who don't grasp this idea and change with the times are going to be in trouble. And there are a dozen other products in that position."

It had been a virtuoso display of a mere microwave or two of the energy, enthusiasm, charm, controversialism and hard-driving realism which have led some observers to call Thornton the best business executive in the United States today.

These very qualities have made him an oasis in the technological desert, where scientists and engineers, accustomed to logarithms and formulae, often flounder in the dunes of business management. Thornton has the ability to recognize the brains of others and to provide them with a framework in which to function. He may not understand a device, but he can comprehend how to manufacture, market and make money on it—and repeat the process again and again.

Under Thornton's guidance, Litton Industries makes nuclear attack submarines, electronic brains, guidance systems which pilot planes almost without human help, lasers to burn through steel, gyroscopes to stabilize ships as big as nuclear carriers, calculating machines—and trading stamps. Litton subsidiaries rank first in sales of sound-recording systems, first in seismic exploration, first in undersea mineral exploration, second in manufacture of cash registers and third in shipbuilding. Litton employees made the first space chamber and space suit, are mapping the surface of the moon, studying the reentry problems of space vehicles and seeking sites for boring under the Earth's crust.

That's today. In 1953, this same company consisted of one plant manufacturing microwave tubes, a key component of radar. Its sales were $3 million a year. Litton Industries, since Thornton took over, has passed the half-billion-dollar mark in sales, will top three-quarters of a billion this year, and seems destined to reach the two-billion dollar sales level. Its stock is now worth 85 times its original value. That's right, $1,000 invested in Litton stock a decade ago would be worth $85,000 today. Obviously, the technological industry has realized the old alchemist's dream of turning base metals into gold. And not just for Thornton—at least 20 of his top executives are now classed as millionaires.

A good bit of this gold may be needed, depending on how the Los Angeles trials and their appeals turn out. The litigation is immensely complicated, filling drawers in the courthouse record rooms. But vastly simplified, these are the matters in dispute: One Emmett Steele contends he is a cofounder of Litton Industries and was cheated (by Thornton) of stock now worth over $20 million. To support his contention, Steele has brought in Noah Dietrich, a former Hughes Tool Co. executive, who swore Thornton was fired from Hughes for falsifying records and participating in the gigantic plot to overcharge the government. Dietrich also charged attempted bribery and much more, which led Thornton to sue Dietrich, Steele and their attorney, Harold Rhoden, for $40 million, alleging libel and slander. Their answer was a similar suit in a like amount against Thornton. For this case, Dietrich, Steele and Rhoden took statements from a battery of certified public accountants, including UCLA Prof. Harold Koontz, a former president of the Academy of Management, in which they swore Thornton knew of the phony Hughes records. Koontz pegged the overcharge at $43 million and quoted Thornton as commenting, "Maybe we won't have to give it back."

All of this Thornton has hotly denied. "My integrity is without question and can be proven," he told me, as the first trial was about to begin. "I cannot allow this company to submit to a false claim for damages, and I cannot and shall not give in to a deliberate attempt to force this company into a settlement because of what these utterly unfounded charges might do to our public relations. If we pay extortion now, we will pay it forever."

(As this article goes to press, the first trial, resulting from the suit by Steele, has ended. Oddly, at the moment Thornton is both loser and winner. The jury found for Steele, but the judge refused to go along, claiming the evidence was insufficient to support Steele's claims. What the final outcome will be depends on the fate of appeals already underway.)

The subject of both this implacable animosity and ecstatic admiration is a man of medium height and heavy build, particularly through shoulders and chest. He dresses well in dark suits and ties and white-on-white tailored shirts, more like an Eastern banker than an ex-Texan or a casual Californian. His face is open, with large features, yet soft, as if he has too much flesh for his bones. His dark, graying hair is impeccable. Indeed, associates said they have never seen it disarrayed. His brown eyes shift constantly as he talks, and he blinks frequently. These habits tend to emphasize his slightly halting pattern of speech. It is as if his mind runs ahead of his mouth.

He works out of a huge, carpeted office on the second floor of a building at 9370 Santa Monica Boulevard, in Beverly Hills. It formerly housed the Music Corporation of America, which at the time of its occupancy was, among other activities, a huge theatrical talent agency. The structure, which is of stunning Georgian architecture, painted white, sits behind a magnificent wrought-iron fence in a small park dominated by Greek columns. Where star-struck maidens once came, hoping for a screen career, is now the vortex of a complex corporation with 44,000 employees.

When I entered his office, Thornton came around a monumental double desk and extended his hand. My instant impression was that he did not look, act or speak like the high-priced executive. He conveyed little of the hard-driving, hard-as-nails, shoot-from-the-hip, Texas-tough reputation his free-wheeling business deals have earned him. We began to talk, and a few minutes later he praised Roy Ash, company president and number two man at Litton. "Roy Ash," he said, "is as good an executive as there is in the country. He could take over any company, big or small, and run it right now. We've a dozen fellows who could run this company today and do it better than I."

Was this simply you-scratch-my-back-and-I'll-scratch-yours courtesy? Or was it an illustration of a Thornton trait described by one of his top executives? "Tex has an unfortunate habit of putting people down. He'll praise someone extravagantly, then place himself above. If the person below him is so great, how much greater, then, must he be."

In plain language, he leads rather than bosses. He has to, for Litton and the entire technological industry put a premium on brains. Virtually every key employee is some variety of scientist, engineer or technician. There is little room for the strong back and weak mind. These people are too brainy and too independent to be bossed. They need an atmosphere conducive to creative thought and autonomous activity. Thornton provides this in what at Litton is called the "entrepreneur system." Crosby Kelly, a longtime Thornton associate, puts it this way: "Tex will let anyone argue with him. If you have the facts and a well-thought-out plan, you can win. You can go from idea, through research, development, manufacturing and marketing—all on your own. All you have to do is reach a goal set in profit or sales."

This explanation for Litton's success is heard again and again. Ash says, "Tex is a creative guy who is able to provide the opportunity to other men to be creative."

But how creative? Litton didn't create companies, it bought them, gobbling up Monroe Calculating Machine Co., Ingalls Shipbuilding Co. and more than 40 other firms, big and small, like a Brobdingnagian in Lilliput. What was the hurry? Why not create Litton's own companies?

"We had to grow fast," said Thornton. "There wasn't time to learn a business, train people, develop markets. We didn't acquire companies as such. We bought time, a market, a product line, plant, research team, sales force. It would have taken years to duplicate this from scratch."

In acquiring these companies—and this is the process by which Litton grew so big so fast—Thornton made a succession of extraordinarily smart moves. When the electronics industry hurried to manufacture transistors, Litton ignored them and avoided the expensive and painful shake-out of the overcrowded field. When Litton's competitors rushed to design guidance systems for rockets, Litton concentrated on automatic controls for airplanes and has the field sewed up. When the space race saw the industry leaping for contracts on big pieces of "hardware," Litton stuck to making components and finds itself selling parts to the others.

Was it brains or luck that led to these decisions? Many observers believe it was

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plain luck, but because of these moves, there has grown around Thornton a reputation for intuition and a dead-reckoning sense of business timing. This illusion of Thornton as a shoot-from-the-hip decision-maker has been enhanced by his Texas origins. What I soon learned was that if all westerners shot from the hip like Thornton, the fast draw would be only a poker term.

He agonizes over decisions. As Roy Ash explains, "He starts with facts, all the facts, more facts than anyone else has," then he mulls over them for days, giving himself completely to the task. He becomes so withdrawn in the office that he appears dull, distracted, disinterested. At home, his wife Flora and his sons, Charles, Jr., 23, and William Laney, 20, might as well move out. He goes for long plane rides in his Cessna, preferably in the early morning, piloting himself, although he likes to have another pilot, often his older son, along for safety. Or he goes to his 200-acre horse-breeding ranch north of Los Angeles (it was formerly actor George Brent's) and rides, sometimes from dawn to dark, through hills and rough country, armed with an automatic pistol to kill rattlesnakes and sustained by a canteen of water.

Alone he ponders his decision and finally makes it—and the rest of the world salutes it as pure intuition. If the problem concerns whether to make an offer for a company, the decision resolves not only that question but how high a price to pay. In negotiations to keep to that price he is a bulldog. He wins by wearing out his opponent. As one aide describes his method: "He simply works harder and longer and with more concentration. If the other guy quits at midnight, Tex works till 2. That puts him two hours ahead. The next night, when his opponent quits at midnight, Tex works till 4. Then he's six hours ahead. The opponent can't win. Tex wears him down physically and mentally."

Thornton is up at dawn—he sleeps with the blinds up so the first rays of the sun will awaken him—and cooks his own breakfast. After an eye-opening ride in his plane or on one of his horses, he's ready for work. He is on the phone to Washington or New York by 10 a.m. in those centers of high finance and defense contracting—while the rest of Los Angeles is still asleep.

I felt I was beginning to understand Thornton and his success, yet there was a conflict between the easy-going executive who would let an underling have his head and the deep-thinking, lonely man on horseback agonizing over a decision. Both concepts also collide with the picture of the hard-driving, early-rising martinet who caused much of his staff (or so several said) to heave a collective sigh of relief when Thornton bought the plane and the ranch. The new acquisitions diverted him and made less work for his close employees, particularly on weekends.

Then I came to realize the big brass key to Thornton and Litton's success is that he *is* a loner. He is a loner on that horseback ride, making up his mind by himself. He is a loner when he gets up at dawn and has a day's work done before most others have stirred. He is a loner who respects the quality in his associates and gives them a chance to make or break on their own. He is a loner throwing down the gauntlet to industry to accept technological change or go the way of buggy whips. He is a loner determined to fight his enemies to the bitter end.

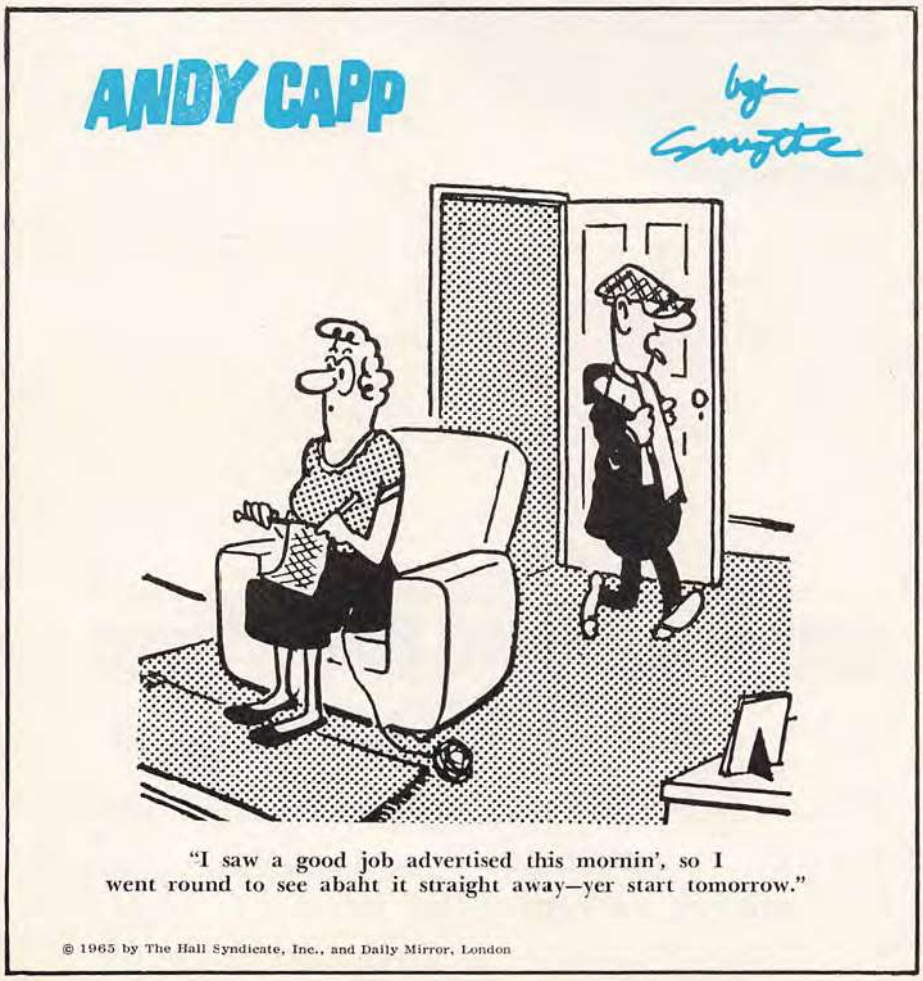
The most cursory look at his career shows he has always taken the loner's way and made it pay. Even as a child he did. He was born in 1913 in Haskell, Texas, a town of about 3,000 situated south of the Panhandle in flat farming country. He knew little of his father, Word Augustus Thornton, a romantic adventurer. The elder Thornton ran off soon after his son was born and garnered a small fortune—which he later lost—by blowing out oil well fires with nitroglycerin. Ultimately he was murdered by a hitchhiking couple.

According to friends, the dominant influence in Thornton's life was his mother, a strong-willed woman of deep Methodist convictions who stressed the need for responsibility. "Even before the depression," Thornton recalls, "I had to work on Saturdays, picking cotton, making deliveries, working in a store. It didn't matter what other kids were doing, I was expected to work and put aside the money."

The savings went into land, and he accumulated nearly 40 acres. By the time he reached 14, his personal check was good at every store in town. At 19 he was granted his majority by the court so he and a friend could open a gas station and auto dealership. It was successful, but Thornton left a few months later to enter Texas Technological College in nearby Lubbock.

At Texas Tech, Thornton was not sure what he wanted to do—but was sure he'd know it when he found it. "I started to study engineering," he recalled, "but engineers were working in filling stations in those days, and everybody said don't be a lawyer—they're a dime a dozen. So I switched to business administration."

After three years he moved to Washington, D. C., because a friend had gone there and found he could work and go to school at the same time. This was next to impossible at Lubbock. There weren't enough jobs for men with families, let alone schoolboys. At first young Thornton was a $1,260-a-year night clerk in the post office, then he became a $1,440-a-year day clerk in the Department of Interior, while continuing studies at George Washington University. He wallowed in the bureaucratic bogs of New Deal Washington until assigned to write a report on financing of low-cost federal housing. The report, in which he brilliantly boiled down a morass of statistics into a few salient facts, brought him to the attention of Robert Lovett, then Assistant Secretary of War for Air—and perhaps the man Thornton admires most. Lovett talked him into joining the pre-Pearl Harbor Army and working out a system of statistical controls, which Thornton calls "a fancy name for finding out what the hell we had by way of resources and



"I saw a good job advertised this mornin', so I went round to see abaht it straight away—yer start tomorrow."

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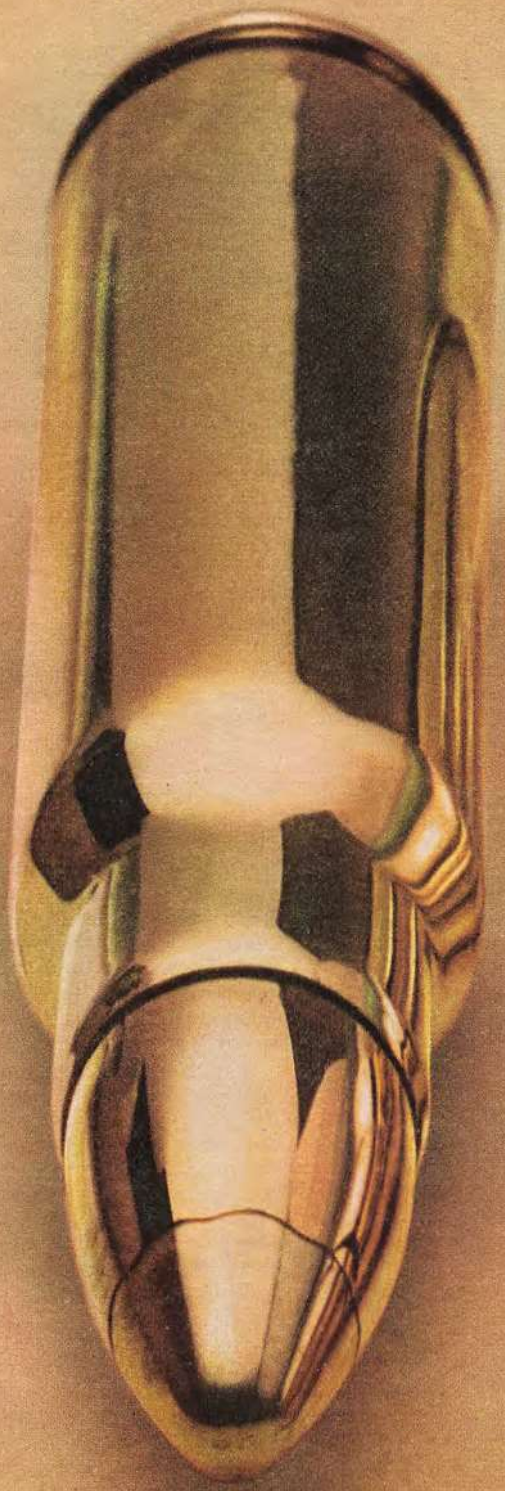

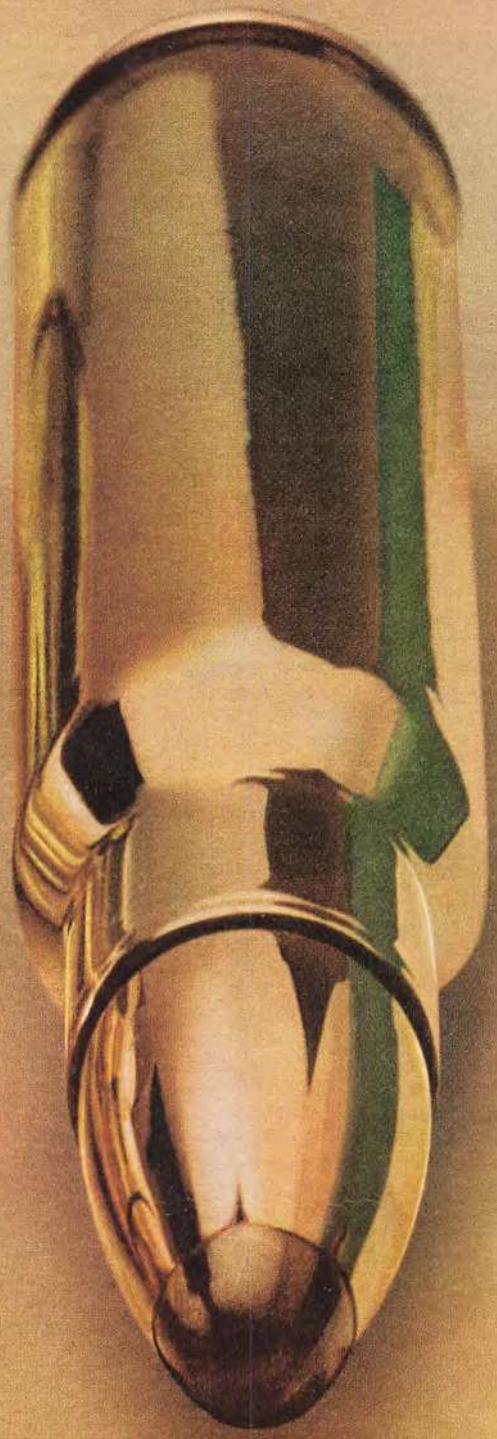

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Power? Silvertip wades in deep with more residual energy because of its unique jacket that holds back mushrooming until the bullet is right down in the vital area.

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when and where they were going to be required."

Let Thornton describe his first day on the job in the War Department—again in terms smacking of one-upmanship: "I had just been sworn in the Army as a second lieutenant, and I was reporting for work. I arrived at my office about 9 a.m., and there was this long line of men—lieutenants, captains, majors and so on. The line led right to my door and at the head was a bird colonel—all of them assigned to work for me, a second lieutenant. Well, I went inside, turned my back and thought, 'What will I ever do with that colonel out there?' I had to gulp twice before I could even turn around to face them."

But turn around he did, and the job he and those men accomplished remade military procurement. In simplest terms, it put the Air Corps on a businesslike basis by learning through statistical controls what equipment it had, from shoelaces to hatbands, shovels to pursuit planes, and what it would likely be needing and where. The system worked—today it would be called data processing—and was adopted by the other services. Eventually Thornton had as many as 2,800 men under his command throughout the world, and after a series of weekend promotions he became one of the youngest bird colonels in the Army.

Thornton speaks of those days as the happiest in his life. Those who worked with him were his friends. They were all young, ambitious and smart, just starting out on careers and eager to prove themselves. They lived near one another. Their wives and children were friends. It was the buddy system at its finest.

But with the war's end, what were they going to do—go back to being clerks? A group of them, including Thornton, Robert McNamara, Arjay Miller, Jack Reith, Ben Mills and Ed Lundy, among others, decided to present themselves to business as a team. Thornton, the natural leader, wrote to several companies offering their services. Finally, he recalls, Henry Ford II invited him to Detroit for a visit and subsequently hired, on Lovett's recommendation, eight members of the team. Thornton negotiated salaries ranging from $8,000 to the $16,000 he asked for himself. For Ford it turned out to be a capital deal: from the team came two future presidents, McNamara and Miller, and four division heads.

By all accounts things weren't easy for Thornton at Ford. He and his group were dubbed "whiz kids"—after a radio program built around precocious youngsters—and ridiculed. "I wish I had a nickel," he says, "for every time I heard we were too young or couldn't do something because it had never been done before." Thornton was officially director of planning in the new organization young Henry was setting up to modernize the industrial anachronism his father had left. But apparently Thornton was too much of a planner or too used to command, and he stayed only two years. Says Thornton, "I had a difference of opinion with an individual who was senior to me, and I decided I could no longer work under him. We had a friendly chat on Friday, and I said it might be best if I transferred to another division. On Monday he was hopping mad. I could work for him, he said, or I could leave. I left."

Out of work, Thornton drifted back to Texas and headed for the largest industry there, the Hughes Tool Co., owned by eccentric genius Howard Hughes. The contact he made resulted in a job, in 1948, with another Hughes concern, the Hughes Aircraft Co., in Los Angeles. Thornton's title was assistant general manager, but he actually ran the company—and phenomenally. He raised sales from $1.5 million to over $200 million a year by building gunfire control systems for Korean War fighter planes—as Thornton says, "better and faster than anyone else." Turning out these sensitive controls made Hughes a pioneer in the rapidly widening electronics field and also in developing weapons systems, now a routine requirement in defense procurement.

But every step of the way Thornton was in trouble with Noah Dietrich, Hughes' right-hand man and, as such, Thornton's superior. They fought, and today both are eyeball deep in libel actions. Dietrich asserts that Thornton not only knew about the overcharge to the government, but to support it ordered the records phonied by stamping them on the floor to make them look old and worn, and the inventory accounts jiggered so as to hide a 30-percent profit on a contract on which the government was prepared to allow only 10 percent. Dietrich says he ordered Thornton to repay the overcharge and finally locked him out of his office.

Thornton declares all of this is a pack of lies. The Hughes Aircraft accounting procedures, Thornton says, were a mess when he came. He had them straightened out and put Roy Ash in charge, making necessary refunds over the vigorous objections of Dietrich. Thornton says he quit because he could no longer work with Dietrich.

Shortly after leaving Hughes in 1953, Thornton became involved in the organizing of Litton Industries. Litton was based on the framework of a small magnitron tube company in San Carlos, California, which had been owned by an engineer named Charles Litton. Again the facts are obscured by the multimillion-dollar legal scrap. Four men claim to have been founders of the new company—Thornton, Ash, engineer Hugh W. Jamieson and salesman Emmett Steele—and to own shares of stock set aside for the founders. In February, 1959, Jamieson quit Litton and sued Thornton for shares of founders' stock worth $3.5 million. In October, 1959, Steele sued for what he claimed were his founder's shares. A month later Jamieson's suit was settled out of court for approximately $1 million. But Thornton is fighting Steele's case, contending Steele was a mere employee, not a founder. This is the battle that continues to rage.

Regardless of who did found Litton Industries, all agree—even Steele—that it was Thornton who made it work. None of the founders, whoever they were, had any money to buy Charles Litton's tube factory. But Thornton persuaded Lehman Bros., a top Wall Street investment house, to back his group with $1,500,000 in financing by describing his dream: "A company that would become a strong blue chip in the scientific and technological environment of the future." He was brash enough to predict the company would have sales of $100 million in five years. Lehman executives smiled at his boast, but lent him the money anyway.

At last Thornton was off on his own—chairman of the board and top man. There was no superior to tell him what to do or to argue that something couldn't be done. Given a free hand, he turned Litton into an unparalleled success. Sales of $100 million in five years? Under Thornton, Litton did it in three.

Both friends and enemies concede that Thornton is a managerial genius, but the enemies contend he is also ruthless and possibly corrupt. Is he? The answer is complicated not only by the conflicting legal claims, but by the mysterious procurement procedures of the Pentagon. Defense contracting is, to put it kindly, a large gray area of business morality which is at best poorly defined. For instance, one might argue by the hour whether a company such as Litton should voluntarily return excess profits on a defense contract or wait for government auditors to discover it.

The matter of government procurement is a realm wherein Sunday-school teachings become oversimplifications. For example, in defense work contractors traditionally bid excessively low on a contract, so low they would lose money. But they count upon subsequent—and very expensive—design changes to recoup their losses and earn a profit. This is the system, whatever moralists may think of it.

Thornton has been outspoken in his criticism of some of these practices. In the matter of using personal pressure as a commercial tool, there is no question that he has had an enormous temptation confronting him in his friendship with McNamara. Yet he has tried to maintain the most scrupulous relationship with the Secretary of Defense. McNamara has been his friend since his early Washington days. They worked and lived side by side. They went to Ford together, then separated when McNamara remained at Ford—to become its president—and Thornton went on to Hughes and Litton. But they have remained close.

"I have never known a man with as much principle as Bob McNamara," Thornton told me. "He was my associate at Ford. Before that he was in my organization during the war. If his own grandmother came to him and tried to get a contract, he'd refuse her—then turn around and give her the last dime from his own pocket. The same principle holds true between Bob and me on military contracts. Not one time—let me take that back—only one time have he and I ever discussed a piece of business that involved Litton Industries."

I asked about that exception. Thornton described a case in which Litton had done considerable development work to bid competitively on a defense contract. When a decision was not forthcoming, Thornton asked McNamara how soon he could expect it, pointing out that Litton had personnel and equipment tied up on

the project which could be used elsewhere. "He asked me a couple of questions," Thornton recalled, "and no more was said. A couple of weeks later the decision was made, and I can tell you we did not get the contract."

It might be argued the exception should not have occurred, but that gets back into the mountain of controversy which overlays the highly successful, immensely competent Thornton. And the controversy, like the success, lies in the loner in him, the hard-driving whiz kid, fighting to rise from the dried-up farmland of West Texas. Taking the loner's way left no time, until very recently, for hobbies, fun or many close friendships. John Martin, a Los Angeles businessman who has known him for 20 years, says Thornton is intensely loyal to old friends and will do anything for them, but admits few people really know him.

For a long time Thornton couldn't get over the poverty and the thriftiness of his childhood, even though he was a millionaire. He continued to live in a modest house one of his junior executives could have purchased. Then, in a complete switch, he bought the $250,000 home Frank Sinatra built for his first wife, Nancy. Until another Taj Mahal is built, this little edifice will suffice.

It was the same with the company offices. The booming half-billion-dollar corporation was jammed into once-adequate minuscule quarters, with secretaries virtually sitting atop stenographers, but Thornton refused to move to larger space. He wouldn't even air-condition his own office until aides forced him to. Finally, in January, 1964, he capitulated and, characteristically, moved into the swankiest offices in town.

He bought the horse ranch—and produced another tale of a rich man who can't quite get over his childhood poverty. The ranch had a flock of chickens which laid mighty fine eggs. Not being able to stand waste of any kind, Thornton went into the egg business for awhile. He packaged the eggs himself and delivered them to friends—and picked up the empty cartons.

The *nouveau riche* in Thornton caused him to buy the Cessna and learn to fly it, but the ragtag kid from Texas makes him drive a Ford and insist that all his other executives do, too. For a long time the only Cadillac in the company lot was owned by the plant superintendent, a fact Thornton delighted in telling visitors. The millionaire in him sends him to a swank barbershop for a manicure, but the Texan in him sends him on those daylong horseback rides. Then there is the Thornton who accepts directorships of large corporations because they are flattering, yet who rejected scores of posh invitations last New Year's Eve in order to stay home, play bridge with his old friends the Martins and munch popcorn popped by his son.

The more I studied Thornton and watched him—lonely, driven, hard-driving, controversial, capable, successful—the more I wondered whether it was really such a good idea for *all* men 50 and over to resign. Think what he could accomplish—and stir up—if he were to be given another 20 years. —**Robert A. Liston**

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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

NUDE DEAL

The girl's shoes were beautiful. She wore nothing else in the photo that ran in *French Vogue*, a Gallic fashion magazine. Another headless nude, dripping with toilet water—that is, *eau de toilette*—appeared on another page. It's the nude deal in salesmanship, showing nothing but the facts, that a foreign correspondent of the *New York Times* reports is on the way. An English fashion journal called *Queen* ran several pix that made us wonder how Lady Godiva felt about horses. They showed assorted poses of a blonde in her birthday suit cuddling up to a horse on a rocky beach. The text proclaimed that "with Englishwomen the horse has indisputably been an affair of the heart, a great love affair that blossoms in the pony club." If Englishmen can't keep their nude women from mooning over horses, it will soon be proved that the poet who said there'll always be an England was off his rocker. If American advertisers ever take to this sort of thing you can expect pictures like the one above. The lady's probably selling nail polish.

DIVORCE BY CONSENT

Young men may actually live to see the day when venomous divorce laws which pillory the male are modified to give the parties a reasonably fair deal. Much credit for gadfly persistence must go to United States Divorce Reform, Inc., a national nonprofit organization whose activities we have occasionally mentioned. The group has caused to be introduced in the Maine legislature a bill which would remove divorce from the courts and place jurisdiction with state-appointed counselors. We can't cite all the provisions of the bill but anyone interested can get a copy from U.S. Divorce Reform, Inc., P.O. Box 33, Bath, Maine 04530. Whether counselors are competent to counsel may be moot, but two provisions of the bill should be incorporated into any fair divorce law. One provides that premarital property of the partners be recorded and that no divorce settlement shall involve that property. The other provides that divorce by mutual consent shall be permitted automatically if no minor children are involved. Some mutterings heard in Maine imply that the marriage contract is so extraordinary that, unlike any other contract, it can never be broken by mutual desire. This is sheer buffoonery, overfermented Blackstone. If no others are involved, there is no moral or legal reason why two people who desperately want to be quit of each other should not sign their own divorce decree and file it with authorities for a small fee. The idea is not popular with divorce courts and lawyers. But a close look at most people who take a strong moral stand often reveals the interesting fact that they are jingling coins in their pockets.

RICHES GALORE

De Graff Du Pay, a civil engineer of Roanoke, Virginia, thinks he has a patent on the wheelbarrow. Not an improved wheelbarrow, but *the* wheelbarrow. In the course of developing a handgrip for a wheelbarrow he discovered that nobody ever tried to patent the wheelbarrow itself. So now Du Pay holds Patent No. 3,173,705, titled Wheelbarrow and Handgrip, and he hopes to extract royalties for every wheelbarrow manufactured from now on—about $3 million a year. Spoilsport patent attorneys insist that the patent covers a special handgrip and nothing more, but wheelbarrow manufacturers are notorious for whistling in the dark. Du Pay's experience started us scratching all over as a furious itch to get rich quick overcame us. There are thousands of items, used by millions of people, for which nobody has had the wit to obtain a basic patent—not on piddling improvements, but on the thing itself. There's the broom, table, hammer, rake, button, shoe, sidewalk—we'll mention no more lest someone beat us to it. We are applying for a patent on the wheel and plan to sue Du Pay for hitching a barrow to it.

QUIET, PLEASE

We have read with alarm a poop-sheet put out by the American Music Conference which says that the guitar is by far the most popular musical instrument in the country, not counting the piano which some people don't. In 10 years the number of amateur guitarists has increased from 2,600,000 to 7,500,000, or about one for every 25 persons in the country, which more than satisfies popular demand. At the same time, ukulele players have dwindled from 1,600,000 to 1,200,000. The uke with its overtones of grass skirts, hulas and swinging island girls is too damn cheerful to be an instrument of self-pity so it's going out of fashion. A barefoot folk singer wouldn't be caught dead with a uke. There's nothing wrong with owning a guitar, but a lot of owners try to play the thing and their melancholy juices soak into moanings in the gloaming about the dismal swamp and how miserable it is to live on turnips. Folk singers sometimes kick the habit if they escape from the pad or mud hut. Joan Baez, a folk singer born in Queens, now makes enough dough to drive a Jaguar XKE, wear shoes, hold out on her income tax and start a school for correcting the world, wherein the students will spend one day a week in total silence. How about 7 days a week, Joan? It seems that what the world needs is a good five-cent guitar silencer.

MAN-LOVING MOSQUITOES

Male mosquitoes go around sipping nectar and stuff. Only female mosquitoes suck blood. So we weren't in the

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

least surprised to learn that biting mosquitoes, females all, find men more attractive than women. Studies by U.S. Department of Agriculture entomologists at Gainesville, Florida, confirm it. Tests of an insect repellent were made on 50 women and as many men. After treatment, women repelled mosquitoes longer than men. Differences of skin temperature in men did not lessen their attractiveness to lady mosquitoes. But the insects preferred women with high skin temperatures to those with low temperatures. Find a woman whom mosquitoes ignore and you've found a cool dame. A girl with a scattering of mosquito bites is likely a warm number.

GOOD MONEY WITHOUT A DIPLOMA

How would you like to gross $100,000 a year without beating your brains out for a Ph.D. or even a college diploma? A few men in a little known profession have hit that figure on rare occasions. Many more have an income that a well-paid executive wouldn't sneer at. Some see a lot of the world, knowing that skills they carry in their heads are in demand wherever they go. All they have to do is sit at a desk or small machine and write down what people say. But they have to do it fast and accurately to be shorthand reporters.

All we know about this uncrowded trade is what Harry L. Libby of Rockford, Illinois, told us when we dined with him during a brief stopover on one of his jaunts around the country. Libby, president of the National Shorthand Reporters Association, is a man of mellow philosophy and twinkling eye, astonished by nothing after years of seeing and hearing everything as a court reporter. His first job out of school was reporting the trial of Sam Insull, whose financial empire collapsed in the depression. Libby took 9,000 pages of testimony at the rate of 1,000 pages a week. So when he said that an essential trait of a shorthand reporter is hard work, we believed him.

Men are the best shorthand reporters. Women try hard but men hold all the speed records. Another plus for men is that lawyers' wives don't much cotton to female reporters. Training schools require that a student have a high school diploma, and a college degree does no real harm, but all that really counts is competence. Libby advises aspiring shorthand reporters to read widely. He told us that he reads TRUE, and we gave him a courtly nod, but then he said he reads everything—science journals, engineering, financial, and gossip colums, medicine, art, pornography, knowing that he'll hear the words in court some day.

Some experts become court reporters, others choose free-lancing. Salaries of court reporters range from $5,000 to $18,000 a year, but anybody who wants a transcript of court proceedings has to buy it from the reporter. At 40 cents or so a page, income from transcripts can be quite lush. One court reporter garnered $100,000 from sale of transcripts to several corporations with swarms of attorneys engaged in a prolonged trial. But he had to work into the night to produce daily transcripts of proceedings and had to hire several assistants.

Ordinary stenographers take 80 to 100 words a minute. Members of the National Shorthand Reporters Association must be able to take at least 200 words a minute, and most do much better. We learned from Libby that John F. Kennedy sometimes spoke at a 350 word a minute clip, but in brief bursts, with intervals that let reporters catch up. The fastest rate of speech that is humanly possible for sustained periods is said to be 280 words a minute. They haven't met the average wife.

FUN WITH FRACTURES

Bought the kids a skateboard yet? For as little as $1.98 you can buy a good chance of getting something back on your family hospitalization policy. Doctors are understandably enthusiastic about skateboards, which are like land-based surfboards mounted on roller skate wheels. "Sidewalk surfing" is sweeping the country and giving the medical profession its biggest burst of new business since the flu pandemic of 1918. Orthopedic surgeons especially are in clover and a lot of them are ordering swimming pools and 40-foot cruisers. We know of one average suburb served by a good-sized hospital where in one two-week period alone, 49 patients were treated for significant injuries resulting from falls from skateboards; 25 had serious fractures requiring setting under anesthesia. Efforts to require a federal label on skateboards warning "use of this product may be injurious to health" will get nowhere. The medical lobby is too powerful.

HAD A DANGEROUS BATH LATELY?

This is the time of year when newspaper stories give an impression that the woods are full of kooky hunters blasting off at each other. The dangers of hunting are greatly exaggerated. It's much more dangerous to take a bath. Hunting, a sport enjoyed by some 14 million people, ranks 16th in a list of dangerous sports and recreations, compiled by The Travelers Insurance Companies. Over a five-year period, the firm paid out on 777 hunting accidents—and 4,318 football accidents. Here is the list of common activities in order of risk: football; winter sports; baseball; bathing and swimming; basketball; skating; in country or at beach; bicycle; at parks, picnics, outings; golf; horseback riding; boating and canoeing; gymnasium; fishing; at theaters, churches, concerts; hunting. With this list you can smell danger when the wife says "Let's go to a movie. Or a picnic. Or a symphony concert." When such perils are imminent, our advice is: Grab your muskets, men, and take to the woods until the hazard is past.

MALIGNANT METER

A parking meter that ruins a motorist's chances of finding a parking place with unused time on the dial has been invented by some spoilsport. The meter gets ultrasonic twitches when a car pulls out of the place it guards. It cancels unused time and calls a cop if a car overstays its time. It also squawks to the police if it is tampered with. Stunts like squirting water into the meter to freeze the mechanism in sub-zero weather will bring the troops on the run.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

A new national newspaper called *Tuesday* is published monthly.

The Cranberry Fold Inn in Darwen, England, has a breathalyser test room and a coffee room where drivers who think they have had too much to drink can sober up.

Almost all suits against doctors who do sterilizing operations are based on a return of the patient's fertility.

—THE EDITORS

Enjoy a great new taste: pipe tobacco in a filter cigarette!

You get pleasing aroma and a great new taste! The secret? This filter cigarette is packed with America's best-tasting pipe tobacco—famous Half and Half! Smoke new Half and Half Filter Cigarettes. You'll enjoy a cargo of full flavor and aroma.

HALF and HALF Filter Cigarettes

Product of *The American Tobacco Company* © A.T. Co.

Ten words that lost a million dollars

After 20 long years of fruitless prospecting, Robert Henderson stumbled on the world's greatest gold strike. What happened next became the most incredible story of the fabulous Klondike

BY AL GAUMER

■ Just 10 words . . . that was all. But probably no 10 words ever spoken were to cost a man more dearly than those uttered by Robert Henderson on the banks of the Yukon River that fateful August afternoon of 1896.

A million dollars—perhaps many times that—was a stiff price to pay for 10 stubborn words, but behind them lurked the virus of prejudice that has plagued men and nations almost since civilization emerged out of the jungle of prehistory. Henderson's rage was against the Tagish Indians of the Yukon. "Damn Siwashes," he called them, with nothing but contempt for what he deemed their slovenly ways, their cruelty to animals, their stubborn resistance to the white man's civilization. Good or bad, he lumped them all into one group, and he hated all without compromise. It was this blinding prejudice that was to cost Henderson a fortune, and possibly the right to share everlasting fame for the most improbable, fabulous, unbelievably tragic gold rush in all history: the Klondike.

Henderson, son of a Scots lighthouse keeper in Nova Scotia, was a tall, gaunt man with icy-

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB ABBETT

Above all, Henderson was a fanatic

blue eyes and a predatory nose, a man damned by too fierce a determination—a fanatic. He was a fanatic loner, a fanatic gold seeker, a fanatic code follower . . . and a fanatic Indian hater. There is a certain nobility in being a fanatic. It can lead to greatness—or to even greater penalties. . . .

For almost half a century and half a million square miles, Henderson wandered over the far reaches of sub-Arctic Canadian wilderness in his search for gold. If the sparse dwellers of forest and mountain didn't know his name, they remembered him by his big, broad-brimmed prospector's hat. "Oh, yes," some trader or trapper in a lonely post would say, "he was through here two, three months ago. The man with the big hat."

It was Henderson's encounter with George Carmack that was to print an indelible page of history. Henderson came to call the other "Siwash George, the squaw-man." Carmack was a big man with round melon face and drooping Mandarin mustache. Through some strange human chemistry, Carmack had gone through a convincing metamorphosis until he looked, talked and acted more like a Tagish than any true blood in

"I've found gold in paying quantities," the gaunt prospector said. Then he saw the Indians, and his face grew grim.

the cruel expanse that was the Yukon Territory.

Henderson, Carmack—two men as different as any two could be, and they were to meet one day on the banks of a salmon-spawning stream the Indians called the *Thron-diuck*. Forever after, to the day that death cut him down, Henderson would bitterly curse the indefinable impulse that had led him to that fateful meeting . . . and to those fatal words: *"I don't want any damn Siwashes staking on that creek!"* . . .

The *Thron-diuck* was a foaming torrent, an amalgamation of many smaller streams that, like so many capillaries, threaded their way out of the blue-shadowed mountains into the mighty Yukon.

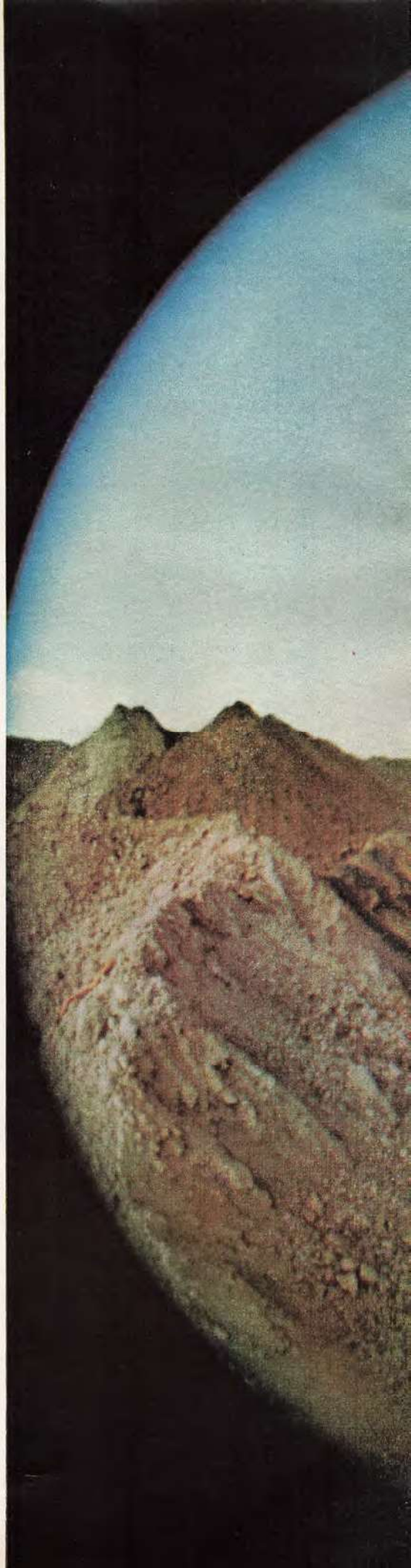
It was down the Yukon, whirlpool whipped, that Henderson poled his caribou-hide boat during the summer of 1894. For two decades he'd sought out a thousand unnamed creeks—and perhaps half a thousand more. From the headwaters of the San Miguel, through the Canyon of the Feather; from the mother lode of the Sierra to the Otago of New Zealand; across the far frontiers of four continents Henderson had pursued his endless search [*Continued on page* 94]

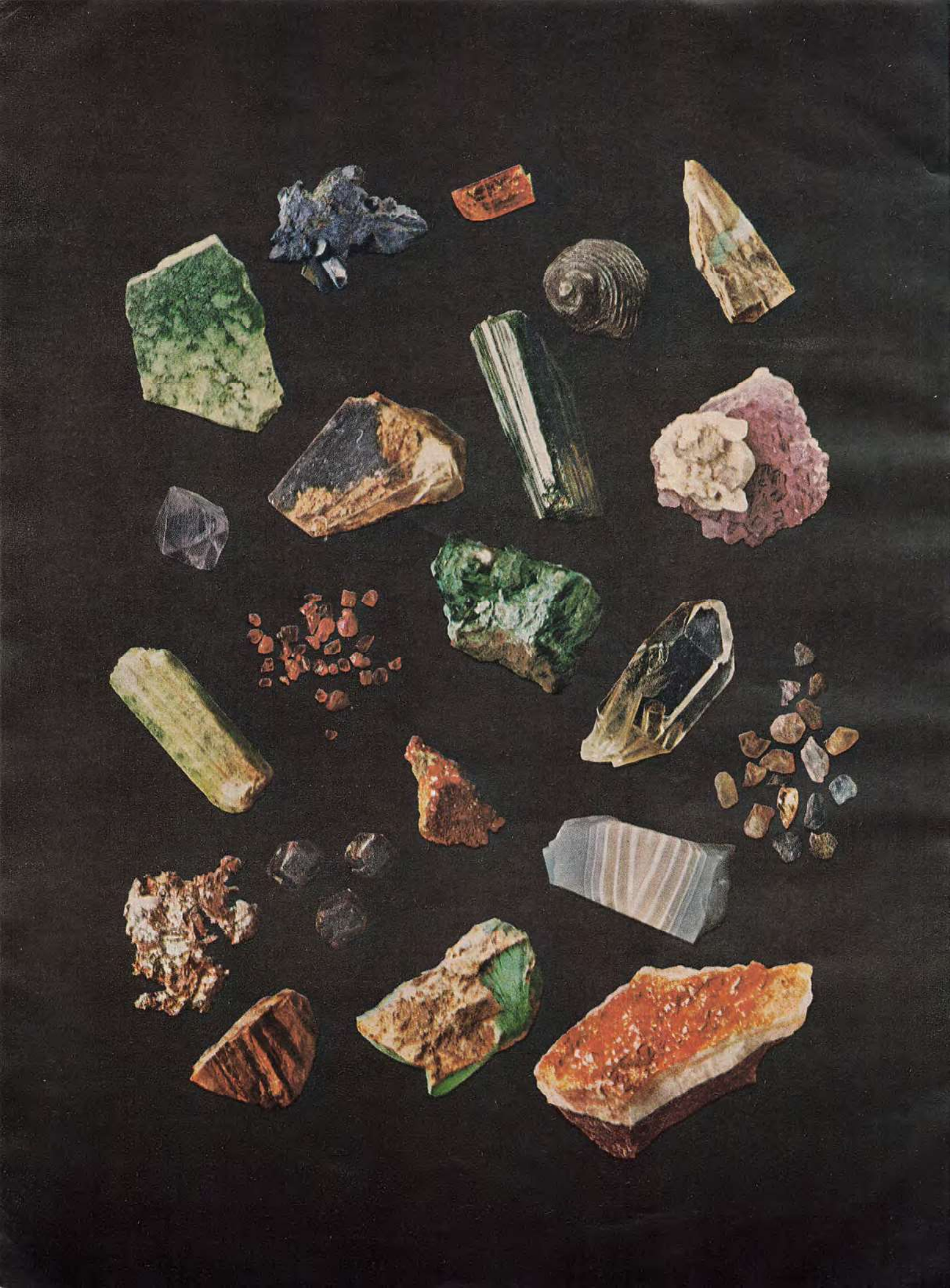
THE MIGHTY MAW OF MISTER MACHINE

Its bite size is 210 tons, and it can reach out 420 feet to take one. Wider than an eight-lane highway, taller than the Statue of Liberty, heavier than 6,000 automobiles, this massive power shovel is the biggest mobile land machine in the world. The Peabody Coal Company of St. Louis uses the hungry beast to strip away earth covering a coal vein at a mine in western Kentucky. The big dipper scoops 36 million yards of dirt a year. All those giant bites are controlled by one, high-living operator who takes an elevator five stories to reach his air-conditioned cab. There he flicks two hand levers and two foot pedals to send his big shovel swooping out as fast as 25 mph. The power behind it all is put out by 52 electric motors contained in the machine itself. They consume enough energy to keep a city of 15,000 all lit up. Besides scooping far, fast and deep to find coal, the big shovel is also used to put the face of the earth in order again when the job is done. But put ting things back is secondary to the job o taking them off—which is what makes this great machine the world's biggest stripper.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY SID LATHAM

It walks! It eats! Eight crawler treads are each more than 8 feet high. Dipper lip is 20-ton, 16-foot wide casting. Operator controls half a million pounds of material moving at 25 mph.





BY NEWTON JOSEPH
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY TONY FICALORA

FROM ROCKS TO RICHES

More than 3 million rock hounds search the earth for fun and fortune. The fun is guaranteed, and each year the lucky ones also turn up nearly $1 million in gems

■ Eight years ago, Walter Pilkington, the veteran proprietor of a Victorville, California, rock and mineral shop, grubstaked a weatherbeaten outdoorsman and amateur gem hunter named John Sabin for a prospecting trip to northern Nevada.

Striking out from the frontier town of Battle Mountain, Sabin hiked through barren, arid country that was cut by jagged canyons which exposed an abundant variety of rock. Sabin dug patiently into these outcroppings, keeping a few specimens, throwing most away. After several days of searching, he unearthed a small, copper-rich stone. When he chipped off a corner, he was dazzled by the deep, robin's-egg blue splash of turquoise hidden inside.

This was the prize he was seeking. Turquoise ran in veins in this country. Perhaps the pebble was an indication of bigger things. Excitedly, he began probing near his find. A few inches below the surface of the ground, his shovel struck something very hard, sending numbing vibrations up his arm.

Carefully, Sabin dug around the edges of a granite rock, about three feet long and two feet wide, tapering at the end. It was more than he could lift, and Sabin had to use a pry to coax his rock from the ground. Then, shaking a little with anticipation and fatigue, he cautiously chipped an edge and saw his wildest hopes realized. Beneath a thin veneer of granite and dirt, the entire rock was a shimmering rich-blue piece of turquoise of rare size and quality.

After Sabin trucked his discovery back to the elated Pilkington, the rock-shop owner insured it for $75,000. (Since mineral discoveries are worth only what they will bring, the monetary value of this piece of turquoise is probably much closer to $10,000.) Until his recent death in an automobile accident, Pilkington could never bring himself to break up this magnificent hunk of turquoise and sell it. Instead, he exhibited it in dozens of mineral shows, and today his daughter has the prized specimen on display in her California rock shop.

Both father and daughter found their greatest satisfaction in sharing their record-breaking piece of turquoise with the members of one of the largest hobby clubs in the world: the people who call themselves rock hounds. They get their kicks from poking, digging, scraping and scratching in their native soil for mineral specimens they can sell, swap, or cut and polish.

Rock hounds do their hunting for the fun of it. Money is secondary, though it does add spice to the sport. The U.S. Bureau of Mines estimates that each year hobbyists across the country pick up gemstones worth a total of between $500,000 and $1 million. Hugh Leiper, who is the editor of the *Lapidary Journal*, the largest publication for rock collectors, estimates that there are about 3,500,000 people in America actively interested in some phase of the hobby. They can be found studying geological maps as they drive their campers up torturous wilderness lanes. Or they can be seen kicking along a beach or a desert path or a stand of timber or the edge of an abandoned quarry. They walk with their eyes down, trying to spot evidence of a capricious vein of amethyst, aquamarine or opal. But they are always on the lookout for the unusual specimen of petrified wood, jasper, agate or bloodstone. It is these gemstones that the rock hound is much more likely to find.

Rock hounds are generally a gregarious, easygoing lot who have a tough time keeping a find to themselves—even when it's a fat one. Last spring, for example, two Los Angeles aircraft workers on a rock-hunting expedition stumbled on a dry lake near Edwards Air Force Base. The little brown rocks imbedded just below the surface of the lake [*Continued on page* 60]

Collectors' finds vary in glitter and gleam, as well as value. For identification see p. 60.

abortion
the civilized crime

A million pregnant women a year—and a million unwilling fathers—are driven into the hands of quacks because antiquated laws will allow no accident insurance for conception. Fortunately, a few doctors are doing something about it

■ The middle-aged Chicago couple had almost succeeded in saving a crumbling marriage when the youngest of their three children reached junior high school and the wife, Beth, went back to teaching in a kindergarten. "Our past problems seemed to fade away and you could see the change in her," said Fred, her husband. "It was like starting marriage all over—theater, dancing on Saturday night, just like 20 years before."

Then the blow fell. Beth became pregnant accidentally—and the marriage again faced collapse.

"We're both too old to handle a fourth child," said Fred, "and it would crush Beth to give up teaching. She plunged into a tailspin of desperate depression. We went to see a doctor about an abortion. When he told us he could not perform one because the law only allows the operation if a woman's life is threatened, I shouted: 'Isn't it enough that another child could make my wife a nervous wreck? Isn't it enough that it could ruin our marriage?' He just shrugged and told us the only alternative was illegal abortion."

What husbands like Fred are increasingly shocked to discover is that cruel and antiquated U.S. abortion laws can shatter a man's future as well as a woman's. If a woman has been the victim of rape or incest, if pregnancy may snap her mental equilibrium, even if another child will throw her family into poverty, there is no legal way out. A legal abortion is not permitted to save an unmarried couple the stigma of an unwanted, illegitimate child, or a married couple the tragedy of bringing into the world a child almost certain to be born deformed.

Medical statistics reveal, for example, that when a woman contracts German measles in the first month of pregnancy there is at least a 50 percent chance of fetal damage which may produce blindness or other defects in the baby. At least 20,000 deformed youngsters were born as a result of a recent nationwide German measles epidemic. Yet legal abortion is not permitted in such cases.

In fact, the law in almost all our states only allows a legal or "therapeutic" abortion, as doctors call it, if the mother's life is at stake. Comparatively few cases—about 8,500 a year—meet this strict definition. Even a serious threat to a woman's health rarely is approved.

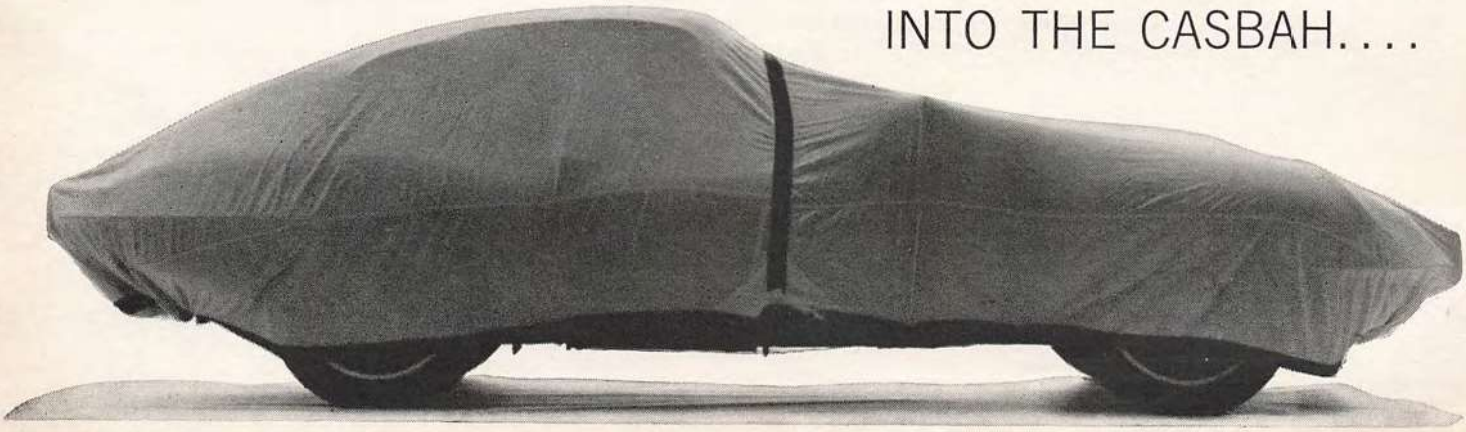
For the 8,500 women a year who do meet legal requirements, a therapeutic abortion performed in the first three months of pregnancy is one of the simplest and safest of operations, actually safer than a tonsillectomy. It requires 15 or 20 minutes of surgery. Patients are generally kept in the hospital a single night. The price usually runs between $100 and $300. But what of the women who don't qualify? The fact is that, laws notwithstanding, 1,200,000 women—about 80 percent of whom are married—go ahead and [*Continued on page* 89]

BY LAWRENCE LADER
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GUMPELFINGER

DETROIT 1966: WHAT TO EXPECT IN THE NEW CARS

BY CHARLES N. BARNARD
PHOTOGRAPH BY DAN RUBIN

NEXT MONTH AFTER FOUR YEARS OF DOING EVERYTHING RIGHT, THE AUTO INDUSTRY WILL ONCE AGAIN TUNE ITS FLUTE, RUB ITS LAMP AND RAISE THE CURTAIN ON A NEW CROP OF BIGGER AND SWIFTER FLYING CARPETS. IF THE AUTOMOTIVE ALADDINS HAVE DESIGNED WELL, ANOTHER NINE MILLION BUYERS WILL BE BECKONED STRAIGHT INTO THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. COME WITH US NOW FOR A PEEK INTO THE CASBAH....



■ American automobiles, already the biggest and most powerful in the world, will be bigger and more powerful in 1966.

The compact car—as a package size and as an economic and/or transportation concept—will all but disappear this year.

Many of the new models will offer more standard horsepower and all will have even higher performance V8 engines available as options.

Except in California, where compulsory smog-control hardware will be an added expense of up to $80, automobiles should cost less in 1966 as a result of excise tax cuts.

With the exception of a revolutionary front-wheel-drive car to be introduced by Oldsmobile, there will be no major engineering surprises in the 1966 models.

In fact, despite an investment of almost a billion dollars in tools and dies (about two-thirds of what was spent in 1965) most of the 66's represent an evolutionary, not a revolutionary change from the all-conquering 1965's. But some lines, particularly in the intermediate size, will show more evolution than others.

Although these new cars were planned and styled as early as 1963 (when Detroit had no idea that the public would gobble up 16 million new cars in the ensuing two years) most product planners in the auto capital are cautiously satisfied that the 66's (plus the tax cuts) are almost exactly what the market requires to keep the fantastic boom going. Like men blowing up a balloon with ever greater care as its size grows to awesome proportions, they aren't making any rash predictions, however.

As the season approaches for the introduction of new models and as the annual tension mounts among dealers who must yet sell off the last of the old, outgoing cars (not expected to be a problem this year), rumors about the business spread like wind-borne seeds, dropping here and there to take root if they can. Detroit is second only to Washington, D.C., as the rumor capital of the U.S. This is probably inevitable. Both the automobile industry and the federal government enter the life of every American in one way or another every day. Each puts a maximum bite on the national income (people spent more on new and used cars last year than they paid Uncle Sam in income taxes) and each provides endless grist for debate and rumor. This year, some of the favorite speculations around Detroit went like this:

RUMOR: the introduction of 1966 models may be delayed so the hot-cake popular 65's can be kept on the market for an extra few weeks. Not true. The juggernaut of model changeover, once set in motion, is almost impossible to stop. There just wouldn't be enough parts available from supplier companies to make more than the originally planned number of 65's. Most 1966 models will be in dealer showrooms before the end of September.

RUMOR: increased Congressional interest in highway safety will result in some hasty design changes in the 66's. Not true. There is a continuing trend toward recessed instrument panel knobs and all manufacturers will install seat belts front and rear as standard equipment (adding about $11 to the cost of the car). Detroit is holding back no new safety developments, cold stares from Washington notwithstanding.

RUMOR: radial ply tires (which were first made in Europe 17 years ago, which cost more, give up to twice as much mileage but a somewhat harsher ride) will appear as standard equipment on some 1966 models. Not true. They will probably show up first on Corvair or Mustang, but later, not now.

RUMOR: General Motors has a Mustang-type car ready for introduction this fall or soon thereafter. Not true. It still takes almost three years to design and build a new car from scratch. Besides, GM doesn't rush into every new opportunity immediately. They let Thunderbird have a market all to itself for many years before coming along with the Riviera.

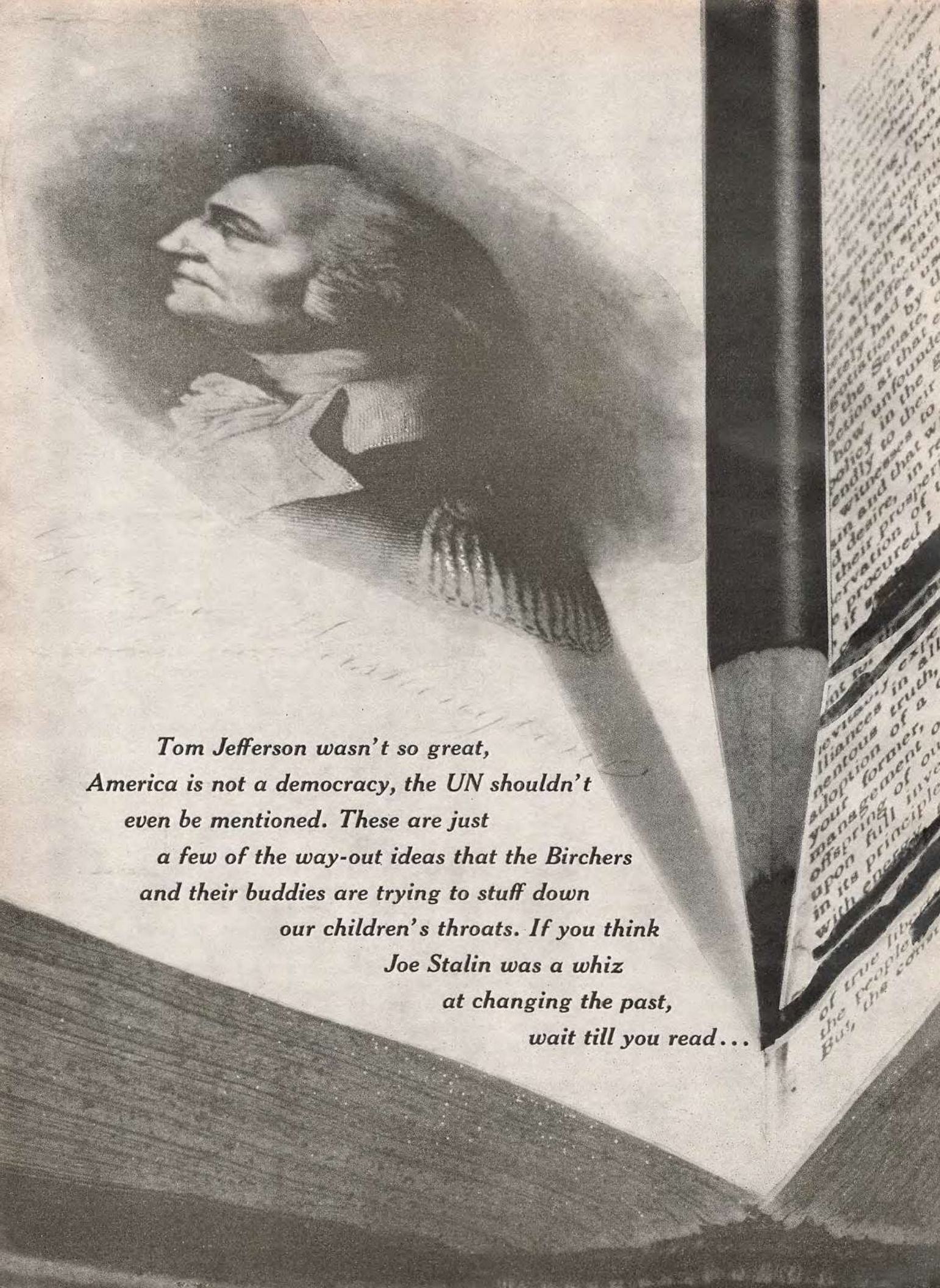
But Detroit isn't all rumors. Facts and generalities about the new cars are also available. For example:

FACT: after years of setting odometers on the high side, the industry will try to make them more accurate on the 66's and henceforth. This change is brought about as a result of complaints by the ever greater number of people who rent automobiles and pay by the mile for their use. The National Bureau of Standards found an average error of $3\frac{1}{4}$ percent overregistration (too fast) in typical Detroit odometers/speedometers.

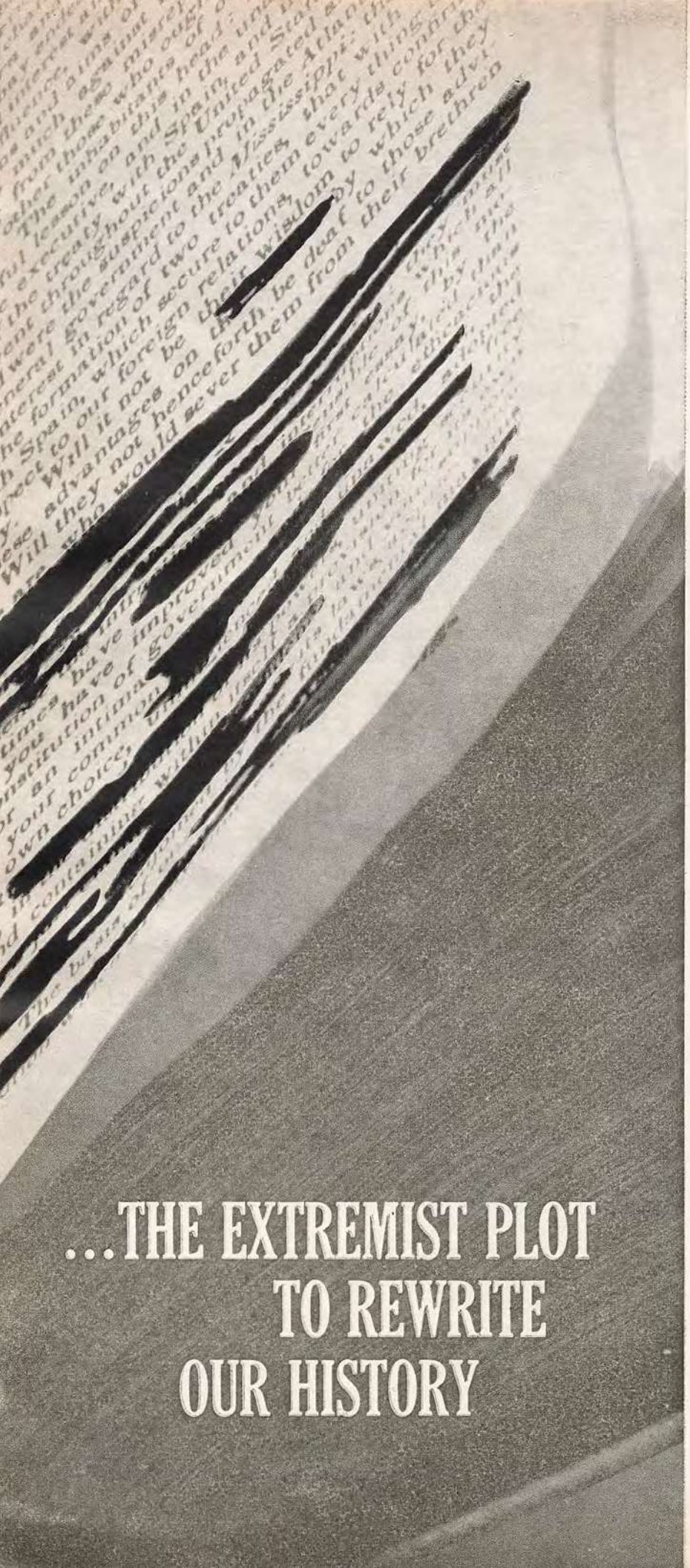
FACT: the percentage of V8 engines may go to an all-time high in 1966 reflecting the public's seemingly insatiable demand for higher performance. About 75 percent of all 65's sold were V8's. (The figure went as high as 80 percent in 1957). Buick will drop its V6 in 1966, replacing it with an in-line Six. All the manufacturers seem to have the same idea: offer one, good basic Six for those customers who demand economy, but develop a wide variety of V8 options to please all the other go-go types.

FACT: the industry battle against rust and corrosion will go on in 1966, but most gains in this area will be unseen and often unannounced as the companies experiment with various new materials and techniques. Best bet for a final solution to the problem is probably use of sheet steel which is galvanized on one side only. U.S. Steel is making such a product now on an experimental basis and Chrysler is using it in some door-sills. The advantage of one-side galvanized is that it can be used (galvanized side down) in front and rear wheel housings, eliminating the need for the double housings now in use and leaving the plain steel surface on the topside for priming and painting.

FACT: audio and visual entertainment for travelers seems to be a trend of the times. While airlines offer passengers motion pictures and multichannel television in flight, the auto makers aren't far behind. Now that more than 95 percent of all cars are sold with radios (and the Ford LTD limousine offers television for rear-seat passengers) the next step, stereo tape players, isn't too surprising. Ford will offer a dashboard mounted stereo tape [*Continued on page* 82]



Tom Jefferson wasn't so great,
America is not a democracy, the UN shouldn't
even be mentioned. These are just
a few of the way-out ideas that the Birchers
and their buddies are trying to stuff down
our children's throats. If you think
Joe Stalin was a whiz
at changing the past,
wait till you read...



...THE EXTREMIST PLOT TO REWRITE OUR HISTORY

BY JOSEPH N. BELL

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY IRWIN HOROWITZ

■ The teaching of American history was on the griddle at a school board meeting in the southern California community of Anaheim. Several citizens had complained from the audience that their children were not being taught the proper respect for American heroes. At an intermission, called by the board chairman to let tempers simmer down, two of the complainants came forward to the board table to continue the discussion with trustee Joe Anderson.

"Let me tell you," said one, "just how far our teachers and textbooks have gone in destroying American heroes to our kids. Last week in my son's American history class, his teacher read from their textbook that Nathan Hale's last words before he was hung by the British were: 'I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.' "

The man bore down heavily on the word "lose."

"Now you can see," he continued, "how subtle this left-wing propaganda is—always tearing down, always undermining. Every patriotic American knows that Nathan Hale said: 'I only regret that I have but one life to *give* for my country. . . .' "

Trustee Alice Hollenbeck overheard the conversation and slipped quietly out of the room. She found the school janitor, asked to be admitted to the library, and there looked up Nathan Hale in three different encyclopedias. All three quoted him as saying ". . . one life to *lose*. . . ."

Mrs. Hollenbeck carried one of the encyclopedias, open to Nathan Hale, back into the boardroom and slipped it in front of trustee Anderson—now

a little red-necked—who was still talking with the same men. Anderson looked at the book, smiled and showed it to the two complainants. For just a moment, they were taken aback. Then one of them turned excitedly to the front of the encyclopedia.

"Aha," he said triumphantly, pointing to the date of publication, "you see, this is a *new* edition. The Commies have got to this book already!"

Funny? Maybe, unless you happen to live in that school district and want your kids to learn about our rich history the way it happened and not the way sympathizers of various extremist groups would like to revise it to fit their own political concepts. Isolated? Don't kid yourself.

Listen to Thomas W. Braden, president of the California State Board of Education: "In many school districts in California, the present belongs to the John Birch Society, the Keep America Committee, the Network of Patriotic Letter Writers, the Liberty Torch Bearers, the Anti-Communist League and the thousands of local 'study groups' who cheer the Rev. Billy Hargis and debate such questions of the day as the extent of Dwight Eisenhower's commitment to Communism. . . . I have found classrooms where the search for truth is halted and the freedom on which it depends is stifled."

Or Fred Nus—a 24-year veteran in public education whose resignation as superintendent of schools in Pleasantville, Iowa, was forced last year by a newly-elected ultraconservative school board: "A year ago, if anyone had told me the Pleasantville High School would be completely demoralized, I would have said they were crazy. We had one of the finest small schools in Iowa. Now I know *any* school can be demoralized by the extremists because in Pleasantville they moved in very quietly and worked with a conservative element in town and were able to create an atmosphere of discord so powerful that 18 teachers resigned. Pleasantville is not an isolated case. These extreme right meddlers, preaching hate and suspicion, are more dangerous than Communism to our way of life."

Or history professor Louis Galambos of Rice University in Houston, Texas: "The extremists want you to teach their dogma just as any good Communist wants the schools to teach Marxist dogma. Only in this case, the dogma of the extreme right is called something like 'Americanism' or 'Constitutionalism' or 'Christian Constitutionalism.' "

And a spokesman for the National Education Association states: "Unjust criticisms, curtailment of academic freedom, and attacks on the school system or staff occurred in approximately one out of 30 school districts in the United States last year —a new crest of criticism."

According to a recent book, *The Censors and the Schools*—written by Pulitzer Prize winner Jack Nelson of the *Atlanta Constitution* and Gene Roberts, Jr., of the Raleigh *News and Observer*—most of these attacks are coming from a growing group of ultraconservative organizations led by America's Future of New Rochelle, New York, Texans for America, the Rev. Billy James Hargis and his Christian Crusade and the Daughters of the American Revolution. Another major attacker is Dr. E. Merrill Root, an associate editor of the John Birch Society magazine, *American Opinion*. America's Future claims: "Through the textbooks used in the schools, particularly in the field of the so-called 'social sciences,' the progressive revolutionaries have done their most damaging work."

Right-wing groups have set about to correct this situation in three principal ways:

- By demanding literal changes in textbooks and the teaching of American history.
- By insisting on subtle changes or changes by omission. (Example: their success in forcing withdrawal of an entire chapter on the United Nations in an eighth-grade civics textbook used by hundreds of thousands of students in Texas, California and other Western states.)
- By putting concerted pressure on teachers of American history whenever their teaching comes into conflict with the political thinking of ultraconservative groups.

An embattled history teacher in a California high school who honestly fears he and his family would be badgered relentlessly if his name were used told me: "The only people I ever hear from in this town are the parents who come running over here every time I suggest to their kids that the United Nations really exists or that maybe, a few times in our history, the United States might have made a mistake. Hell, these people don't want me to teach history. What they want is *Alice in Wonderland*."

Where does American history, as researched over the years by hundreds of scholars, most frequently come into conflict with ultraconservative political thinking? Some of the points that right-wing groups would most like to change—or ignore —include:

- Use of the word "democracy" to describe our political system;
- Treatment of American heroes as flesh and blood, three-dimensional human beings instead of cardboard idols;
- Mention of the brief period of American imperialism in the early 1900's;
- Examination of the excesses of some 19th century industrialists that stimulated the growth and success of the labor union movement;
- Analysis of the changing pressures in American life—things like urbanization and population growth—that make this a far different country today than it was in the [*Continued on page* 98]

DANGER
600 VOLTS D C

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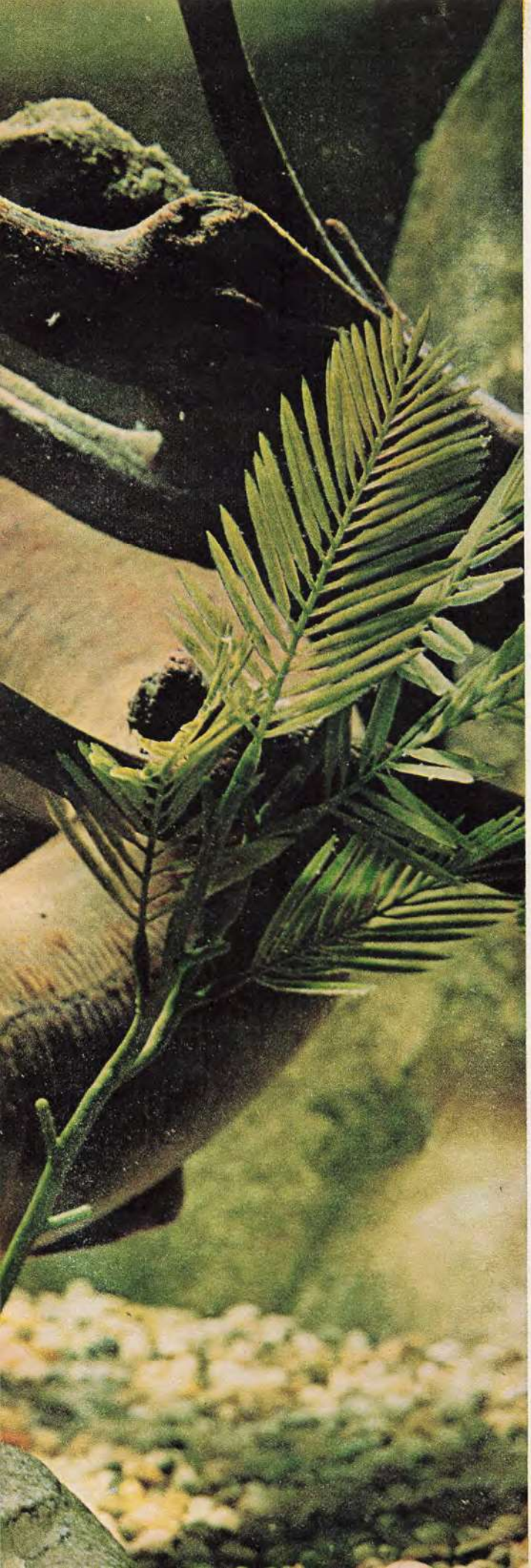


An electric eel can generate enough jolt to knock a horse to his knees or kill a man. How? One man spent 30 years finding out

BY DALE SHAW

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY SIMON NATHAN

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

■ The tank room of the Coney Island Aquarium spun suddenly before his eyes, and Christopher Coates found himself stretched out unexpectedly on the concrete floor. "Boy, that was a wallop!" he said, kneading the numbness out of his arms as he sat up. The face of America's foremost electric eel expert wore a helpless expression. As he glanced at his scrambling assistant he called, "There it goes, Pete! Careful!"

Then Coates hefted himself up spryly, pulled off his rubber gloves and examined the one that had let the shock through. "Mmm. No leaks. Just loaded up with perspiration, that's what happened. You use dry gloves and you use plenty of talc in there, but I got careless. I've been shocked thousands of times in 30 years around these things. You'd think I'd get used to it. I don't, though. They can deliver 600 volts. Grounded right, so the current passed through your vital organs, that would kill you easily."

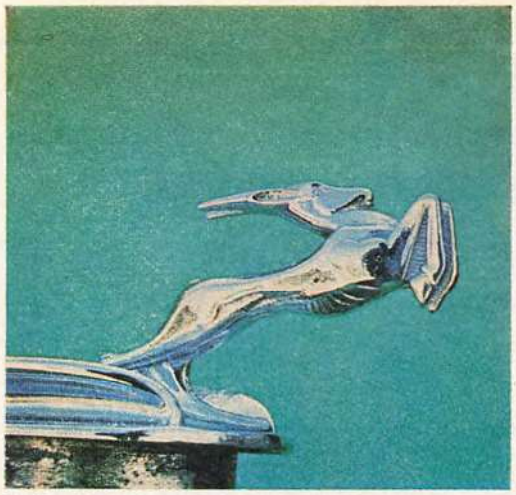
Christopher Coates is a big, likeable fellow who wears a sharp-trimmed moustache. Glasses thick as tumbler bottoms give him the right scientific look.

By now Coates's assistant had pulled on dry gloves, given chase, finally grabbed the wriggling eel behind the head and midway down the four-foot body and brought it over to the tank.

It was the first chance I'd had to study an electric eel close up. My first impression was that if Coates had given 30 years of his life to studying these ugly brutes, there must be great fascination in old bicycle tires, too. Here was a blunt-snouted shaft of slimy muscle, mud colored and apparently brainless. The creature was nearly blind from electrically generated cataracts, and daubed with a blotch of red under its chin that added grotesqueness rather than beauty.

"What a lovely specimen," said Coates as the eel was returned to the tank. There were three other eels in the tank. They were frolicking. If you are an electric eel, that consists of holding your body as straight as a stick and swimming by undulating the fringe of fin which runs along four-fifths of your body. As the fin ripples toward the tail, the eel moves forward. I watched a six-footer shunt to the end of the tank on rippling fins, stop, seem to meditate, and then swim backward as smoothly as it had swum forward. Fin ripple had just reversed. When tail tip touched tank end, the eel threw its switch, reversed as neatly as an electric engine on shuttle duty.

The smaller eels got up enough energy to snake around a bit, turning the [*Continued on page* 102]



Stylized leaping gazelle used by Chrysler in 1931

Goddess of Wisdom on 1925 Minerva

Winged cap, Chrysler during 1920's

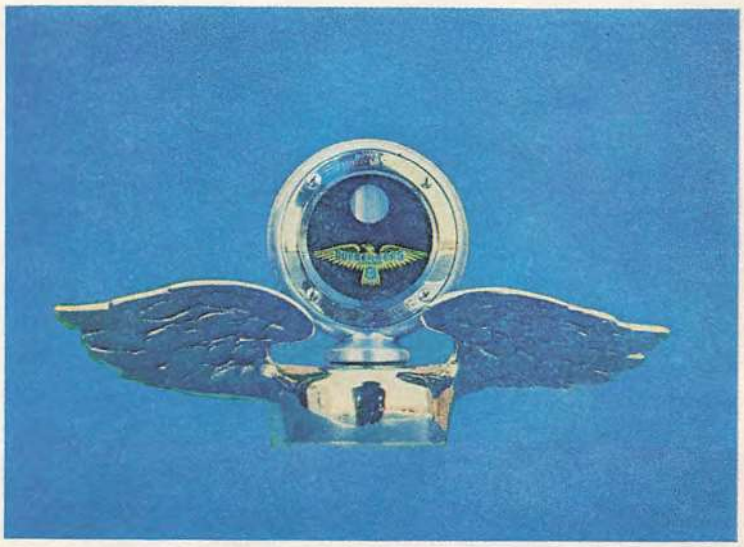
RINGTHEBELL2 on Archive.org

Familiar cap 1915 Ford Model T

Quail in flight, an optional accessory, for 1931 Ford

Family crest adorns 1925 Franklin

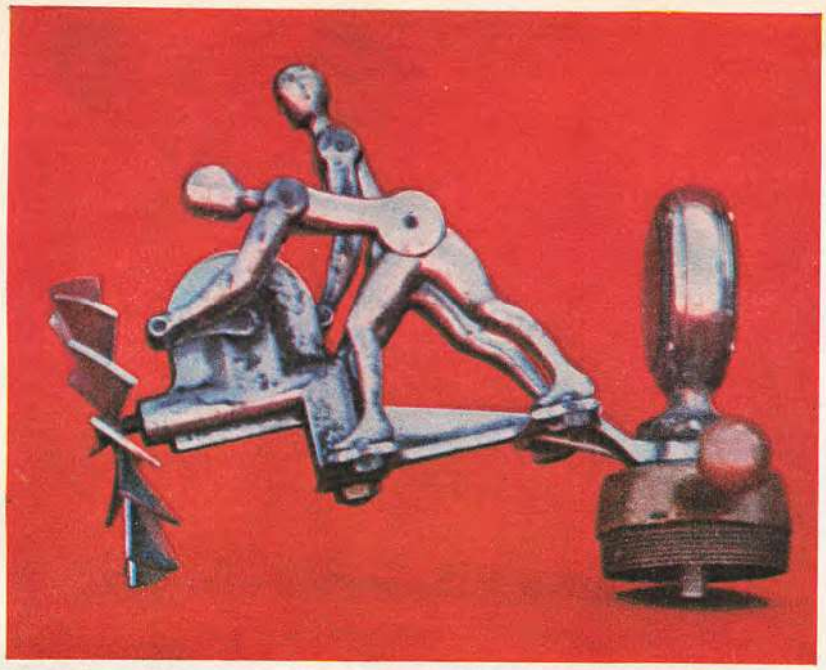
Winged nude, owner's addition to 1930 du Pont Town Car



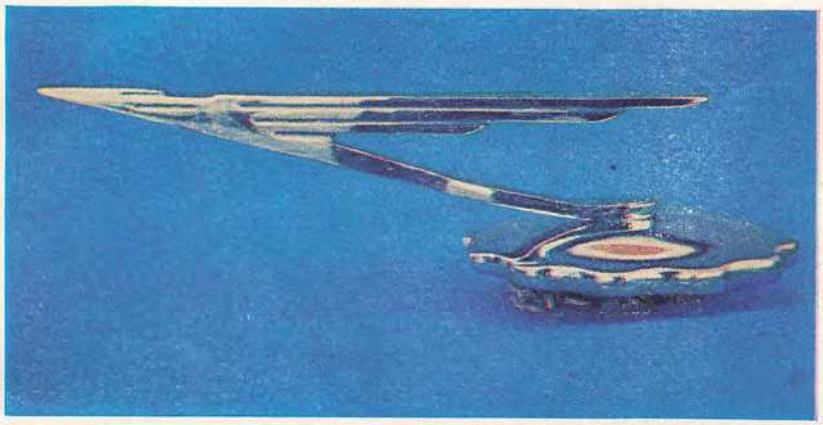
Motormeter, a classic radiator cap from the classic 1925 Deusenberg

CLASSIC STOPPERS

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BOB GRANT



Show-off cap fit most cars. Wind turns propeller which makes men turn crank



Lightning Flash, correctly called a Deusen-bird, optional for 1931 Deusenberg

Goddess of the Hunt, 1928 Diana

French crown, 1915 Briscoe roadster

Radiator caps were prestigious symbols in what many buffs consider the great days of automobile design, 1920-1940. Since the hood came down over radiators just after World War II, motoring fans by the thousands have coveted the old, decorative caps of famous makes. On these pages and on the cover are 19 beauties from Harrah's Automobile Collection in Reno, Nevada.

Some, like the cranking men, used to be bought as separate accessories by car-proud owners. Others, like Ford's flying quail, were optional from dealers. But most were an integral and significant part of the cars they ornamented. Packard's Adonis, on the cover, irreverently called the Sliding Boy, was especially designed for the Packard Speedster. Franklin's heraldic lion came from the family crest. And the English designer of the famous Rolls-Royce flying lady, Charles Sykes, thought she expressed the car's poetry of motion. Hispano-Suiza's flying stork was the symbol of a World War I fighter squadron.

Collectors advertise, hunt and swap for these bits of automotive sculpture. Prices range from $1 to $100, and the cost of restoration may run to many times the purchase price. But for a true lover of these symbols of elegance and speed, it's the romance that counts.

Cover—top to bot., left: eagle wings spread as engine warmed in 1929 Kissel White Eagle Speedster; head of god, Re, on 1927 Stutz Speedster. Center: knight from 1919 Stearns-Knight touring car; lucky flying stork, 1938 Hispano-Suiza coupe; famous flying lady, 1938 Rolls-Royce Phantom III. Right: Lincoln greyhound, 1932 convertible sedan; Packard Speedster Adonis, 1931; decoration added to 1911 Simplex.

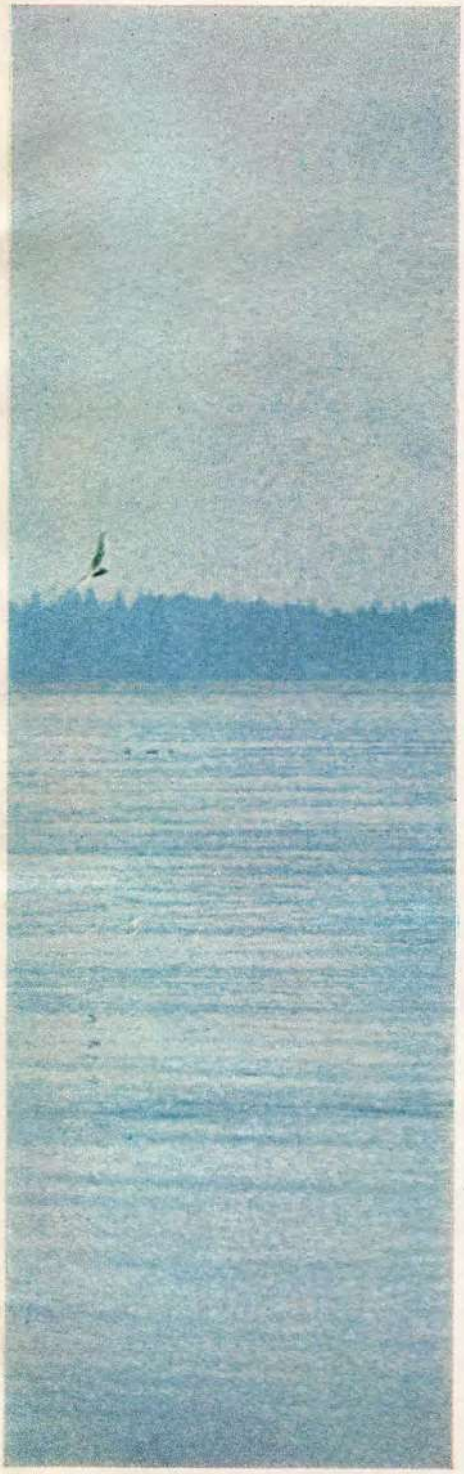
COHO CURE FOR FISHING FRUSTRATION

On a misty morning off the British Columbia coast near Qualicum Beach, angler Bill Hodgson stands to battle a salmon.

Call it silver, call it coho—or call it loco—this dashing Pacific salmon invented the meaning of "fight"

BY TED TRUEBLOOD

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR



QUALICUM BEACH, B.C.

■ During the night, the wind moaned steadily. It rattled the windows with gusts we later learned reached 50 miles an hour, and the surf pounded on the beach. At daylight, the Strait of Georgia, between the east shore of Vancouver Island and the British Columbia mainland, was a mass of whitecaps, with the wind whipping spray off the wave crests and carrying it in a pall of mist above the water. Fishing was out of the question.

I felt sick. I was here to fish for silver salmon or cohos, as the Canadians and I prefer to call them. It was a trip I'd looked forward to for years, and this was the third day. So far, four of us had caught only one. It had been stormy most of the time. During the short periods of calm, we'd had trouble finding boats to rent. I had come nearly 1,000 miles and my time was limited, although even if I could have stayed until Christmas it wouldn't have helped. The salmon would soon be running up the streams to spawn.

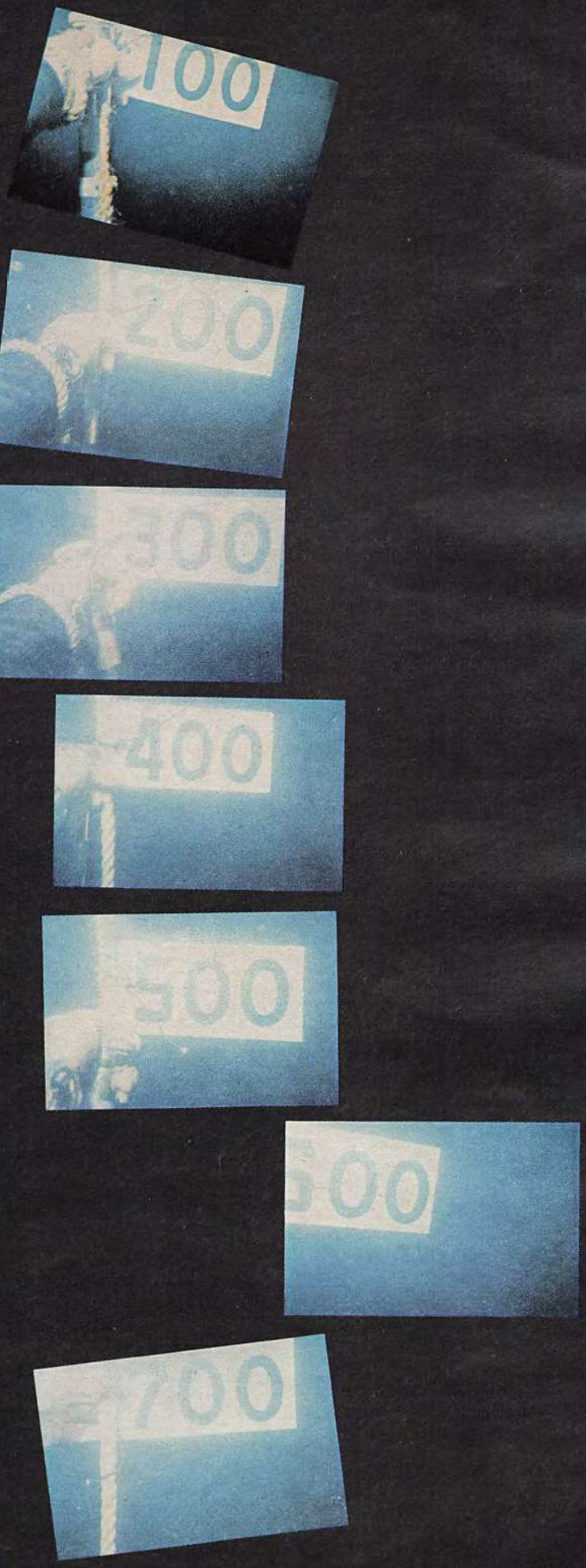
This was my land of frustration. Of all the places I have fished, British Columbia has frustrated me more often than any other—and yet I've had some of the best fishing of my life there, too. Maybe on my first trip, years ago, I offended the ancient gods of the Nooksack Indians and ever since they have alternately pampered and thwarted me in revenge. This day last September was to be typical.

After breakfast, the four of us—Gary Howells, E. E. "Red" Young, Bill Hodgson and I—stood in front of our motel at Qualicum Beach, gazed out across the strait and debated what to do. By now, someone had told us there was a good run of steelhead in the Stamp River. We were here strictly to fish for cohos, but doing that meant going offshore in small boats. This was obviously impossible.

Cohos rank high on the list of preferred game fish among anglers who have caught them all. Fast, active, typically high, clean jumpers, they compare most favorably with steelhead and Atlantic salmon. And since they feed near the [*Continued on page* 76]

Of the Pacific's five salmon, the silver or coho is the high-flying acrobat without peer.

MY DEEP DIVE TO DAVY JONES



These successive 100-foot markers were photographed by the author on his record-breaking descent.

■ *. . . I am suspended, alone, in the undersea darkness, clinging to a half-inch Manila line that spirals upward to the ocean's surface. It is bitter cold. Far below the whitecaps of the Pacific, my exposed hands and neck are numb from the 49° chill. My diving wet suit, normally a comfortable quarter-inch thick, is compressed paper-thin under the enormous pressure squeezing my body; the cold stabs like thousands of little knives. The helium-oxygen mixture I inhale every 30 seconds is cold too. It sends shivers through my veins.*

Two miles away, in San Diego, California, a half million fellow humans go about their normal day unaware of me and what I am trying to prove here in the depths. It is October 24, 1964—a day that is the climax of a yearlong personal quest. My curiosity has been satisfied. I have achieved my purpose: I am 700 feet down in the icy, black sea—deeper than any free diver has ever gone before. . . .

BY MARK ROGERS

as told to Joseph E. Brown

My adventure had begun one day in the fall of 1963, at Newport Beach, California, a coastal resort community north of my home in San Diego. I'd driven up to Newport to have lunch with a friend, Frank Donahue, who wanted to discuss some new diving techniques with me.

Donahue, an expert diver who specializes in deep-water petroleum exploration was, at the moment, experimenting with a new undersea device.

"You know about the Mobot?" he began.

I knew it was a watertight, spidery-shaped robot with mechanical arms, which could be lowered into the sea and operated from a boat above. It carried a closed-circuit TV camera which when submerged relayed pictures of the ocean floor to the boat above. Viewing the TV screen, operators of the Mobot could manipulate the contraption's clawlike arms to perform such jobs as repair work around the base of offshore drilling rigs. But, Donahue told me, the Mobot still had many bugs. "For one thing," he said, "the TV camera only gives a two-dimensional picture. It has no 'depth perception.' " Trouble occurred, Donahue explained, when operators tried to manipulate the Mobot's arms to pick up small objects or to perform tricky tasks like threading a nut on a bolt.

"Naturally," he went on, "we can't hope to develop a machine that can do all the things a human can. So we've got to develop a way of getting a diver down deeper than he can go now. A lot of work we need done is below 300 feet, some of it below 500. Offshore drilling companies are going farther and farther out and deeper and deeper down. The man who can get down to 500 or 1,000 feet—and work there safely—can command a pretty fat fee."

"A thousand feet!" I whistled. "No one's ever approached that depth in a free dive—and lived, I mean. It's damned near impossible, Frank. Too many men have died going only a third that deep."

"Fifty years ago 100 feet was considered the limit," Donahue replied. "Twenty years ago, maybe 200. But that was before we [*Continued on page* 86]

No free diver had ever gone so deep and lived. Now I had to find out whether a man wearing only scuba gear could go 700 feet into the tomb of the sea

Lee Louis

Rogers breaks surface after completing record dive. Another diver supports him from below.

NFL
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PRO FOOTBALL'S DRAFT:

THE DIRTIEST SCANDAL IN SPORTS

Booze, broads, blackmail and kidnapping have become weapons in pro football's tough interleague fight to land the stars

BY STANLEY FRANK

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HUEHNERGARTH

■ The new box-office attractions unveiled in pro football during the coming season may not be the best crop of rookies since Lou Groza was a freshman, but they hold one undisputed, if dubious, distinction. They have been exposed to more corruption and hypocrisy than any other group of college players in the history of a game notorious for that sort of thing.

Those fancy, highly publicized bonuses thrown around by the National and American Football Leagues a few months ago were a smoke screen for much dirtier weapons that were used in the battle to sign college stars in the 1964 draft. Many pro teams were guilty of reprehensible tactics ranging from booze and broads to strong-arm coercion. Some college coaches received fat fees for steering players to clubs that retained these coaches as "special consultants."

There is evidence that 75 percent of the players picked in the first six rounds of both drafts were wrapped up, verbally or otherwise, by pro teams at least a month before the end of the college season. Such signings were, of course, in violation of amateur regulations and of the pros' own rules.

College officials had to be deafer and dumber than usual not to know what was going on, but the National Collegiate Athletic Association made no effort to curb flagrant infractions of the amateur code until after the season had ended and all the loot from bowl games had been collected. Commissioners Pete Rozelle (NFL) and Joe Foss (AFL) issued pious statements declaring they would strictly enforce their league's rules forbidding the premature signing of college seniors. Nevertheless, schemes to outsmart the opposition were organized by both sides. Here are some examples:

Joe Namath's $389,000 deal with the New York Jets was noised about in the newspapers weeks before he played his last game for Alabama in the Orange Bowl. The Jets did not deny, nor did the NCAA bother to investigate, the rumors.

It was an open secret in pro circles as far back as 1963 that Dick Butkus of Illinois was earmarked for the Chicago Bears. When he signed a formal contract with the Bears in December, Arthur Morse, a Chicago sports promotor who was Butkus's legal adviser, admitted that a verbal agreement had been reached far in advance of the draft.

At the Jets's press conference on January 9, 1965, announcing the signing of John Huarte, Notre Dame quarterback, Coach Weeb Ewbank blandly revealed that he had discussed the terms with Huarte's [*Continued on page* 70]

From the forthcoming book *Bogart: The Scattered Recollections of a Friend* by Richard Gehman. Copyright © 1965, Fawcett Publications, Inc.

The Petrified Forest, 1936. Playing quietly evil Duke Mantee, Bogart kept Leslie Howard and Bette Davis petrified.

High Sierra, 1941. Wanted for murder Bogart fled—rifle and machine gun in hand.

The Maltese Falcon, 1941. As tough private-eye Sam Spade, a prototype role, H starred with Peter Lorre, Mary Astor and Sydney Greenstreet.

BOGART

a cool cult warms up to an old hero

BY RICHARD GEHMAN

Dead Reckoning, 1947. Bogey found strangleholds fascinating in many of his films. Here the lovely neck belongs to Lizabeth Scott.

The irascible Humphrey, dubbed "H" by a new generation of Bogart addicts, was almost never without a gun in hand onscreen or a drink offscreen. His legacy: A brutal brand of honesty

Casablanca, 1943. In this Bogartomane favorite, H lisped famous line to Dooley Wilson, "Play it again. Tham."

To Have and Have Not, 1945. Bogey liked this movie. Filming it he courted wife-to-be, Lauren Bacall.

■ If, 15 years ago, anybody had suggested to Humphrey DeForest Bogart that in 1965, less than 10 years after his death, his own image—still projected on film screens and home television sets across the world—would be taking on the aspects and quality of an authentic figure in American folklore, Bogart's reaction would have been swift and—because he was so self-designed and self-fulfilled—predictable. Not *entirely* predictable, for there would have been one of three courses that Bogart would have taken. Depending upon how much he had had to drink, his state of health, the company he was keeping, and his temporary outlook on the world, he would have greeted this suggestion by: (a) laughing uncontrollably; (b) snarling something unprintable or incoherent; or (c) getting up and trying to assault the person.

Bogart was not the personification of self-containment. He always was getting into fights, although he started them fewer times than other people did. He earnestly tried to be a passive, even an ingratiating, man; but some son-

The Treasure of the Sierra Madre, 1948. Tim Holt Jr. (left), H and Walter Huston (right) created a cauldron of gold fever. Huston's son John won Oscar for directing.

The Big Sleep, 1946. Here playing opposite Lauren Bacall, by now his wife, Bogart again had rugged private detective role, as in *The Maltese Falcon.*

ofabitch always was coming up in a bar, or somewhere, sneeringly asking him for his autograph or otherwise trying to find out if he was as tough on the screen as he was off. American people believe American movies; they believe that Doris Day is the girl next door, that Marlon Brando is unconventional (a *real* beatnik), that Cary Grant is a rich playboy, that William Holden is the lad who used to live next door to Doris Day but busted out of that neighborhood and became an adventurer, and that Joan Crawford has gone through a tearstaining of trouble. When Bogart was making films, principally for those gay banditti from Youngstown, Ohio, the Warner Brothers, the customers believed that he broke out of jail, shot people mercilessly, and never went on the street without a gun either in his belt or under his left armpit, and

African Queen, 1952. Older H club members consider the story of a hard-drinking riverboat captain Bogart's best film.

The Desperate Hours, 1955. While acting with Martha Scott, Bogey felt first signs of cancer that would kill him.

The Caine Mutiny, 1954. In film based on Herman Wouk's book, H played the querulous Captain Queeg, a role that gave him trouble.

that belief made some of them seek him out and try to test themselves with him in circumstances which he—in their imaginations and in his—had created. Bogart was trouble prone, but he also was trouble provoking. There always were circumstances—and when there were not, he created them.

Out of these facts the legend began to grow long before he was dead. Skinny, apparently self-underfed, an all-day-long sipper of liquors of every kind, and destined to go through life with the face of an American Legion bowling league captain, Bogart nevertheless scowled a menace toward circumstances, that such a man as that Legionnaire under the pressure of battle probably never would have shown the Hun or the Nazi. Bogart was bound, circumscribed, driven, sometimes defeated and torn apart, both in public exhibitions

Fighting Sluggy, 1938. He gave nickname to third wife, Mayo Methot, who served as lively sparring partner.

Fighting Witchhunt, 1947. H, Evelyn Keyes and Danny Kaye defended 1st Amendment at Congressional hearing.

Fighting Cancer, 1955. A wan Bogey began painful yearlong wake with his family: Lauren, Leslie and Stephen.

and in private life, but he remained jauntily tough, tireless, true to a certain sourly realistic code, and above all brave—brave in the face of unlimited difficulty on the screen. "This life may not be mine, but I will live it my way," he seemed always to be saying.

Mrs. Jason Robards, Jr., the fourth and last Mrs. Humphrey Bogart, born Betty Perske, a fashion model and actress who changed her name to, and now is known professionally, as Lauren Bacall, told me in May 1965 that she believed the world was "using" the dead Bogart and that "he would resent it if he were alive." She said she did not believe that "he would go for all this cheap publicity." Whether or not "all this . . . publicity" is cheap is a matter that could be argued at length, but it is a fact that Bogart now exists in the minds of millions as a smouldering, if perhaps not blazing, symbol of the moody, tremulous and disheveled times in which they were raised.

It has been suggested more than once that Bogart was the personification of "existential man." People have quoted from the works of Jean-Paul Sartre and William Barrett to prove it. "I don't even know what existential man means," Miss Bacall said to me. "I'm sure Bogey wouldn't have known either. If you ask me, Bogey was the symbol of *the* man of any age. He was just a man, that's all."

That indeed he was. He was a man, and a rare one, equipped with a rare sense of humor about himself and the characters he played on the screen. That the onscreen Bogart was continually beset by terrible dangers amused the offscreen one, and he unfailingly commented on it. George Frazier, in a collection of magazine articles called *The One With The Moustache Is Costello,* tells about a time when Bogart and Raymond Massey were making *Action In The North Atlantic.* The two actors were watching stunt men do things that audiences later would be persuaded that the actors had done themselves. "Ray, I'll bet you 10 dollars my double is braver than yours is," Bogart said.

There was no more convincing a screen actor than Bogart, yet audiences today sense that even when he had submerged himself completely in a character, as say he did with the part of Rick, the nightclub owner, in *Casablanca,* he still stood aside and watched it with amusement, sometimes parodying it subtly. Bogart did his work with involved conviction not just for the purposes of a role itself but also to make a subtle comment on other, less skillful actors who were not able to achieve his [*Continued on page* 107]

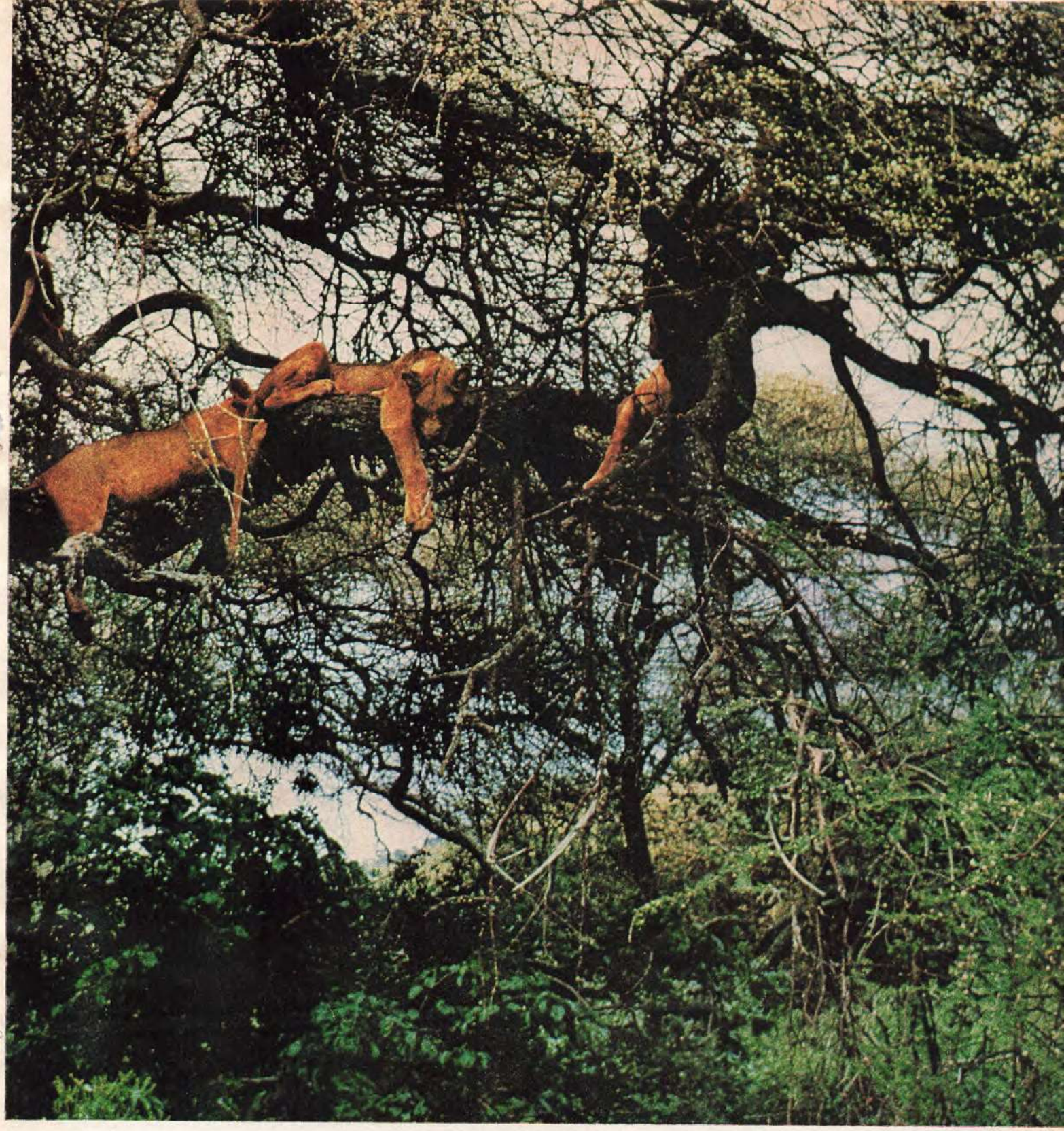
a lordly snooze in an unlikely pad

how come?

TURN PAGE →

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY DAVID GOODNOW

To beat the heat and the flies, that's how come! Lions know they're not supposed to climb trees but the situation at Lake Manyara National Park in northern Tanzania had become intolerable. Flies were so bad that a lion couldn't enjoy a decent midday siesta even in deepest shade. So some smart lion (the lionesses shown here are but copycats) ran up a tree and found it was



better than the balcony at the RKO. No flies. Cooling breezes. Now it's a daily occurrence, believed to be unique to this little corner of Africa. Chesty about his newly developed climbing ability, a hungry Manyara lion recently chased a leopard with a kill lickety-split up a tree and stole the tidbit aloft for himself, proving that big, hip cats will bear watching.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

By George R. Martin

Giving up liquor has probably never been done more dramatically than it was 438 years ago by a central Asian king named Babur. A good Moslem, Babur had religiously refused the grape until he was 23, when he fell—hard—for Persian wines. The next 20 years he spent warring and carousing with equal gusto. At 43, he led his Turko-Mongol tribesmen into India to face a superior Hindu army. Since this was to be a crucial battle, he sought to give his men an example of high purpose with a spectacular gesture: he announced he would stop drinking. As proof, he had all his gold and silver goblets brought forth and publicly broken up, and the pieces distributed to holy men and beggars. A camel train had just arrived with delicious Ghazni wine; Babur had the wineskins emptied on the ground and ordered an almshouse built on the spot. Deeply impressed, his warriors tore into the Hindus and routed them in the historic Battle of Khanua. It put Babur on the throne of India as first emperor of the Mogul dynasty. He kept his vow and never again touched a drop. But like many another reformed souse, he liked to nibble sweets—in his case, cookies made of sugar, lard and hashish, or chopped leaves of the hemp plant known in America as marijuana. Thus Babur floated through his remaining five years of life feeling little pain at being deprived of wine.

The legendary "Chinese water torture" couldn't have been much worse than an American water torture inflicted a century ago on convicts in New York prisons. Called the Showerbath, it effectively replaced the cat-o'-nine-tails, after that instrument was banned in 1847, as the jailers' usual means of discipline. The offender was stripped and seated nude in a stall, held by ankle, wrist and body clamps. A kind of hopper or trough of sheet metal was adjusted around his neck. Cold water from a barrel on a shelf two feet above was valved on his head; as the neck trough filled to overflowing above mouth height, he had to tilt his chin up to avoid drowning, and was thus compelled to receive the stream on his forehead. Taking the whole barrelful in one blinding, smothering rush was enough to stun the ordinary man. Perhaps worse was the torment of sitting chilled and aching while water was trickled in drips on his forehead for hours. The Showerbath could derange a man and put him in the hospital, a prison doctor testified in 1852. Nevertheless, it remained in use at Sing Sing, Clinton and Auburn Prisons until the state legislature outlawed New York's water torture in 1869. *By Ed Shay, Buffalo, N. Y.*

The iron mouths of cannon passed word of a red-letter day in American history across 1,088 miles in possibly the fastest audible communication the world had ever known until that time. The Erie Canal, a mighty work linking the Great Lakes to the Atlantic, had been completed. New York's Governor Clinton was ready at Buffalo to open the canal officially by leading a boat procession eastward. As lines were cast off at 10 a.m. on October 26, 1825, a cannon boomed. Its sound was relayed by other gunners waiting in turn; from town to town along the canal to Albany and down the Hudson rumbled the reports to New York City where, to acknowledge receipt, the signal was cannoned back again and returned to Buffalo at 12:40. Although transmitted at far less than the speed of sound, the signal made the 1,088-mile round trip in two hours and 40 minutes at a rate of 409 mph. News had never before been heard at such speed, a unique achievement until Morse's electric telegraph began clicking seven years later. *By Lou Hendrickson, Troy, N. Y.*

Whiskery "sideburns" occasionally seen on male cheeks would be called by some other name today if the U.S. Army hadn't lost a war against beards 130 years ago. American soldiers, clean-shaven since the Revolution, had begun to get fuzzy. In 1835 a War Department order forbade whiskers extending "below the ear and a line thence to the mouth." As a shaving guide, regimental barbers sometimes stretched a string across the mouth and up behind the ears. But the line was soon overrun, for a craze for beards of all kinds swept America. The Army surrendered in 1853, and the Civil War became a hairy struggle. General Burnside of the North—perhaps compensating for being bald—was strikingly festooned with puffed cheek whiskers that curved into a mustache above his bare chin. These cheek whiskers attained fame as "burnsides." When in the 70's Civil War memories faded and beards receded, popular jargon playfully turned dwindling cheek-tufts into "sideburns"—now barely visible smudges of what was once the most elegant facial foliage in America. *By A. M. Winslow, Monroe, La.*

Orangutans climb with such sureness and four-handed agility—or so zoo visitors believe—that it's almost impossible to imagine them tumbling awkwardly out of trees. The fact is, though, that these big ponderous, potbellied apes are pretty clumsy. An anthropologist who examined nearly 100 orang skeletons in museums found that more than a third of them showed healed bone fractures—most frequently broken legs, arms, or ribs—obviously suffered in falls from trees in their native jungle.

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036

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FROM ROCKS TO RICHES

[*Continued from page* 31]

turned out to be some of the best specimens of petrified wood ever found in this country. Petrified wood is valuable both because of its own beauty and because it sometimes contains gemstones—particularly opals—deposited in the tree trunks by underground water.

The two men decided to keep their find to themselves—for awhile, at least. But one of them couldn't keep quiet. He shared the secret with a few close friends, and within a week rock hounds were swarming over the area looking for the dry lake. They found it, and quickly cleaned it out. One searcher dug a trench 20 feet deep in an effort to find a new section of petrified wood. Another brought out an air compressor to expedite his efforts—a flagrant violation of the code that requires the rock hound to stick to manual equipment.

Digging out the petrified wood in such quantity naturally depressed its monetary value. What was it worth, finally? "About $1 a pound," estimated one searcher, "but it sure was beautiful stuff."

The possibility of stumbling on a rich find always dangles before rock hounds. They've heard of the lost opal mine that was unearthed by a rock-hunting school teacher near Barstow, California. The teacher spent the rest of his life trying to find his way back to the site, and finally took whatever knowledge he had of the location to the grave with him. They've heard, too, of the lost zircon mine near Las Vegas, and the fabled Peg Leg Gold Mine, supposedly mislaid for 70 years in the Barrego Valley of California. This knowledge simply adds the zest of a treasure hunt to an outdoor hobby that combines exploration, history and geology in one adventurous package.

Although few places in the world have a greater variety, gemstones seldom appear in the United States in deposits large enough to make commercial mining feasible. But this very lack of commercial exploitation makes the whole nation a happy hunting ground. And, according to the U.S. Bureau of Mines, at least one kind of gemstone occurs in every state in the United States.

Agate with its bright, multicolored patterns is probably the most common gem material in this country. It can be found along the Oregon coast, in the Big Bend region of Texas, and in a dozen other Western states. Rich-yellow and pink topaz gems have been found in California and New England. Rose quartz occurs in quantity in South Dakota and Maine; jade in a 200-mile area of southern Wyoming; turquoise throughout the Southwest; sapphires and rubies in Montana, North Carolina and Georgia; tourmaline throughout the Northeast and Southwest. Strangest of all, diamonds are found in Arkansas and in a 600-mile arc starting at Milwaukee and extending southward through the lower Great Lakes region.

Key to photograph on page 30
Rock specimens from International Gem Corporation

Searching out these precious and semiprecious stones requires a rugged affinity for the outdoors, enough basic knowledge of minerals to know where and how such stones occur, and some luck.

Dr. H. C. Dake—a Portland, Oregon, dentist and lifelong rock hound and outdoorsman—was poking around the Rainbow Ridge of northern Nevada 10 years ago when he ran into a bearded, stooped old gold prospector with a bulging backpack. The two men sat down to rest and talk, and the prospector took a piece of petrified wood the size of a football out of his pack and weighed it in his hands.

"You want this?" he asked. "It's getting mighty heavy to pack around."

The doctor couldn't believe his good fortune. The specimen had been split, and at its center was a three-inch core of magnificent flaming opal. He gave the prospector the $2 he had in his pocket, knowing he was multiplying his investment several hundred times. Then he questioned the old man, trying to pinpoint where he had found the opal.

"The best I can recollect," said the prospector finally, "is that it's a couple of miles out of Coyote Springs. Place is covered with these old cannon balls. But no gold—no gold a'tall."

Dr. Dake looked for several days and couldn't find the opal field. He's looked several times since, and so have dozens of other rock hounds, but without success. They'll keep looking because they know there is opal in the region. It has been sought after there ever since a pony express rider, thundering across the Nevada plains in midday, pulled up his mount when he was almost blinded by a flaming-red mass of opal, reflecting the rays of a scorching sun into his astonished eyes. He reported his find, and rock hunters have been seeking, and finding, opal there ever since.

Frequently, the opal is discovered by accident. One of the richest hauls to come out of this part of Nevada is reported in a remarkably comprehensive book for rock hounds called *Gemstones of North America*, written by a retired Navy captain named John Sinkankas. The haul was made by a sheepherder who worked briefly for a rancher named Don Arachevoleta. As he followed his sheep over the same vast barrenness crossed by the pony express rider of another day, the shepherd kept stumbling over outcroppings of opal. Each evening, he would bring new specimens into his camp. When spring came and the roads were passable, the shepherd traded some of his opal for a car, loaded the rest in the trunk and headed for the city. He hasn't been heard from since.

The hope of running across such a haul is a carrot that dangles before rock hounds in every part of the country. In northern Maine, a farmer was driving his cows home at dusk when he saw a bright, greenish glint in the ditch beside the road. He picked it up curiously and was stunned by the luster and brilliance of its blue-green transparency. The stone turned out to be a huge, unflawed aquamarine, weighing 133 carats after it was cut. New England abounds in such stones—particularly Oxford County, Maine, which is rich in gems and rare minerals.

More often than not, however, gemstones don't give off their secrets so easily. A rare or beautiful stone is often hidden beneath a rough and ugly exterior. The trick is to know which ugly stones to pick up and chip to see what is beneath.

"I've found some of my best gemstones," one veteran rock collector told me, "by picking up specimens that newcomers have thrown away. I've also seen some wonderful stones ruined by

[*Continued on page* 65]

CAMPUS CLOTHES AROUND THE COMPASS

THE TRADITIONAL EAST. A close-up look at dashing new looks on college campuses begins at New York's Columbia University where the smart, standout style of Ivy League design is always in evidence. At top row, left: a shaped model, two-button suit with twin vents, flap pockets and paisley lining, by Cricketeer, is worn by student Kenneth Thompson. Complete with matching paisley-lined vest, $75. Ken's tab collar shirt is by Van Heusen, $5, and his red and black silk paisley tie is by Resilio, $3.50. Joseph Parkinson, lower left, wears a navy, chalk-striped suit of lamb's wool and worsted in a shaped Fox Hound model with deep side vents and a light English finish, by Fashion Park, about $120. Shirt is by Van Heusen, $5, and the red-striped Tonga tie is by Wembley, $2.50. Dark, all-weather coat, below right, worn by ace pole-vaulter, Lionel Goetz, is the Drake by Botany 500, $85.

Student models, model students all, top row from left are: Susan Werner, Thompson, and Susan Peters, all of New York City; Goetz, Scarsdale, N.Y., and Barbara Jarick, N.Y.C. Fencer is Daly Temchine, Kew Gardens, N.Y.; Michael Garrett, Massapequa, N.Y., is the lion (Columbia's well known mascot), and rugby player is John Gardiner of N.Y.C. In foreground, from left, are Elizabeth Leicester and Parkinson, both of N.Y.C., and oarsman Peter Herman, Bayside, N.Y.

THE INFORMAL WEST. The school is Stanford in northern California. The students are serious. Their on-campus look is casual. Here a sweater perfectly styled for coffeehouse or classroom wear is the black Ski Pearl model, at left, worn by Allan Curr, with red and white-striped chevron design. A Robert Bruce product, $13.95. It's worn with "Frontiersman," Contact Slacks by Miller, $8. Another sweater designed to put the thinking man at ease is a Pro-Rated two-tone striped pullover of Acrilan acrylic, at right, worn by Michael Pillsbury, by Van Heusen, $14.95. Sweater is paired with Newport Frat model wash and wear slacks also of Acrilan acrylic, and rayon, by Hickok, $8.95. Thomas Gray, the student in right foreground, wears a red corduroy pullover with removable cotton turtleneck liner, by Arrow, $10. He is also wearing "Traditional" Contact Slacks by Miller, which are priced at $11. Pompon girl in the foreground whose bright red and white feather tell us she's a true Stanford University Indian is Freddie Baumstark and she's the pride of her home town, Glendale, California.

Student models, all Californians, except when indicated, from left, are: Eyjolf Bjornsson (holding a propeller—he is a pilot) Wallisellen, Switzerland; Curr, Stanford; Carol Joan Swanson, Compton; Clayton Lee Raaka, La Mesa; S. Dian Odell, Menlo Park; Carol Lee Goodhue (kneeling), Garden Grove; Marilynn Avis Roberts, Redondo Beach; Joellyn Kapp, Altadena; Gray, La Canada; Pillsbury, Boise, Idaho, Stanley Hayes, San Clemente, and Miss Baumstark, in foreground.

THE RUGGED NORTH. On Northwestern's campus, student at far left, Bruce Twomley, wears a coordinated Fyre-N-Brymstone outfit consisting of alpaca-lined Commuter coat by Zero King, $65, plaid Michaels-Stern sports jacket, $47.50, and M-S slacks, $20.50, Manhattan shirt, $5, and Superba tie, $2.50. (Complete ensemble, available nationally, includes Better Made Headwear, belt by Paris, jewelry by Swank and shoes by Bates.) Next student, Dennis Lausar, wears Monkey Parka in burgundy, by Woolrich, $10.95, white Levi's by Levi, $4.25, and Hush Puppies by Wolverine, $10. Student with sweater, James Beck, holds sports jacket by Gordon Ford, about $55, and wears slacks by Seven Seas, $10.95, Van Heusen shirt, $5, and Resilio tie, $5. Coat at top right, worn by Per Syrdahl, is a corduroy Benchwarmer, lined with Borg Acrilan pile, by Ringer-St. Croix, $20. Erie Chapman, in right foreground, holds reversible Cortland raincoat by London Fog, $55, and wears a Kent model sports jacket by Stanley Blacker, about $55, and slacks by Esquire, $20. Tie from "The Place," N.Y.C., $3.75.

In foreground is Lynn Zimmerman, Kankakee, Ill. Others, from left: Twomley, Elgin, Ill.; Lausar, Chicago; Jim Burns (basketball player), McLeansboro, Ill.: Susan Stocking, Chapel Hill, N. C.; Jonye Green, Lorenzo, Tex.; Beck, Leawood, Kans.; Cheryl Kopczyk, Chicago; William Day (in robe), Garden City, N.Y.; Judi Davis (cheerleader), Akron; Wendy Peterson, Des Plaines, Ill.; Syrdahl, Afghanistan; Jonathan Crystal (seated), Scarsdale, N. Y.; and Chapman, Toledo, Ohio.

PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER
Men's Wear Editor

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE
BY CARROLL SEGHERS II

THE ELEGANT SOUTH. TRUE's jet tour of college campuses settles comfortably, and finally, in quaint, colorful New Orleans, home of Tulane University. Here the fashion emphasis is influenced by the formal atmosphere of warm southern evenings, beautiful women and lingering music to dance by. Setting the mood, varsity football star Jerry Graves, in foreground, wears an Alton Ames black and white plaid dinner jacket with satin lapels and cuffs. The jacket, priced at $39.95, and the formal trousers, $11.95, are available nationally at Ripley Clothes. Behind him, at right, and also ready for an evening out, is formally attired student leader Corky Steiner. He wears Ivy League-styled, but southern-influenced, Playboy model dinner jacket with satin shawl and red Bemberg lining, by After Six. Price, with formal trousers, is $79.95. Accessories—shirt, tie, cummerbund—are also by After Six.

Graves is from Palestine, Texas. Other students, from left, are: Florence DeFroscia, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.; Susan Dreyfus, Fort Worth, Texas; Denis McDonald, Monroe, La.: Conrad Meyer (#70), New Orleans; Peggy Wyatt (that's her hand on Meyer's arm), Jackson, Tenn.; Alan Barnes Steber (bowler), Houston, Texas; Steiner, Cincinnati; Susan Clark (cap, gown), Clarksdale, Miss., David East (#12), Carthage, Texas; Jane Rush (formal), San Antonio; and Amanda Cobb, Monroe, La.

[*Continued from page* 60]
amateurs breaking them to pieces."

The knowledgeable rock hound tests his specimens in the field with "a pick and a lick." You can't tell what you have until you cut a tiny chip off the corner to see what's inside. The secret is to keep the chip small so the stone won't be injured if it turns out to be valuable. When the chip has been cut away, the rock hound licks the incision in the rock. In this way, he can tell how the stone will look when it's cut and polished—and thus decide if he wants to keep it.

Once the rock hound gets his specimens home he can examine his finds more carefully. At this point, techniques are more sophisticated. By way of example, Frank P. Jaeger, of the International Gem Corporation in New York City, reports that this firm does a substantial business in ultraviolet light sets. The lights are used to show up traces of gemstone in rocks.

Probably about one-fourth of the serious rock hounds are affiliated with one of the 500 mineral clubs in America. Rock hounds love to swap stories and specimens and share comradeship around a campfire on rock-hunting expeditions. Typical of these clubs is the Lockheed Rockcrafters in Los Angeles. The club is 15 years old and has 300 members among the aircraft company's employees and their families. The group owns some rather expensive cutting and polishing equipment, and offers its members an eight-week course in how to use it. (There is also a juvenile auxiliary called the Pebble Pups, where youngsters are introduced to the mysteries of the earth by trained geologists.)

The Rockcrafters take off on a field expedition once a month, and each member has a book of 16 field-trip maps, showing nearby areas that are rich in mineral deposits. Rockhunting expeditions are seldom, if ever, haphazard. Searchers know what they're looking for and where to go to find it. Minerals are mapped and charted as carefully as stars in the firmament. But like stellar systems, not all mineral deposits are known, so there's always the chance of breaking uncharted ground. Recent excavations—highway and railroad cuts, rock quarries, sand banks, tunnels—where fresh rock has been exposed always offer the rock hound exciting possibilities. So do the waste dumps of mines and quarries, for good rock specimens are rarely on the surface of the ground; they almost always have to be found by digging.

Poking around old mines can be a dangerous business. Supporting timbers have usually been badly weakened over the years and will collapse almost at a nudge. One old-time California gem hunter named John Hilton has raced many a cave-in toward a mine entrance. He also likes to tell of the day he and a fellow prospector used a small charge of dynamite to blast loose an outcropping of rock that held promise of concealing gemstones. Hilton detonated the blast, then crouched with his head cradled in his arms, awaiting the impact. A fraction of a second after the explosion, Hilton found himself covered from head to foot with writhing, wriggling life. Frantically, he uncovered his eyes and saw more than a dozen rattlesnakes crawling over him.

"They'd been hibernating under the ledge we blew up," he says. "Fortunately, they were partially stunned by the explosion, and we were able to pull them off us like coils of rope."

Not all field trips are quite that hazardous. On a typical Rockcrafter expedition last May, 43 members piled into 15 campers and headed for a godforsaken spot called Siam Siding in the Mojave Desert. Agate and jasper and opalite had been found there—as well as a brownish nodule with a colorful center called chaffenite, which can be polished into attractive stones. Each Rockcrafter was equipped with a knife, a shovel, and a geologist's hammer with one flat and one pointed head. Some of them carried a cold chisel, small magnifying glass and goggles. Almost all had a backpack for carrying specimens. They swarmed out over the desert, scraping, poking, digging.

When they returned at dusk, the chill of the desert evening had already set in, and a campfire was not only cheerful but warming. By its light, the rock hounds compared their finds—jagged white hunks of opalite, slivers of quartz reflecting the dancing firelight, nondescript pieces of jasper whose brownish exterior gives little promise of the rich colors inside.

The rock hounds were back at it again early the next morning. By the time the desert sun was high and heat began to crawl like a shroud over the diggers, they wandered back to their campers to pack up for the five-hour drive to Los Angeles. There had been no spectacular finds, but every backpack was bulging with rock specimens that would be carefully cut, shaped and polished into a variety of Christmas gifts or display specimens.

"We're in this for the hobby," says former Rockcrafter president Vern Kathan. "Sometimes selling specimens helps pay for our equipment, but mostly we give them away—or swap them."

Most rock hounds will also grant freely that the possibility of stumbling on a mineral find of great value adds an important extra fillip to the hobby.

"Coins and stamps are cataloged," says Kathan, "and sources of supply are generally known. Commercial collectors hold only for a rise in price. But with minerals, there is always the possibility of turning up some undiscovered secret the earth has been able to keep to herself."

Jade offers a current example. For many years, historians puzzled over the use of jade—an opaque, green-hued gemstone of rich lustre—by early American Indians when there were no known local sources and no indication it had been imported. In 1883, a Navy lieutenant named George Stoney found Eskimos using jade in Alaska and set out with a small party of native guides to find the source. After working his way 100 miles up the Kobuk River, he had to return to his ship. The next year, he was back with more time and more determination. He plunged 150 miles into the interior, built a log cabin, and spent the winter searching for jade. He found a mountain of it—the first find in North America.

From this time until 1936, other North American sources preserved their inscru-

Campus Clothes Around the Compass

A selection of the merchandise pictured on pages 61, 62, 63, 64 is available from the following stores:

CALIFORNIA, Los Angeles
THE MAY COMPANY and branches
HARRIS & FRANK, INC. and branches
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS, San Francisco

COLORADO, Denver
HOMER REED, LTD.

CONNECTICUT, West Hartford
WILLIAM S. POWERS & CO., INC.

FLORIDA, Gainsville
UNIVERSITY SHOP
IVEY'S, Jacksonville
H. W. DAVIS, INC., St. Augustine
RICHARDS, Miami and branches

GEORGIA, Atlanta
ZACHRY'S

ILLINOIS, Chicago
THE FELL CO. and branches
WILLIAM Y. GILMORE DEPARTMENT STORE
JACK'S MEN'S SHOP, INC., all stores

INDIANA, West Lafayette
UNIVERSITY SHOP

IOWA, Des Moines
UTICA CLOTHING CO.

KENTUCKY, Lexington
UNIVERSITY SHOP

LOUISIANA, New Orleans
GODCHAUX
PORTER'S

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston
JORDAN MARSH and branches
KENNEDY'S and branches
PERLIN'S, Needham
BARRON'S OF WEST NEWTON

MICHIGAN
HUGHES HATCHER SUFFRIN, all stores

MISSOURI, Kansas City
LEADER CLOTHING, both stores
ROTHSCHILD'S, all stores
PALACE CLOTHING, all stores

MINNESOTA, Minneapolis
YOUNG-QUINLAN-ROTHSCHILD
AL JOHNSON, Clothes for College Men
JUSTER'S
YOUNG-QUINLAN-ROTHSCHILD, St. Paul
HAGSTROM'S

NEW YORK
AUSTIN, LTD., New York
WELLS & COVERLY, INC., Syracuse
HAREN HALL for the College Set
COUNTY BOYS AND MEN'S WEAR, Scarsdale

OHIO
UNIVERSITY SHOP, all stores
B. R. BAKER, Cleveland
MARVIN'S UNIVERSITY SHOP, Columbus
THE FASHION, Columbus
BURKHARDT'S, all stores, Cincinnati

PENNSYLVANIA, Philadelphia
STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER and branches

RHODE ISLAND, Providence
THE SHEPARD COMPANY
RICHARD'S

TEXAS
REYNOLDS-PENLAND CO., all stores
VARSITY SHOP, Dallas, both stores
JOSKE'S, all branches, Houston

TENNESSEE, Memphis
BEASLEY BROS.—JONES-RAGLAND
WRIGHT'S MENSWEAR

UTAH, Salt Lake City
AUERBACH'S (Town & Campus Shop)

WASHINGTON, D. C.
BRUCE HUNT
HECHT'S, all branches

WISCONSIN
COLONY SHOPS, all stores

table secrets. Then two Wyoming rock-hunting couples discovered a greenish boulder under a clump of sagebrush. They spent several hours digging it loose, hauled it to town—and found they had several hundred pounds of high-quality nephrite jade. Since then, south-central Wyoming has become the most important jade area in the Western Hemisphere. Within the last few years, boulders containing large quantities of jade have also been discovered beneath the Pacific Ocean off the shore of northern California. Now, a new breed of underwater rock hounds has moored pontoon rafts in the area and does its gem hunting by skin diving in the treacherous waters.

Other gemstones are sought with similar determination. Probably the most unexpected find in the United States was the diamond. Ever since an Ozark housewife named Mrs. Pellie Howell once unearthed a near-flawless 27-carat diamond while plowing the back forty on her farm near Searcy, Arkansas, diamonds have been turning up in many areas.

No mineral discovery better illustrates the capricious manner in which nature deposits her treasures. Lone diamonds have popped out of the ground in more than a dozen Midwestern and Appalachian states (e.g. Wisconsin, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, West Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina and others.) It is almost as if they were deliberately scattered about the countryside as an added incentive to gem hunters. Geologists are still not sure how they got there since the earth formation is not the type that produces diamonds. The consensus is that the stones were deposited in an arc extending southeastward from the Great Lakes by glaciers thousands of years ago.

In Arkansas, however, the situation is quite different. Diamonds occur there "naturally." Around the turn of the century, a geologist intimately familiar with the diamond mines of South Africa noted how similar the terrain was in northern Arkansas. He spent several months literally on hands and knees looking for gems before he gave up the search. But a perceptive Arkansas farmer named John Huddleston remembered this odd behavior, and when he spotted some milky-looking pebbles he had them assayed. They turned out to be diamonds.

Several mining companies then came into Arkansas to dig out the diamonds, but the companies left because the diamonds were never found in sufficient size or quality to make commercial mining pay. Part of this area has now been set aside as a private Diamond Preserve. Anyone who wants to pay an entrance fee can come in and look for diamonds—one-fourth of anything over five carats goes to the property owners, the rest to the finders. Some visitors have come away with more than exercise to show for their efforts. In 1956, Mrs. Arthur L. Parker, a Dallas housewife, discovered a flawless, pure-white 15-carat diamond valued by various experts from $15,000 to $100,000. According to the preserve owners, more than 200 diamond crystals of varying size have been discovered since then.

Whenever the word of a rich find begins to spread, there is always a flurry of new recruits to rock hounding—and a boom in the number of rock hounds pouring into rock shops to sell what they are convinced are discoveries of great value. Dan O'Brien's experience is typical. He is a crusty, outspoken ex-miner who runs a lapidary shop in Hollywood and has dealt with rock hounds for more than 25 years.

"We always know," says O'Brien testily, "when a story goes out that some rock hound has stumbled on a vein of gold or picked up a diamond the size of a golf ball. For weeks afterward, we spend most of our time discouraging people we've never seen before who come running in here with a handful of polished pebbles, expecting to sell them for half the U.S. Mint."

Various rules apply where rock hounds search for their treasures. On some private property (Rainbow Ridge in Nevada, for example), the owners charge a fee and the gem collectors can keep whatever they find. On others (like the Diamond Preserve in Arkansas), the rock hounds must divide their spoils with the owners of the land. Occasionally, over-enthusiastic rock hounds will prospect in a mine that is still being worked by its owners. This is called high-grading, and the owners get a little upset about it.

COMING . . .

Fate was cheated
when high voltage struck

THE MAN WHO SURVIVED HELLFIRE

W. C. Heinz' incredible
story of modern medicine
and a will too strong to die

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Sometimes, rock hunting leads into strange extracurricular byways. One rock-hunting group in Utah found a remarkable skeleton of a dinosaur, almost 80 feet in length, in which every detail had been preserved by mineral deposits washed into the bones.

Recently, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration added a new dimension to rock hounding. NASA scientists theorized that pieces of the moon's surface, knocked loose by meteorites, eventually fall on the earth. So a program called Project Moon Harvest was organized to try and locate some of these fallen moon rocks. NASA concentrated the program in the western counties of Iowa, requesting that farmers be on the alert for unusual mineral formations. Iowa was selected because it is remarkably free of native stone. The project has made a lot of midwestern Americans suddenly rock happy. It has also produced results: 150 rock specimens, screened out of several thousand shown to local agricultural agents in Iowa, have been shipped to NASA for analysis.

Searching the countryside for specimens of rock is, however, only one aspect of rock hounding. There are many rock hounds who never go farther afield than their nearest mineral shop, where they can buy or trade for the rough stones they are seeking.

Although a large proportion of rock hounds like to cut, shape and polish their own field discoveries (about 60 percent of the Rockcrafters have their own cutting and polishing equipment), there are many thousands of others who buy or trade for the raw minerals at one of the hundreds of rock shops that abound across the country. There are probably more possibilities of commercial gain through cutting and finishing than in the discovery of the minerals in the first place. Even an amateur job of finishing a rough stone (on equipment costing $150 to $200) can greatly increase its value, whether it's a gemstone or just a beautifully colored rock.

Says lapidary expert Dan O'Brien: "A $50 stone might be increased in value to $350 after an hour-and-a-half of intelligent work on it. But the gem cutter must not only be skillful, he must also know which stones have real gem possibilities. Otherwise, he'll be wasting his time."

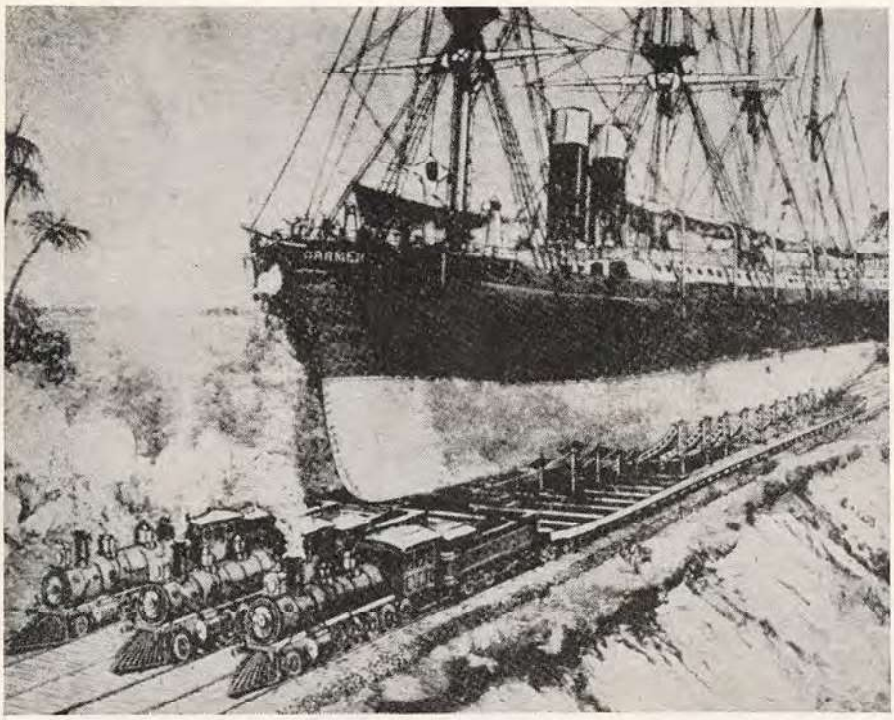
Sometimes, the rewards are even greater. One member of the Rockcrafters last year upgraded the value of a $60 raw chunk of yellowish-green aquamarine to more than $1,000 by skillful and imaginative faceting. In this process a varying number of facets—flat reflecting surfaces—are tooled on the face of the gemstone. Once limited only to experts, faceting has been brought within reach of the amateur within recent years by the development of simple cutting machines.

In spite of the financial rewards of shop work, though, searching for mineral treasures in wilderness America will always be the most exciting—and the most popular—part of rock hounding as long as nature continues to reveal herself in unexpected ways. Rock hounds never tire of talking about people like Grover C. Jones and his teen-age son, Bill. They were pitching horseshoes in a vacant lot in the village of Peterstown, West Virginia, when the boy threw a wild shoe that tumbled far from the pin. He kicked the soft dirt in disgust as he picked up the shoe, almost covering up a glassy object with a strange, dull glitter about it. The stone had apparently been dislodged from the ground by the horseshoe.

The teen-ager called his father, and they examined the milky-looking stone. Impulsively, the boy put it in his pocket, and father and son resumed the game. Several visitors later examined the stone and suggested that Jones take it to the geology department of nearby Virginia Polytechnic Institute for identification. He didn't get around to following their advice for 15 years. Then, it took Professor Roy Holden only a few minutes to identify the find as a 34-carat, beautifully formed, greenish-gray diamond.

There are millions of rock hounds who will spend a lifetime searching for mineral treasures without coming close to a Jones diamond. But the possibility always exists, and the excitement of the search with all of the outdoors as hunting grounds will never lose its appeal to the men of America. —**Newton Joseph**

MAN TO MAN
ANSWERS
from the staff of TRUE



Artist's conception shows "ship railroad" once considered instead of Panama Canal.

President Johnson has announced that the U.S. intends to shell out several billion dollars, give or take a few hundred millions, to build a new Atlantic-Pacific Canal. This current news story reminds James Carter, of Phoenix, Arizona, that he's read there was once speculation about constructing a "ship railroad" to pull ships across the Isthmus. Was this, Jim asks, *seriously* considered as an engineering project?

It certainly was. A company was organized, working models were built, bills were introduced in Congress, and the U.S. Senate actually passed one, authorizing construction of a ship railroad. It was not to cross the Isthmus of Panama, but the more northerly route, the Isthmus of Tehuantepec in Mexico—a route still considered today for an orthodox canal.

The story began back in the early 80's when James B. Eads, a man who has been called "America's greatest engineer," did some slide rule figuring about the Panama Canal that Ferdinand de Lesseps proposed to build. Eads, who had performed such feats as building the great Eads Bridge across the Mississippi at St. Louis, averred that there was a much cheaper, faster way to turn the trick.

His scheme called first for lifting ships 64 feet vertically. This was to be accomplished by an underwater hydraulic elevator in a sea-level basin into which the ship would sail. Atop the elevator would be rails and, resting on them, sort of a portable dry dock—a huge car carrying a keel-shaped cradle. Rubber supporting arms, also hydraulically operated, would come up and press against the sides of the ship to hold it steady. When the rails on the elevator reached the level of those on land, the ship, drawn by locomotives, could roll from one set of rails to the other and be on its way.

Scoffers who said the scheme wouldn't work were confronted by a scale model Eads made and set up in the U.S. Capitol. Two miniature steam-operated locomotives pulled a six-foot model steamship along a 30-foot railway.

Some critics contended that ships were going to get so big that no locomotive could pull them. Eads agreed that ships would get bigger, all right, forecasting that they would reach the size of today's liners. However, he argued, locomotives would also get more powerful. Since the Diesel engine was yet to be invented, Eads was right in that prophecy. He died in 1887, and the bill was never finally passed by Congress.

Modern engineers have figured that multiple Diesels would have no trouble at all handling any craft that sails the seas. In fact, a Mexican company has recently been organized to push the cause of a ship railroad across the original route surveyed by Eads.

Q: How fast could a Roman galley ship go? ***Ronald S. Steele, Trenton, N. J.***

A: Record passage between Rome and Egypt for a trireme, an ancient galley having rowers arranged three to a bench, was nine days. This would indicate that a speed of 8 or 9 knots was probably the highest attainable for these vessels.

Q: Is it true that Jim Brown, fullback for the Cleveland Browns, can run the 100-yard-dash in a football uniform in 10 seconds? ***Ralph Schiappa, Altoona, Pa.***

A: He's done it.

Q: Where is the Appalachian Trail? Can it be traveled by motor scooter? ***Roger Niosi, New Hyde Park, N. Y.***

A: You had better leave your scooter at home. The Appalachian Trail, winding through the wild lands of the Appalachian Mountain region of the eastern U.S., is the longest continuously marked trail in the world. It extends from Mount Katahdin in the central Maine wilderness down to Springer Mountain in Georgia, the southern terminus of the Blue Ridge Mountains. This 2,000-mile trail is meant to be traveled only by foot. Except for a few short connecting stretches where it follows public roads, the trail is a wooded path. The only improvement and widening of it has been done by hikers' feet.

Q: How does Bob Cousy, the former Boston Celtics basketball star, stand in the all-time National Basketball Association list of top scorers? ***Charles Cochran, Ferguson, Mo.***

A: He ranks fourth. With a career average of 18.5 points per game, he scored a total of 16,955 regular season points and 2,018 play-off points. Ahead of him at the conclusion of last season's play were Bob Pettit, Dolph Schayes and Wilt Chamberlain.

Q: How many words does the average person speak in a single day? ***Mrs. Emma LaBarre, Chicago, Ill.***

A: It varies, of course, among different occupations and through just plain long-windedness, but the average person says about 30,000 words a day.

[*Continued on page* 80]

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DIRTIEST SCANDAL IN SPORTS

[*Continued from page* 49]

father in California early in November.

Foss admitted he knew that Jim Wilson, a tackle, had played the entire season for Georgia after signing a contract with the Boston Patriots on August 25, 1964. In defending his action Mike Holovak, the Patriots' coach, declared: "The draft is a farce. It's obvious that most clubs have done their work far ahead of the draft, probably as early as July and no later than October."

Oklahoma disqualified four stars on the eve of the 1965 Gator Bowl game when reporters learned that the players had signed with the NFL Minnesota Vikings and the AFL Houston Oilers. Oklahoma lost, 36-19, and its anguish was made more harrowing when, 15 seconds before the game ended, four Florida State heroes signed prepared AFL contracts in full view of the TV audience.

Money was not the only persuasion used by the pros to keep players from going to the rival league. The NFL Chicago Bears used some very questionable tactics in attempting to sign Steve DeLong of Tennessee, an outstanding college lineman. DeLong was scheduled to be in New York for an All-America dinner on the day of the draft, November 28. Earlier that week an emissary from the Bears had offered to take care of the plane reservations for DeLong and his wife. On the appointed day the DeLongs were hustled aboard a flight to Chicago where they were scheduled to change to a New York-bound plane. While they were airborne, both the Bears and the AFL San Diego Chargers picked DeLong on the first round.

Much to the DeLongs' surprise, when the plane landed in Chicago a delegation from the Bears took them to a hotel and told Mrs. DeLong a meeting had been set up in a different part of town to discuss contract terms with her husband. Hours passed and DeLong did not return. His pregnant, panic-stricken wife remembered that they had an appointment with Charley Flowers, a scout for San Diego, at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. She phoned Flowers, who immediately flew to Chicago to track down DeLong. After hours of futile searching, DeLong finally turned up. He was so outraged by the Bears' attempt to high-pressure him that he signed with San Diego after arriving in New York.

A sexual frame-up, the most despicable form of blackmail, was pulled by another team whose owner puts up a big front in respectable circles as a community-minded sportsman. The victim cannot be identified because he is married and has a child. He was double-crossed on the night of the draft. The incident was disclosed by the player's roommate.

"They were taking us on the big trip to see the sights of the city," the informant reveals, "but we were kept in our rooms all day by hard-nosed characters who said we had to stand by until the draft ended. At 6 o'clock the goon guarding us suddenly got chummy and told us to go down to the bar and sign the tab for anything we wanted. We were having a quiet beer when a good-looking babe sat down on the next stool, hiked her skirt up to her neck and asked us for a match.

"We minded our own business, but the dame kept making conversation and said she had been stood up by her dinner date. It sounded like a pickup, but I figured the hotel wouldn't let a hooker hustle in the place so I went along with the gag and asked her to have dinner with us. 'Let's make it a party,' she said. 'I think I can get a girl friend for a foursome.' She went to the phone and came back two minutes later saying a model she knew was free and would love to join us. The other dame must've been waiting in the lobby because she showed up right away. Boy, was she stacked. After a few drinks we were feeling no pain. One of the dames suggested that we have dinner in our room because it would be cosier there and we could dance to the radio.

"When we got to the room there was a nice spread of cold cuts and four bottles of booze. By that time we knew it was a put-up job, but the dames were making cracks like was it true that football players were well built all over and we had other things on our mind.

"Yeah, we went to bed with the dames. After it was all over my roomie felt lousy about cheating on his wife, but his dame —the first one in the bar—said, 'You've got enough to satisfy two women, big boy.' She gave him some more sweet talk and they had another go at it. The dames hung around for a couple of hours and we hit the bottle pretty hard until they left at two in the morning.

"It was still pitch black outside when a guy from the league busted into the room and shoved a piece of paper at the other guy. 'You've just been drafted,' he said. 'Here's your contract. Sign it.' "

" 'What's the big rush?' the kid said. 'Gimme a chance to read it.' He looked at the salary and yelled, 'Hell, this is for only seven thousand bucks. Players who didn't get as many All-America mentions as I did have gotten a lot more on top of good bonuses. I won't sign at this price.'

"The league guy smiled and pulled out a pen. 'You wouldn't want your wife to hear about the big time you had last night, would you, lover boy?' he said. My roomie looked as though a horse had kicked him in the belly. He signed without another word. Me? I hightailed out of there and signed two days later with the other league."

Reports from the grapevine indicate that the battle for players will be more ruthless than ever during the next few months. The well-established NFL, which sneers at the AFL as a bush-league outfit, lost some big names to the upstarts in the 1964 draft and is not likely to observe ethical practices more scrupulously this time around. By the same token, the AFL will go all out to recruit more top stars than the NFL to knock down the older organization's prestige with fans and future draftees.

Another factor intensifying the rivalry is the rating war between the CBS and NBC networks, which will telecast NFL and AFL games, respectively, this season. NBC advanced five AFL teams $250,000 apiece last November to enable them to bid for college hotshots and, of course, pull bigger TV audiences. The AFL's survival for at least five more years is assured by the sale of its telecasting rights to NBC for $36,000,000 plus $6,750,000 for the championship play-offs. Each team in the league will get $750,000 from TV this season, guaranteeing a profit, and a rising scale will boost the figure to $950,000 by 1969. The NFL teams will do even better, having made a two-year deal with CBS for $28,200,000.

Although the AFL fractured its own rules last year in sewing up players prematurely, it was given a lesson in skulduggery by the more experienced NFL. A

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"That O'Brien certainly has a way with the ladies."

nationwide undercover operation to steal a march on the AFL was set up and elaborately organized. It was expensive, of course, but many NFL owners provided substantial financial contributions.

The scheme featured two new gimmicks—the so-called baby-sitters and concentration camps. These innovations were designed to beat the AFL to the punch in signing players on November 28-29, 1964, when both leagues held simultaneous draft meetings in New York. Each league knew what the other was doing. As soon as a player was picked, the announcement was made at a press center in a nearby hotel.

The mechanics of the draft were so complicated that it took 27 consecutive hours for the NFL's 14 teams to choose 20 college players apiece. The AFL meeting, with only eight members participating, lasted 17 hours. The identical procedure was followed by both leagues. A representative from each club, hooked up by direct phone to his home office, sat around a table in the New York headquarters and selected one player on each of 20 rounds in reverse order of the team standings. The New York Giants, tailenders in the NFL, had first crack on each round and the Baltimore Colts the last pick, whereupon the process started all over again. The AFL rotation went from the Houston Oilers to the Buffalo Bills.

The AFL allowed a team 15 minutes on the early rounds to decide on its selections. The NFL gave each member one hour to confirm its first choice and a half hour on the second round. That was where some 50 baby-sitters filled a vital role.

Each NFL baby-sitter—a scout, assistant coach or office employee—was assigned to take a college star to a prearranged spot on November 28 and keep him there so that quick contact could be made with him as soon as he was claimed by a team. The hideout usually was a motel near the player's campus, but more distant sites were chosen in some cases. The Baltimore Colts held Mike Curtis, Duke fullback, incommunicado in a motel in Rockville, Maryland. Three Wisconsin players were sent to Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, a shuttered summer resort. Information on the various hideouts was pooled so that NFL members would know where all the players could be reached.

A unique feature of the scheme was that the baby-sitters promoted the entire league rather than a particular team. Previously, NFL clubs had fought like stray cats over choice morsels in the draft, but last year they united against the common enemy. If, for example, a baby-sitter from the Los Angeles Rams was assigned to a player subsequently drafted by the Philadelphia Eagles, his job was to boost the Eagles and keep the boy away from the AFL.

By having the most desirable players on tap for calls, a team was able to determine within the time limit whether or not a draftee was willing to sign—and, more importantly, to keep him away from AFL agents. If a boy balked at the terms offered him or said he preferred the AFL, the word was flashed to New York and another player was picked so that a high draft choice was not wasted.

More forcible tactics were used to influence about 120 players from small schools. A chain of concentration camps was set up in Washington, Detroit and Dallas during the Thanksgiving recess, which included the Saturday and Sunday of the draft. The players were invited to the camps on the pretext of fun, games and other diversions calculated to appeal to virile American youths. There was a two-fold purpose behind the NFL's generosity: (1) To hide the players from the AFL; (2) To centralize them in a few known locations to expedite signings.

A firsthand account of the measures taken to keep the players on ice was given me by Verlon Biggs, a 6:4, 250-pound tackle who played for Jackson State, a Negro school in Mississippi.

"After our last game on November 14, a Detroit scout invited Frank Molden, our other tackle, and me to go to Detroit to see the Lions play the Bears on Thanksgiving Day," Biggs told me. "I said I'd agreed to sign with the Jets, but the scout insisted that that shouldn't stop me from getting in on a good freeload. The Lions would pick up the tab for all our expenses and give us some walking-around money to go out on the town. The Detroit man told us not to let anybody know about the trip because he was asking only a few of the best players and he didn't want to turn down

"By George, you *are* a practical nurse, aren't you?"

a lot of other guys who would want to go.

"We flew to Detroit on Tuesday night and checked into a hotel downtown, but funny things began to happen the next morning. We switched hotels three times, like we were on the lam from the cops, until we wound up at the Holiday Inn. A bellhop said 29 players were there.

"I didn't have a chance to talk to anyone because a birddog—a scout—was with Molden and me all the time and kept us in our room giving us a big spiel about signing with the NFL. He said the other league was a two-bit setup that didn't have a pension plan and the extra money from the championship play-off was peanuts compared to the dough we could make in the NFL.

"When it came time to eat, he said we'd be more comfortable if the meals were sent up to the room. I was sore at first because I thought it was the segregation bit, but then I realized they wanted to keep the players out of sight so that we wouldn't attract attention. The birddog also told us that if we wanted to make phone calls we'd have to give him the numbers because the calls were put on his bill and he had to okay them.

"Just before we left for the game on Thursday morning I sneaked down to the lobby and phoned Rod Paige, my college coach, from a booth to let him know where I was in case they tried to pull some more fast ones. Paige told me to play it cool and sign nothing until I got back to school."

Paige received another long-distance call on Thanksgiving morning. It was from George Sauer, former Baylor and Navy coach who now is director of player personnel for the Jets. "This was two days before the draft," Sauer recalls, "and I was checking up on our top choices to make sure we still had a fair shot at them. I was especially high on Biggs. I'd been watching him for two months and was convinced he'll be as good at defensive end as Namath will be at quarterback. The kid had promised he'd sign with us, so when Paige told me where he was, I hopped a plane and got to the Holiday Inn about an hour after the Lion-Bear game ended.

"There was no trace of Biggs. I'll say one thing for the NFL. It thinks of everything. The switchboard operators had been ordered to tell people who tried to reach the players that they had never been registered. I gave a bell captain 10 bucks to locate Biggs. The guy came back two hours later and said the players had gone to a hockey game. I hung around the lobby for two more hours, but by that time Biggs was in Washington."

Back to Biggs: "After the game in Detroit, another birddog told Molden and me we could go to Washington to see the Giants play the Redskins on Sunday. Neither of us had ever been to Washington, so we decided to go along for the ride. I didn't like the way they were keeping us cooped up, but you couldn't knock their free food and liquor."

The cloak-and-dagger nonsense started all over again in Washington. After checking into the Statler Hotel, the players were moved to a Holiday Inn, then to the Diplomat Hotel and finally to another Holiday Inn to throw pursuers off the trail. Biggs phoned Paige again to keep the coach informed of his whereabouts and the word was passed on to Sauer. The draft already was under way on Saturday when Sauer managed to contact Biggs, who assured him that he would keep his committment to the Jets, made, obviously, before the season ended.

There is reason to suspect that the conversation was monitored, for no NFL team claimed Biggs after he was taken by the Jets on the fourth round of the AFL draft. Frank Molden, his roommate, did not get off the hook so easily.

"A lot of liquor was sent up to our room at about 6 o'clock on Saturday night and people began to drop in for drinks," Biggs continues. "The idea was to get us stiff, and it worked. We were pretty groggy when we went to bed. At 5 a.m.—I remember looking at my watch—the phone rang. It was a call for Molden from the Pittsburgh Steelers, who had just drafted him and wanted him to accept terms right away. Frank was awfully woozy and tried to stall for time, but a birddog popped up in the room out of nowhere and started to put on pressure.

"Frank told the man on the phone in Pittsburgh that he wanted a bonus of $8,000. The guy laughed at him. The birddog poked Frank. 'Tell him you'll sign for a bonus of $4,000,' he said. 'You'd better grab it, kid. No team in the other league has drafted you.' That was a lie. The Houston Oilers had picked Frank on the fifth round of the AFL draft, but he didn't know it because we were cut off from all news. Frank finally accepted a bonus of $4,000 and a two-year contract paying $12,000 the first season and $500 more the next year. He was so punchy that when he woke up he didn't know what he'd done until the birddog showed him the signed contract."

That was not the end of the episode, however. When Sauer went down to Jackson State to sign Biggs, he heard how the screws had been put on Molden. Nothing loath to give the opposition conniption fits, Sauer and Paige advised Molden to hire a lawyer and demand a new contract. "I told the kid the Steelers would give in fast if he threatened to tell the newspapers how he had signed under duress," Sauer confides. "The $12,000 salary was not guaranteed. He wouldn't get a dime if he was dropped from the squad before the season started."

The Molden episode was one of the raw tricks which prompted Norm Van Brocklin, coach of the NFL Minnesota Vikings, to blast his league's actions. "All of that elaborate secret agent network didn't seem to help the Vikings much in 1964. We did a lot better last year when we went after the men we wanted ourselves," Van Brocklin declared.

Many owners on both sides of the fence are noted for their integrity and lofty principles in the business community, but they were parties to wholesale monkey business in the 1964 draft. Although the selections seemed to drag on interminably, it is obvious that they could not have been completed in less than two days without collusion—euphemistically known as gentlemen's agreements. If an average of only 10 minutes had been spent on each player picked, the NFL

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draft would have taken more than 46 hours and the AFL's nearly 27 hours.

A New York newspaper revealed on November 27, 1964, that the AFL had held a draft meeting by phone two weeks earlier in which the teams whacked up the top choices to facilitate the signing of contracts. Seventeen players were listed along with the clubs that would claim them. Thirteen were drafted the following day exactly as the paper had predicted. When confronted with the story on a TV interview, Sonny Werblin, president of the Jets, lamely explained that it was a "coincidence."

Werblin's testimony must be prefaced with the observation that he is a prejudiced witness. He tells a well-documented story, however, to support his charge that the NFL also tied up some players far in advance of the draft.

"We were very high on Tom Nowatzke, the Indiana fullback," Werblin says, "but the word around the AFL was that Detroit had a lock on him. George Sauer tried to get a commitment from the kid —sure, we made pitches before the deadline—but Nowatzke was coy and said he would consider our offer if he was not drafted by the Lions. Why did he specify the Lions? Nowatzke explained that he preferred to play with the team near his home in Flint, Michigan, for the business opportunities that would open up for him. He left the door open just enough to keep us on the hook.

"Two days before the draft I phoned Nowatzke and said: 'We hear you've already signed with the Lions. I can't fault your decision, but level with me so we don't waste a high draft pick if we don't have a chance of getting you.'

" 'I wouldn't do a thing like that to you, Mr. Werblin,' he answered. 'Tell you what. I'm coming to New York tomorrow for an All-America award and to show my good faith I'll talk to you about signing with the Jets.'

"Ewbank and I met the plane. Nowatzke had flown in with a fellow named Dick Pollard whom he introduced as a representative of the Lions. Everything was very urbane and friendly. We gave Pollard a lift to New York and on the way we stopped off at Shea Stadium to show off the place. Pollard smiled pleasantly when we excused ourselves for a private talk with Nowatzke. We discussed terms, but he was so indifferent that I was convinced he was in Detroit's pocket. Just to confirm my hunch, I suddenly said:

" 'Tom, I'll give you an extra $25,000 if you sign with us tomorrow.' The kid turned green. The 25 grand more than doubled the bonus we, or the Lions, had offered him. He was dying to grab it, but he kept silent because he was bound legally to Detroit.

"Through a trade we had gotten an extra pick on the first round of the draft and, against my better judgment, we took Nowatzke after choosing Namath. It was a lost cause, of course. Don't hang me if I'm a few minutes off either way, but the Lions drafted Nowatzke on the first round at 3 p.m. At 3:07 they announced he had signed a contract and at 3:30 he was on the radio with a prepared speech saying that he had gone with the Lions because the NFL was a better league. It kills me to admit it, but the NFL did a helluva job of organizing for the draft."

It did, indeed. So good that no one was fooled by its disclaimers of hanky-panky. The odor of dead fish certainly permeated the New York Giants' maneuvers in the draft. The worst team in the club's history had first crack at the best college players in America. Everyone expected the Giants to grab a passer to replace Yelberton Abraham Tittle who had finally reached the end of the line. The colleges were loaded with superior passers last year, yet the Giants' first pick was Tucker Frederickson of Auburn, a strong running back with a strictly sectional reputation. Their Number 2 choice was Chuck Mercein, a Yale fullback and a top ball carrier. Strangely enough, the only encouraging aspect of the Giants' miserable showing last year was the powerhouse running of rookie fullbacks Steve Thurlow and Ernie Wheelwright. The Giants needed a quarterback desperately and they didn't seem to need runners. Still, they did not take Bob Timberlake of Michigan until the third round.

Coach Allie Sherman called Timberlake the "key pick" in the team's draft. So why did the Giants risk losing him to another club? They must have had him in the bag all the time.

"There's no question the pros had secret understandings," says Buff Donelli, Columbia coach. "Their draft choices and jockeying to keep kids away from towns in the rival league where they have big local followings is clear evidence of it. Take the case of Archie Roberts, my quarterback.

"Pro scouts began to case Roberts in his sophomore year when he started to tear up the Ivy League record book for passing and running. They cooled off after the boy said he intended to go to medical school. Last year the Jets made a strong pitch for Roberts and the NFL flocked around to get him away from the other league. Two or three birddogs were at practically every workout. We played our last game against Brown two weeks before the draft. That morning the Los Angeles Rams phoned from the Coast asking Roberts if he had changed his mind about playing pro football.

"Everyone here at Columbia was against the idea. In the long run he'll be happier as a doctor. The boy's personal situation had changed, though, in two years. He married a girl who also is a medical student. Their folks can't help to support them and pay their tuition in medical school. Roberts is a fine shortstop and was thinking of playing baseball and going to med school in the off-season, but then the football people began to throw money around like crazy.

"I'm as skeptical as the next guy about athletes' salaries reported in the papers, but I can vouch for the authenticity of the Jets's offer to Roberts. It was an $80,000 package, a $40,000 bonus and a two-year contract for $40,000. He had an even better bid from the Montreal Alouettes of the Canadian League. They offered him $80,000, plus full tuition for him and his wife at the McGill medical school."

Donelli was incredulous when the Cleveland Browns, NFL champions, made Roberts the offer he accepted a few months ago. It was a six-year arrangement adding up to $100,000—with the proviso that he could devote all his time to his studies at the Western Reserve medical school for the first two years. As a wag remarked, Roberts may be too old and rusty for pro ball when he gets through with school, but he will be a great team physician for the Browns.

Actually, the competition for players and prestige in pro football is a sorority pillow fight compared to the battle of corporate images between NBC and CBS, the TV colossi. NBC makes no bones about the fact that it will pull out all the stops plugging AFL football to cut into

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"Certainly we should do something about women's rights. We should eliminate them!"

the CBS-NFL audience. On November 16, 1964, a long letter was sent to all prospective draftees by Carl Lindemann, vice-president of NBC sports—began like this:

Dear (first name);

Later this month you undoubtedly will be drafted by a team in the American Football League. Since the National Broadcasting Company is in "partnership" with the AFL for the next five years in presenting a full schedule of weekly championship games, the league has asked us to join in the hope you will be a part of the future AFL presentations on NBC.

With a $36,000,000 investment in the AFL, you can be sure NBC will make every effort to promote the players, the teams and the league in a concentrated and vigorous manner. As the network which leads in color television, NBC will present many—if not eventually all—AFL games in color. We are confident this will develop a viewing public second to none in sports. . . .

So college football has taken on another ugly dimension. It is not only a farm system for pro teams, now it is turning out shills for the TV networks.

During the NCAA convention last January, many college athletic directors put on typical demonstrations of mealy-mouthed hypocrisy. While they were denouncing the pros for unethical raids on their teams, it was revealed that a special committee was studying an application by CBS to sponsor an annual Santa Claus Bowl game in Atlanta on Christmas Day. An NCAA spokesman explained this had been kept quiet because the committee was not sure colleges would want to play—and, inferentially, the public would pay to see—a game on Christmas.

Someone then asked an embarrassing question: What about the propriety of exploiting college boys to peddle products for sponsors? The mouthpiece hastened to add that was another angle under consideration. Apparently, it never dawned on the committee to chuck the CBS application summarily into the ash can, where it belonged.

The outrageous and scandalous practices of the pro football draft will not be curbed by the agreement both leagues have made with the NCAA to stop signing players prematurely. The pros were bound by such a promise last year and violated it hand over fist, as we have seen. "The draft and all its implications is indecent, immoral and almost anything you want to call it," Sonny Werblin admits. "The pros have been guilty of many abuses, but we didn't create the immoral climate of college football. It originated in the colleges and prevails there worse than ever. The example they set teaches the kids to lie and beat the rules long before we approach them."

Werblin is right, of course. There is no difference between a collegian continuing to play varsity football after signing a pro contract for a bonus and a high-school boy signing a "letter of intent" with a college in return for a scholarship, cash payments under the table and an easy ride in the classroom.

The letter of intent is a gimmick recognized by the NCAA as a legal agreement. Once an athlete declares he will matriculate at a particular college—after weighing all the fancy offers—other institutions of higher learning are obliged to keep hands off him.

College coaches denounce the pros for interfering with players' educations by inducing them to quit school before they graduate. The coaches subscribe, however, to the common dodge of "red-shirting" players—deliberately keeping them out of competition as sophomores so that the boys will be bigger and more mature physically in their fifth year of college. And the character-builders are not above accepting finders' fees and commissions for tipping off the pros to prospects.

A story is told of a player who was hotly pursued by both pro leagues last year. Unlike many boys who had legal advisers, he conducted the negotiations himself and manipulated both sides so cleverly that he wound up getting a good deal more than the top bidder had intended to pay. The owner of the pro team was struck by the youth's aplomb and business acumen.

"It cost me a bundle, but I've certainly got to admire the way you handled yourself," the owner said. "Where did you learn all those bargaining tricks?"

"Hell, I went through this routine four years ago when I was in high school and 40 colleges were trying to get me," the kid answered. —**Stanley Frank**

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[*Continued from page* 45]

surface, they are ideally suited to the use of flies and other light tackle. Bill had come from Illinois, Red and Gary from California and I from Idaho, just for this. In September cohos crowd the Pacific Northwest coast prior to starting their annual spawning run up the rivers.

But in lieu of salmon, steelhead would do. We drove across the summit of Vancouver Island to Alberni and up the Stamp to the famous General Money Pool. On the way, Gary described it as "the most beautiful piece of steelhead water I have ever seen," and we agreed that it was a splendid thing to have a spot so close where we could catch steelhead when the strait was too rough to fish for salmon.

We couldn't see the river where we parked the car near another already deserted there by anglers. We set up our tackle and put on our waders and slickers. It was drizzling here on the west slope. Following the trail toward the edge of the bluff from which we would be able to look down on the river, we met a young man with a broken rod rushing toward his car as though pursued by a bull moose. As he dashed by I asked, "Fish or rock?" and he flung back over his shoulder, "Fish!"

We didn't run because you can't really run in waders, but we did our best. Finally we reached the rim and looked down on this famous water and it was indeed everything that any steelhead angler could desire. My three companions, who had fished it before, stood silent. At last I said, "Let's go. What are we waiting for?"

So we went down to the river and did our best and at the end of two hours we were licked.

This is what happens to me in British Columbia. The scenery is magnificent. The people are wonderful. The weather is often lovely. But, by one damned thing or another, I get frustrated—again and again and again. Now I was beginning to worry; it looked like the same old thing.

I'm not always frustrated, however, and when the Nooksack gods smile on me the scales tip just as far in the other direction. There was no wind on the Stamp, just rain. We visited its falls and watched the salmon trying to jump them and going through the man-made fishway, and finally we headed back toward Qualicum Beach. And when we started down the eastern slope we discovered that the wind had stopped here, too.

We hurried to French Creek, where there is a little harbor and our boats had been tied up all day. The seas had now subsided to big but gentle swells, with just enough breeze to ruffle the surface —an ideal condition. In minutes we were headed out, Bill and Red in one boat, Gary and I in the other. As soon as we cleared the jetty we started "bucktailing," a local name for trolling a streamer fly 30 feet behind the boat, barely beneath the surface and in the wash from the prop. We were moving fairly fast, the same technique they use for landlocked salmon in Maine.

We turned back toward Qualicum Beach, climbing the swells and sliding down them, and occasionally lifting our rods to make the flies skip on the surface of the water for a yard or so. We were about half a mile offshore. Opposite a landmark called Eagle Crest, a coho swirled behind my fly. You'd have to see a swirl like that to believe it. Violent. Breathtaking.

Then almost instantly, the fish swung over and smashed Gary's streamer with a heave of water that sent spray flying and threw his reel into that wild, high-pitched scream that is the sweetest of all music to every angler. I cut the motor. Gary's salmon flew five feet high and 10 feet across the water. It came down swimming fast, and it went away in the wildest kind of frenzy for 175 yards. That's 525 feet! Gary had 600 feet of line on his reel, so we were sure. And as it went it jumped, each wild jump farther from the boat, until it had cleared the water in five magnificent leaps, with the last so far away that we wondered for an instant if it could really be our fish.

It circled then, dogged and strong, with Gary's rod deeply bent, throbbing to its surges. Gradually Gary gained back line.

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

He was using a leader with a 10-pound-test tippet, and he had played enough big fish to know how much pressure he dared exert. The silver salmon at last was only 100 feet from the boat. Then it jumped crazily once more, head over tail, throwing water like a tarpon, and went away again. It went as fast as before, but not so far, and it didn't take Gary quite so long to bring it back the second time.

These long, fast runs and slow recoveries continued interminably. I've never seen a stronger or more determined fish of any kind. And when Gary finally got it within 50 feet of the boat and could hold it there because it didn't have the strength to go away again, it was as dogged as a bull. And still it jumped, though not so wildly as before.

At last it was on its side beside the boat. It was a big fish for a coho, about a 15-pounder. I slid the net into the water as Gary led his salmon toward me. Head down in the net; we had it. But as I lifted, the fish slid out—it was too big!

We tried again. Once more it slid out when I tried to raise the net. Worse, coho streamers are usually tied with tandem single hooks, one behind the other. Gary's salmon was on the tail hook and the net, somehow, had become hopelessly entangled on the other. If the fish made one flop it was gone.

But it was lying quietly on its side, exhausted, and there was still a chance. I said to Gary, "Pray!" and, holding the net carefully in my left hand, gently slid my right along the salmon's side until I managed to slip a finger inside its gill cover. Fortunately it didn't wiggle. I lifted it into the boat.

We sat down shaking. I was as excited as Gary. We lit our pipes and wondered how long it had taken and wished we'd thought to look at a watch when the silver struck. We'd drifted fully a quarter of a mile. We started the motor and rushed back toward the area where it had struck. . . .

There are five kinds of Pacific salmon: humpback, dog, sockeye, silver or coho and chinook. In addition, there is the steelhead, which is a sea-run rainbow trout and not a salmon at all. The two important salmon from the angler's viewpoint are the chinook and the coho. The former, which is called "king" salmon in Alaska and "spring" salmon in British Columbia, is the largest of all Pacific salmon; the record, a fish taken commercially, is 126½ pounds. The record silver, a sport-caught fish taken on October 11, 1947, weighed 31 pounds, though neither averages nearly as big as these figures indicate. The cohos we caught ran from six to 15 pounds.

Both the chinook and coho are more easily taken on bait, flies, or lures than any of the other three, and both are excellent game fish. The chinook is noted for bull-like strength and long, powerful runs, while the coho is typically a surface fighter, fast and spectacular, the real prize of them all.

Luckily, shortly after Gary hooked his big fish I'd had the presence of mind to mark our location. One line was a dead snag near shore against a distant peak; the other was the end of the jetty outside the harbor and a notch in the skyline. The salmon feed on needlefish, a slender, silvery "minnow," and herring. Both kinds of bait are found in schools that may be 20 feet across or acres in extent, and the salmon slash into them like wolves. If you can locate a school of bait you have an excellent chance for strikes from foraging coho.

We went back to the spot, bucktailing on the way, and I hooked one. It was a dog. Not a dog salmon, but a dog of a coho. It didn't do anything but slowly and determinedly circle the boat. It was strong enough; I couldn't haul it in and turn it loose so we could try for another, but it wouldn't run or jump either. I held the rod at a low angle and pulled as hard as the 10-pound-test tippet would permit, and while we waited we speculated as to what might cause the erratic behavior of these fish. One would go as though he'd been shot with hot grease; the next could take lessons from a sucker.

There was to be plenty of talk about this puzzle around the dinner table in the evening, but nobody found a good explanation. Red suggested that it might be water temperature. Maybe the water

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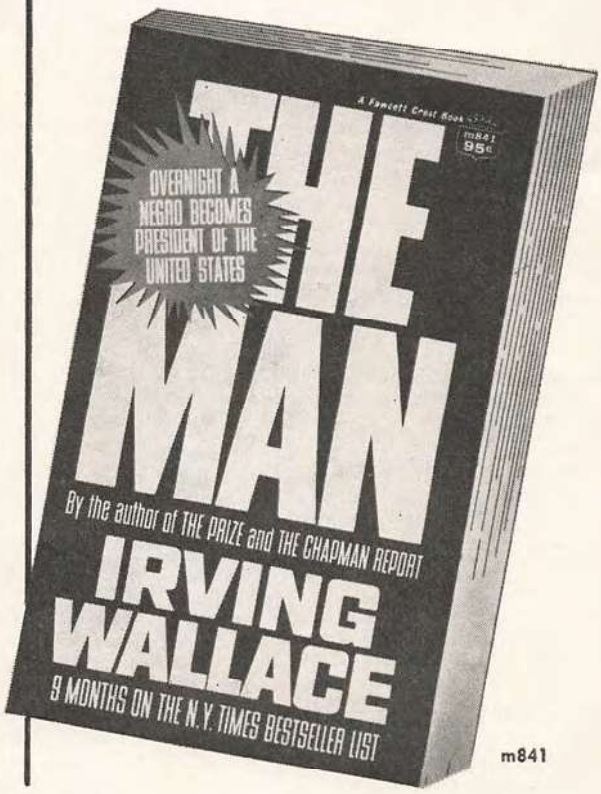

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"That's going to be all for Snavely."

was colder, or warmer, than usual, he said. But if this was responsible, why weren't they all the same? Was it food? We could find no correlation in the way they fought between salmon that were so gorged they spewed up a dozen needlefish when we got them to the boat and others that apparently were empty.

At any rate, I finally brought the sluggard to the boat and turned it loose. I was on the point of starting the motor again—we turned it off each time we hooked a fish—when Gary saw a wild commotion on the surface 40 feet away. The water was surging and boiling. Bait fish were flying into the air and falling back like rain. In an instant the sharp-eyed terns and gulls spotted the activity and started plunging into the needlefish the salmon had driven to the surface.

Quickly we stripped out line and cast. Our flies dropped to the water in the melee. I had made only a couple of pulls when I felt a solid hit. I struck and started to say, "He's on!" when Gary shouted, "I've got one!" Two fish at once, and they were wild. They shot away like crazy. They crossed our lines. Gary passed his rod over mine. Then my salmon was off. Gary landed his, a strong eight-pounder.

We resumed bucktailing. Actually, this term is misleading. It derives from the fact that the first flies used for this kind of fishing were made from deer tail hair. Now they're nearly all tied of polar bear hair, which is longer and has more gloss and so is better. The flies have bright silver bodies, and Gary ties them with strips of Lurex along the sides, which adds greatly to their flash and seems to make them more effective.

Before long, one of us hooked a coho. When it was landed we hooked another. Red and Bill in the other boat were into them just as fast. Things became confused. There was bait everywhere, and salmon were all over the place, slashing wildly. We hooked one fish after another. We cast to some; others hit trolling. Some we lost and some we landed. Almost before we knew it the sun was down, and we had barely enough time to get in before dark.

We went back to the cabin and over good Canadian whisky we relived a great evening, a surprising and exciting climax for the third straight day of a project that apparently was snakebit from the start. Then we ate oysters and a pot of steamed clams—the beach 100 feet from our door provided both—and cooked about two dozen roasting ears our landlord had given us. Red broiled enough salmon for 12 men. We ate it all—all the corn *and* all the fish—and stumbled away to bed.

This was my first real taste of silver salmon fishing, and it was great. Though they are taken regularly in the tidewater pools of some of the western rivers—they occur from California to Alaska—my only cohos previously caught had been by accident while I was fishing for steelhead. I remember one in particular, a seven-pound fish, highly colored and obviously almost ready to spawn. In spite of this, it hit hard, made two long runs, jumped six times and was as strong as any steelhead of similar size I ever hooked. And the fish was 200 miles from the sea! The salmon we'd caught this evening were in the very pink of condition.

Fishing for cohos starts in April along the east coast of Vancouver Island, on south in Washington's Puget Sound, and out through Juan de Fuca Strait between Vancouver Island and the Olympic Peninsula. At this time, the fish are small. They grow rapidly, however, and the season reaches its peak in the various areas between the middle of July and the middle of September. Anglers after big cohos plan their trips as late as possible—just before the salmon turn into the rivers to spawn. (The world record 31-pounder was caught in Cowichan Bay, some 30 miles north of Victoria, on October 11, remember?)

The eastern shore of Vancouver Island from Victoria to Campbell River is virtually all coho water since the fish feed near shore and are available to anglers in small boats. There are also many good spots along the west coast. Farther north, the Queen Charlotte Islands have provided spectacular fishing. To the south, Cape Flattery on the tip of Washington's Olympic Peninsula is the center of a famous silver salmon fishery that extends from Sekiu on Juan de Fuca Strait around to La Push on the Pacific side. Neah Bay, just inside the cape, is the best-known water in this area.

We were out early the next morning. We couldn't wait to get into them again—and it didn't occur to us that we might fail to do so. The bait was there; the salmon were there. We knew where they were and how to catch them. The water was flat as a mirror.

I see no point in giving a blow-by-blow account of frustration. It was my old British Columbia bugaboo all over again. Somehow it made me think of the trip Ed Ward, Buzz Fiorini, and I made to the Sustut River, farther north in the province. We had 10 days. We got to fish just half of one day. Luckily, we managed to catch three steelhead.

So we didn't get any salmon this flat, foggy morning on the Strait of Georgia. We didn't get many in the afternoon, either—five or six all day among the four of us, as I recall. We should have quit at noon and did hold a little conference then, with our two boats lying side by side on the flat water and our flies dangling over the stern.

We discussed going in for lunch. Bill spiked that. "We've got to stop early this evening to go to the powerhouse anyway," he said. "We're low on whisky. If we don't get any fish, we'll need it."

A good man, Bill! We stayed with it through the long, dull afternoon and quit in time to get to the provincial liquor store by 7 o'clock. Only somehow, we didn't quite make it. We missed by a matter of minutes and the door was locked and barred.

That night we drank the vodka and cooking wine and what was left of a bottle of Scotch that Red kept hidden under his bed in case he happened to get bitten by a rat during the night. The next day, we quit fishing at noon, had lunch, and drove lightheartedly to the courage factory. We arrived at five minutes after 1 o'clock. It was locked! On Thursdays, the sign said, the Qualicum Village liquor store closes at 1 p.m.

But then a lucky thing happened. While we were still standing there disconsolately a lady, a *true* lady, came along the sidewalk and said, "Boys, the liquor store in Parksville closes *Wednesday* afternoons." We left her in a cloud of dust and a profusion of gratitude.

So it wasn't all frustration. We had some rain, which didn't matter, some wind, which kept us off the water, and some days during which we found but

few silvers. But we had some great fishing. Our last was such a day. We got out early. The sky was partly overcast and there was a perfect chop on the water. Gary and I started bucktailing as we left the harbor, and I had a strike before we'd gone a block. I missed it and we went on, paralleling the shore toward Qualicum Beach, the area where we'd had the most action before.

Bill and Red had gone swiftly ahead. When we got nearly to the spot where Gary had caught his 15-pounder we saw Red standing up playing a salmon, the boat drifting. Gary hooked one. It was a wild, high-jumping, fast-running 10-pounder that started the day off right.

When it struck I turned the motor off, then started stripping in my line so Gary's fish wouldn't tangle in it. A silver hit my fly going full-bore away. The line snapped out of my fingers and hit the reel with a jerk. It overran, and a loop flipped around the handle. The fish came up solid, jumped, threw spray 20 feet, and broke the 10-pound-test tippet like a thread. Shaken but undismayed, I watched Gary land his fish.

There wasn't a dull moment until noon. We had fish follow our flies dozens of times, throwing up a wake when they were near the surface, then arching down to come up underneath the shimmering streamers with tremendous swirls. This was wildly exciting. Sometimes they hit, and sometimes they turned away. We never knew what to expect.

At noon we went in and ate. The tide was low and we rushed to camp and collected a sack of clams and oysters from the beach. We had oysters on the half shell and a bucket of steamed clams and rushed back to the boats. The water had flattened while we were away, and we had discovered by now that bucktailing wasn't very productive when it was smooth. But we went out anyway, and before we were even close to our fishing grounds we saw the gulls and terns wheeling and diving.

We came at them full throttle, and when we got close we cut the motors and drifted in, the two boats 20 yards apart. There was a swirl as big as a dining-room table, 40 feet away. I was ready. I dropped my fly just past it. I pulled two or three times. The salmon took. I struck.

My fish was strong and fast, a good jumper that made two long runs and many shorter ones. It weighed about 10 pounds. I turned it loose, carefully holding it in the water first while it worked its gills and recovered strength. Such fish should be left free to procreate their species—and this time would soon be coming now. Some cohos, in fact, were already turning into the rivers of Vancouver Island while we were there; we had watched them at the falls of the Stamp.

We hooked and fought and lost and landed salmon until the sun was gone. There was a blaze of color on the water. Alpenglow bathed the peaks on the distant mainland. The last day, the last hour, the last cast. We were finished. We turned the bows of our boats westward toward the harbor and rode into the color of the sunset. The little waves slapped softly against the hulls. There was no frustration now.—**Ted Trueblood**

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[*Continued from page 67*]

Courtesy of Grumman

Q: Is the F-111 which recently folded back its wings in flight the first plane to do so? *Paul E. Emmerson, Tucson, Ariz.*

A: No. The X-5 experimental plane proved in the 1950's that this could be done, although to much less extreme angles than the F-111's 72 degrees from original position.

Q: What was George Washington's salary as President of the United States? *Mrs. Ross A. Simpson, Anaheim, Calif.*

A: $25,000 a year. President Lyndon B. Johnson receives a salary of $100,000 and a $50,000 expense allowance.

Q: Is it possible for a straw to be blown into a tree by the force of a tornado? *Charles Taylor, Canby, Ore.*

A: Since no one has ever seen it happen, or has lived to tell about it, the answer can only be speculated. The sudden drop in pressure on the outside of a tree during a tornado causes the tree to expand and open cracks or pores momentarily. If a straw is blowing toward the tree it could easily enter such a crack and then become trapped when the tree contracts again.

Q: Does the male sea horse actually give birth to his offspring? I've noticed this in ads and find it a bit much. *H. T. Price, Bisbee, Ariz.*

A: Both the mother and father sea horse can actually claim credit. A few weeks before sea horses become parents, the female rendezvous with Papa and carefully deposits her eggs in a kangeroo-like pouch in his abdomen. Within this protecting pouch the eggs are fertilized and incubated. When his tiny, squirming progeny are finally hatched, the pangs of birth seize the father. With delivery near, the sea horse fastens himself securely by his strong prehensile tail to some convenient underwater plant and waits for his little quarter-inch babies—the image of Daddy, of course—to leap violently out of his distended brood pouch. From the moment the little sea colts emerge, they can swim and are completely on their own.

Q: Who created the comic strip character, Buck Rogers? *Bob Butler, Miami, Fla.*

A: Author John Dille, who found the unknown future more fascinating than the past or present, created the character of Buck Rogers in 1929. Richard W. Calkins was the artist who first drew him for the comic strips.

Q: Is the iguana really as fierce and as dangerous as it looks? *Nat Surtees, Yakima, Wash.*

A: No. Iguanas present a fierce appearance because of the high crest or fringe which extends along the back and tail. The lizard's body is covered with scales, its feet are large and powerful, and its teeth are high and finely serrated. A total length of five feet or more is quite common. Despite its size and looks, however, the iguana is a timid, harmless creature and a strict vegetarian besides. The stories sometimes told of its ferocity are pure fabrication.

Q: As an old sailor, I would like to know if all three ships in Columbus' fleet returned to Spain after his discovery of the new world. *James R. Bowermaster, Shippensburg, Pa.*

A: Only the *Nina* and the *Pinta* returned. The flagship, the *Santa Maria*, was grounded on a coral reef off the northern coast of what is now Haiti and sank on Christmas Day, 1492. The crew managed to escape and with enough time to remove all the stores and equipment.

Q: Discotheques seem to be sweeping the land. What exactly are they? *Diana Young, Woodville, Penn.*

A: Literally, a discotheque, from the French, means a collection of phonograph records. Currently, its more popular meaning denotes a place where music is supplied by a hi-fi stereophonic sound system, tended by a disc jockey, for dancing. It is usually a dark, intimate place where paying customers perform such so-called dances as the frug, the swim and the monkey.

Q: Do cockroaches reproduce with a mate or do they divide like an amoeba? *George H. Leurs, Waldron, Mich.*

A: Cockroaches mate, male and female, as do other insects. The fertilized eggs are deposited in a beanlike case which is divided into two compartments, each containing about 30 eggs. These egg sacs are carried about for some time by the female, projecting from the end of her hind body. Cockroaches are hatched in nearly the same form as the parent, differing mainly in not having wings.

James Joinet

Q: How big is a bull that is used in bullfighting? ***Dom Bosco, Manchester, Tenn.***

A: The average fighting bull, usually brought into the ring at the age of four, weighs about 1000 pounds.

Q: Has a totally deaf person ever played professional baseball? ***R. S. Courtney, La Puente, Calif.***

A: Yes. William Ellsworth Hoy played with various teams from 1883 until his retirement in 1904. The most important years of his career were those spent with the National League's Cincinnati Reds. Hoy threw right-handed and hit left-handed. At bat he depended upon the third base coach to keep him posted by signs as to whether the umpire had called a pitch, a strike or ball. Hoy finished with a lifetime batting average of better than .280. Born in 1862, he lost his hearing when he came down with spinal meningitis at the age of two. He had not yet learned to talk, and he remained mute until his marriage in 1898 when his wife, also deaf, taught him to speak. He died on December 15, 1961, at the age of 99.

Q: What was the highest rank in the Japanese army during World War II? ***Robert C. Zang, N. Y., N. Y.***

A: Then, as now, *Gensui,* or General of the Army, is the Japanese Army's highest ranking military position. A full General is called, *Taisho;* a Lt. General, *Chujo;* and a Major General, *Shosho*—and all are a long, long way from *Nitohei,* or Private Second Class.

Q: In 1956 I attended the races in Atlantic City. In the eighth race the horse I bet on suddenly jumped the hedge, went behind the odds board, jumped into the pond and was drowned. None of my friends will believe this story. Can you confirm it? ***Nick Tonti, Pittsburgh, Pa.***

A: It happened all right. On September 17, 1956, a three-year-old filly named Nautigal that was leading by four lengths in the eighth race at the Atlantic City Racetrack suddenly bolted, jumped through the hedge and drowned in the infield pond. The jockey, Reggie Root, slipped off the horse and escaped injury, but the horse, despite 20 minutes of artificial respiration, could not be saved.

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Q: Why is bone china so called? ***Clifford Glenn, Frankfort, Ky.***

A: Bone china, made almost entirely in England, is a porcelain in which bone ash is an important constituent. Bone ash is obtained by a process of calcination in which animal bones are subjected to high degrees of heat. The bones of cloven-hoofed animals mostly are used because the diet of these animals leaves the bones practically free of iron and thus the purest form of bone ash is derived; mineral content of any kind affects the clearness of the china.

Q: Who was the first woman to be accepted into the American Legion? ***Charlotte Wills, Calumet City, Ill.***

A: Three women hotly claimed the honor of having been the first of their sex to join the American Legion. All three served in World War I. The Legion will not release the names because it does not want to be involved in this squabble again.

Q: Is it true that a rattlesnake was killed in New Mexico that measured 18 feet long, had the diameter of a telephone pole, and weighed approximately three hundred pounds? ***Loyd T. Wright, Parkersburg, W. Va.***

A: No.

Q: What was the first almanac printed in the United States? ***T. J. Milan, Jim Thorpe, Pa.***

A: With the impressive title of *Almanac for the Year of our Lord 1639, Calculated for New England by William Peirce,* the first almanac was printed in 1638 at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

HAVE A QUESTION?

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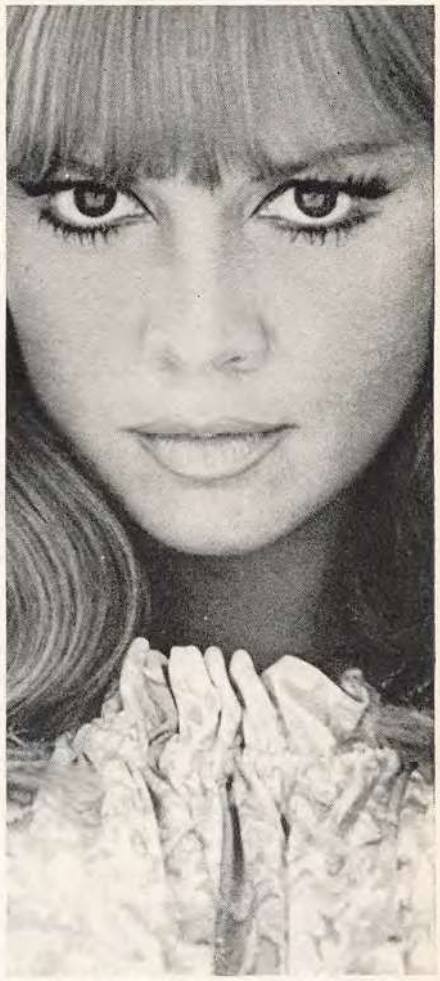

in the September issue...

The New Look of Beauty is in this issue—the frontal, unflinching gaze of a girl so stunning she needs no artifice. And, come to think of it, there's a new look to Cavalier cover to cover. Plenty of girls—Wendy Wagner; a fourteen page sequence of Miss Cavalier Weekend, photographed in England; and four more discoveries for tomorrow—but it also takes in a cleaner, more dramatic presentation of all our features. And they *are* big: a new short story by the master Isaac Bashevis Singer; Wallace Markfield's razor-sharp dissection of the new comic book craze; Eugene Burdick, Paul Gallico, Colin Wilson, Chandler Brossard, and Paul Krassner wrapping up the world as they see it. In a phrase: the New Look, but new. On sale at your local newsstand August 10th.

cavalier

DETROIT 1966

[*Continued from page* 35]

player as an option on most of its 1966 models. It will play 80-minute tape cartridges recorded by RCA Victor. Other manufacturers will almost certainly offer a similar option soon. (It isn't a new idea. Chrysler offered a hi-fi record player as an option on 1956 models, but it wasn't a success.) The advantages of tape over radio: no interference from power lines, tunnels, bridges—or commercials. The cost: about $150. Ford expects to sell 100,000 units.

Many dealers will probably try to justify the purchase of options and accessories such as stereo tape by suggesting that the customer use his excise tax-cut savings for this purpose. These savings will average $68 on all cars purchased retroactive from May 14 to the end of 1965 and will increase to over $90 next year. When the present 10 percent tax is finally reduced to one percent on January 1, 1969, the ultimate price reduction will average $200 per new car.

There is no guarantee, however, that dealers will really pass these savings along to their customers. Manufacturers will reduce their sticker prices, of course, but these show only the "suggested retail price," i.e., a maximum price, and nobody ever pays that anyway. Thus, how much of the tax cut the buyer actually gets will still depend on how much he can negotiate away from the dealer.

Congressman Charles Vanik (D., Ohio) recently bugged automobile dealers everywhere when he placed into the *Congressional Record* a list of wholesale prices (the amount the dealer pays the manufacturer) on 12 popular 1965 cars and compared these with the sticker prices. Disclosure of the spread between these figures is not the kind of thing that makes any car dealer happy. (Examples: on a $6,231 Cadillac Eldorado, the markup is $1,661; on a $2,278 Mustang, it is $458; on a $2,953 Plymouth convertible it is $683. Nor were dealers pleased to hear the Congressman say, "If private business doesn't see fit to pass the [tax cut] savings along to the customer, the federal government could collect the excise and make direct rebates to the customers."

The automobile manufacturer, for whom there is no direct way in which to get any of the tax-cut money back from the customer, wants to see every penny of it added to consumer purchasing power. Industry leaders have testified before congressional committees that if this really happens, it could mean sales of an additional 500,000 to 750,000 cars a year.

Nor is it only in the area of taxation that Detroit will find itself under governmental and judicial scrutiny in 1966. The coming year will almost certainly be crucial for the industry in a number of ways that have nothing to do with how well the new models may sell.

President Johnson has demanded that something be done about the growing landscape blight brought about by automobile junkyards (the greatest number of which turned out to be in the President's home state of Texas). Time was when all Detroit had to worry about was how many new cars would be put on the road in a given year. Now, although it is officially noncommittal, the industry looks over its shoulder at the six million vehicles that die each year and has mixed feelings. Just as the brewing industry is embarrassed by the number of beer cans that litter our roadsides, so is Detroit sensitive about all those old cars that refuse to fade away. The problem will probably get worse before it gets better. There are 15 million cars on the road that are 10 or more years old—and most of these will be headed for the junk heaps within two years. It was with this in mind that Congress withheld the final one percent of excise tax cut on cars and earmarked the money for junk disposal programs.

Safety and air pollution are two other industry headaches which refuse to fade away. Even as the 1966 models take their showroom bows, work is in progress to make the 1967 cars safer packages in which to have an accident—and cleaner packages to operate in the air everyone breathes. Senator Ribicoff of Connecticut proposed an amendment to the excise cut which specified that four percent tax be retained on cars which do not meet certain safety standards, but was dropped from the final bill.

Detroit will probably have a busy year in the courtroom in 1966. There is an increasing tendency for customers to sue automobile manufacturers for a wild and sometimes absurd variety of causes. Take the case of the unhappy car buyer in Redwood City, Calif., who is suing the Cadillac division of General Motors for $1.1 million because he says his $8,000 1965 convertible failed to live up to his expectations. This gentleman, Mr. David Jay Morgan, compiled a list of complaints as long as a limousine, including the charge that he contracted bronchial pneumonia because he had to drive with his head out the window when the Cadillac's windshield wipers failed. The suit is still pending.

The president of the American Trial Lawyers Association, Harry M. Philo of Detroit, recently stated that the large number of negligence suits against auto companies that are now on court calendars will be a "crucial factor" in bringing about federal safety standards.

But at this season of the year, Detroit tends to forget its troubles in the happy excitement of new-model introduction time. Like a typical American household on Christmas Eve, the closets are full of ill-concealed surprises that everyone knows are there. The packages are all marked with "Do Not Open Until. . ." stickers, yet a certain amount of peeking is tolerated because, after all, it's too late now for a competitor to gain any advantage no matter what he might discover. Clandestine photographs of new models circulate so freely by August that there's hardly much fun in looking at them. Some advertised-horsepower figures may yet be juggled, prices will be jockeyed through the final $10 adjustments, advertising and promotion plans are still pretty confidential and the press is admonished not to tell what it knows.

What follows herewith, then, is not a publicity release (hence no photographs of the cars accompany) but it is a consensus of early information on the 1966 cars gathered from many sources.

GENERAL MOTORS made major styling changes last year and is probably responsible for setting a number of 1966 style trends—notably the rising, outward-bulging rear fender line which seems to appeal to car buyers as a symbol of power and performance. As one GM man put it last June as he pointed down from his office window to a 1965 Pontiac parked in the street below: "See that car? See the Coke bottle shape and the concave rear window? Okay, remember it when you see *their* 1966 model. They've stolen the whole bit." This, of course, is a view from the bias of the GM floor, but there is some truth to it.

GM will stand relatively pat with its big cars in each division for 1966. Cadillacs, big Buicks, the Riviera, Oldsmobile 88's and 98's, Pontiac Grand Prix and

TRUE

"Honey, run back to the cottage and bring me a beer can opener. And hurry, Daddy's waiting!"

Chevrolet Impala will get face-lifts—which, with GM's magician's skill at reworking exterior sheet metal, can mean quite noticeable, even if not fundamental, changes.

Intermediate size GM cars—Chevelle, Tempest, Olds F85 and Buick Special will retain their same basic body structures but will be reskinned to appear entirely new. All will grow to have a closer resemblance to the bigger models—i.e., they will get "kicked up" rear fender lines, swollen hindquarters (sometimes inelegantly called the "fatback" look around Detroit) and more sharply sloping rear roof lines. Trunk lids and rear decks will appear to be shorter as a result of the large semi-fastback rear windows, but trunk cubic capacities will not be reduced. Four-door hardtops will also be available in these intermediate lines for the first time.

GM's two specialty cars, the rear-engine Corvair and the Corvette two-seater sports car will remain virtually unchanged, but Chevy II—the only GM car that might still be called a compact—will be completely restyled for the first time since its introduction in 1962. (Like all compacts, its sales skidded in 1965.) Its new silhouette will be less angular and will resemble the Corvair's more rounded lines.

The big news at General Motors is the all new Oldsmobile front-wheel-drive car which was first called the Holiday and now the Toronado—whatever that means, GM people don't seem to know. This automobile is guaranteed to stir more interest and more controversy than anything to come out of the Motor City in years. Not since the introduction of the Corvair in 1959 has any manufacturer ventured away from the standard American practice of putting the engine up front and transmitting its power to the rear wheels via a drive shaft. Not since the last of the Cord cars in 1937 has there been an American f.w.d. car—although they are not uncommon in Europe. (Examples: the Austin and Morris Mini cars and their 1,100-c.c. and 1,800-c.c. versions; the Citroen DS-19, ID-19, 2-CV, Ami-6 and Panhard; the Saab, the Ford Taunus, the Lancia Flavia, the DKW and the Wartburg.)

Toronado will be a big, six-passenger luxury car in the same class with the Thunderbird and the Riviera (with which it will share the same interior body shell). It will sell in the $4,500 price range. It will have an exceptionally long hood (reminiscent of the Jaguar XKE or Mustang), a short rear deck, heavily accented wheel arches giving it a look of power and purpose. Like the Riviera, it will have disappearing headlights. A flow-through ventilation system will permit the elimination of small vent windows (also to be dropped on the Riviera and Pontiac Grand Prix this year).

Power to drive the front wheels—the rear wheels just trail along—will come from a big 425-cubic-inch V8 engine, developing 370 horsepower. Power steering will be standard because a heavy f.w.d. car requires greater steering effort.

Detroit has been buzzing about this car for a year. The loudest buzz seems to come from competitors who wonder out loud about Oldsmobile's reasons for experimenting with a drive principle which, they say, is at best unnecessary in a car of Toronado's type—and, at worst, unsuited for a car of Toronado's weight. The critical arguments go like this: the preeminent advantage of front wheel drive is the elimination of the drive shaft hump running through the automobile's interior floor space. But in a car fitted with bucket seats with a console between them (like Riviera and T-bird) the elimination of the drive shaft hump is academic; the space is occupied anyway. Only in the rear floor area is there any appreciable space gain. Critics also point out that the front-engine, front-drive layout is the most expensive arrangement of components that a designer can select because of the need for constant velocity joints (to smooth out power as it is transmitted to the front wheels), complicated linkages, plus the need to add power steering. Some estimates indicate that as much as $300 of extra cost has gone into making the Toronado a f.w.d. car.

Alexander Issigonis, chief designer for British Motor Corporation and a leading exponent of f.w.d. (nearly two million of his f.w.d. Austin and Morris cars now swarm the roads of England), has yet another opinion. He believes a high-performance car should not deliver its power

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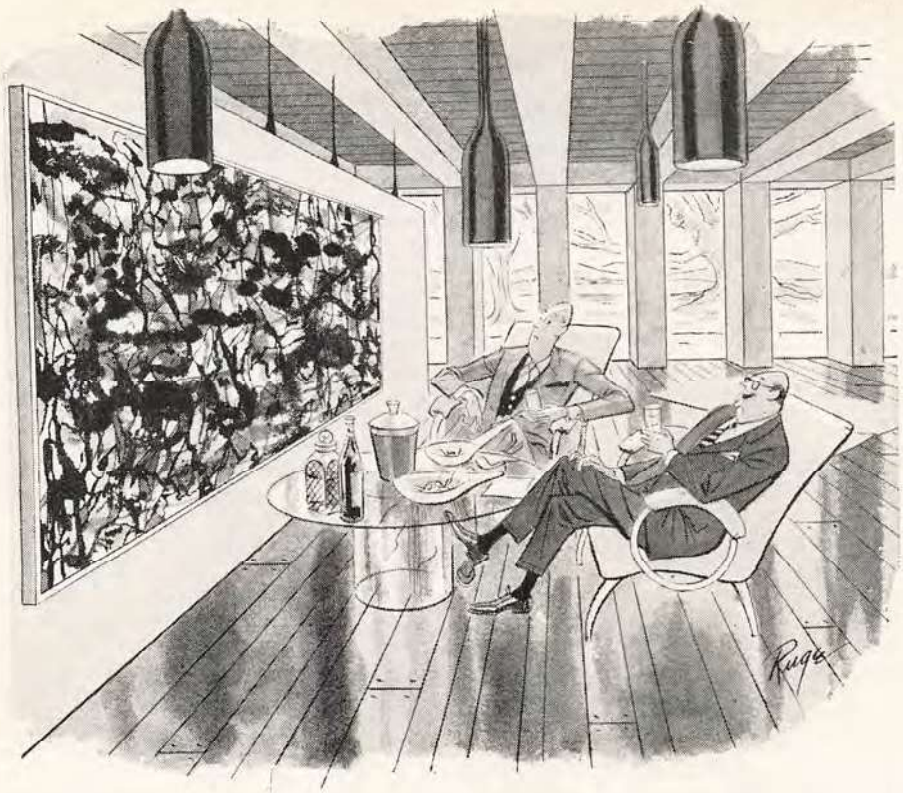


"It cost a pretty penny, but it has great sentimental value. My wife ran away with the artist."

to the front wheels because of the possibility that steering effect will be lost if traction is broken under acceleration.

But for every negative or doubting view about Toronado there is someone else who feels that the car represents a brave excursion into the future and may well cause other manufacturers to look anew at f.w.d. All who comment point out that f.w.d. would be ideally suited to station wagons because it would permit a flat floor throughout the vehicle and an exceptionally low tailgate. It is also widely acknowledged that a f.w.d. car should be an unsurpassed performer on snow and ice and, in the hands of a skilled driver, should outhandle most rear-drive cars on winding road.

Finally, nobody in Detroit believes that Oldsmobile, with its excellent engineering reputation, will fail to solve whatever special problems f.w.d. presents in a car with the weight and power of Toronado.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, flushed with racing successes and still in a state of euphoric shock over Mustang's fantastic first year sales (418,812 units, the largest number of manufactured products ever sold by any company at so high a price in so short a time—over a billion dollars worth of one model car) goes into 1966 with the perennial hope renewed that it is, somehow, gaining on GM in the battle for share of the market. This year there are signs that Ford has indeed shaved a couple of percentage points off the GM total and, if so, this gain is almost certainly due to Mustang. Small as a two percent gain may sound, consider that it amounts to 180,000 more cars sold—and 180,000 cars that somebody else *didn't* sell. Ford's competitors point out, of course, that 400,000 Mustang sales were in great part at the expense of other Ford lines. (Falcon, Fairlane, Thunderbird and two-door hardtop sales were all down in 1965.) Ford readily concedes that to a certain extent this is true, but that it was anticipated. They also point out that lasting advantages accrue to the manufacturer who is first into a new field, as long as his product doesn't disappoint customers. Thunderbird, for example, still outsells Riviera.

The big question which still makes table talk around the elegant Detroit Athletic Club is: How long will GM let Ford have this Mustang market to itself? The answer is, Not long—and Ford knows it. Mustang has been outselling every other car in the U.S. with the exception of the Chevrolet Impala in recent months. GM's handsome and roadable Corvair may have originally been expected to dent the Mustang's runaway sales, but it is only selling at half the rate now. Even so, there is a good chance that Mustang will get through 1966 without direct competition in the form of a new car. That may mean another 400,000 to 500,000 sales—and another two percent sales gain. It will also mean that nearly a million Mustangs will be on the road at the end of next year and Detroit still believes this is one of the most effective forms of advertising going.

Mustang will not be significantly restyled this year, but a number of new trim packages will be available, plus the performance-oriented GT models.

The standard Ford, which was an all-new car last year, will get a major face-lift for 1966; new grille, new taillights, new Coke-bottle shape and sloping roof line. The big Mercury, which was made to resemble the Lincoln Continental last year, will be only slightly changed for '66. The Continental itself, however, will attract new attention with greater overall length, a less squared-off appearance up front and a whopping new 462-cubic-inch, 350-horsepower engine, replacing last year's 430-inch mill. A two-door hardtop will be added to the Continental line.

Ford's smaller cars have received the company's major restyling attentions for '66. Fairlane's lines will be more curving, with a modified fatback look at the rear fenders and vertically mounted headlights like the big Fords. Falcon will become a bigger car, both wider and longer, built on a longer wheelbase chassis. It will retain single headlights, get curved glass windows and a Mustang-inspired rear deck and fender line. Comet will also grow in size and power, moving up from last year's 114-inch wheelbase to the 116-inch wheelbase Fairlane chassis and introducing a new 410-cubic-inch engine developing more than 300 horsepower. This new V8 will replace the 289-inch, 200-horsepower engine used as an option last year. Comet's rear quarters will also adopt the popular swollen look.

Thunderbird, which is expected to make a major change for 1967 (including the introduction of a four-door model) will show only styling revisions for 1966.

Later in the year, Lincoln-Mercury division is expected to introduce a new car called the Cougar as a 1966½ model. It will be a frank Mustang imitator, probably with many components in common, but with the possibility that it will be a somewhat larger car.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION continues to make healthy strides in the market, increasing its share to about 15 percent and turning a first quarter profit of $56 million. Like its competitors, Chrysler has done more revamping in its intermediate-size cars than in the larger and smaller lines. Generally, Chrysler seems satisfied—yea, even pleased—to stay with stylist Elwood Engle's "clean, uncluttered look." Its cars for 1966 will probably be the least imitative to come out of Detroit.

The Plymouth Belvedere and Dodge Coronet will have all new inner bodies and outer skins built on the same wheelbases as last year (116 and 117 inches respectively). Both cars will be a few inches shorter overall, however—an exception to the 1966 trend to increased size. Both will have curved glass windows to permit an increase in interior width.

Imperial will drop the simulated spare tire enclosure on the rear deck. A new 440-inch engine developing 375 horsepower will replace the 413-cube, 340-horse engine in Imperials and Chrysler New Yorkers. The big Plymouths and Dodges will be face-lifted—likewise the Valiant, Barracuda and Dart.

The mighty 426-inch hemispherical combustion chamber V8 which swept stock car racing in 1964 (and which NASCAR headman Bill France legislated off his tracks in 1965) will be slightly detuned into a street version at about 400 horsepower and offered as an option in Dodge and Plymouth.

Later in the year, Dodge is expected to introduce a new high-performance, four-passenger fastback to be called the Charger. It will be larger than the Barracuda or the Mustang, may compete more directly with the forthcoming Ford Cougar.

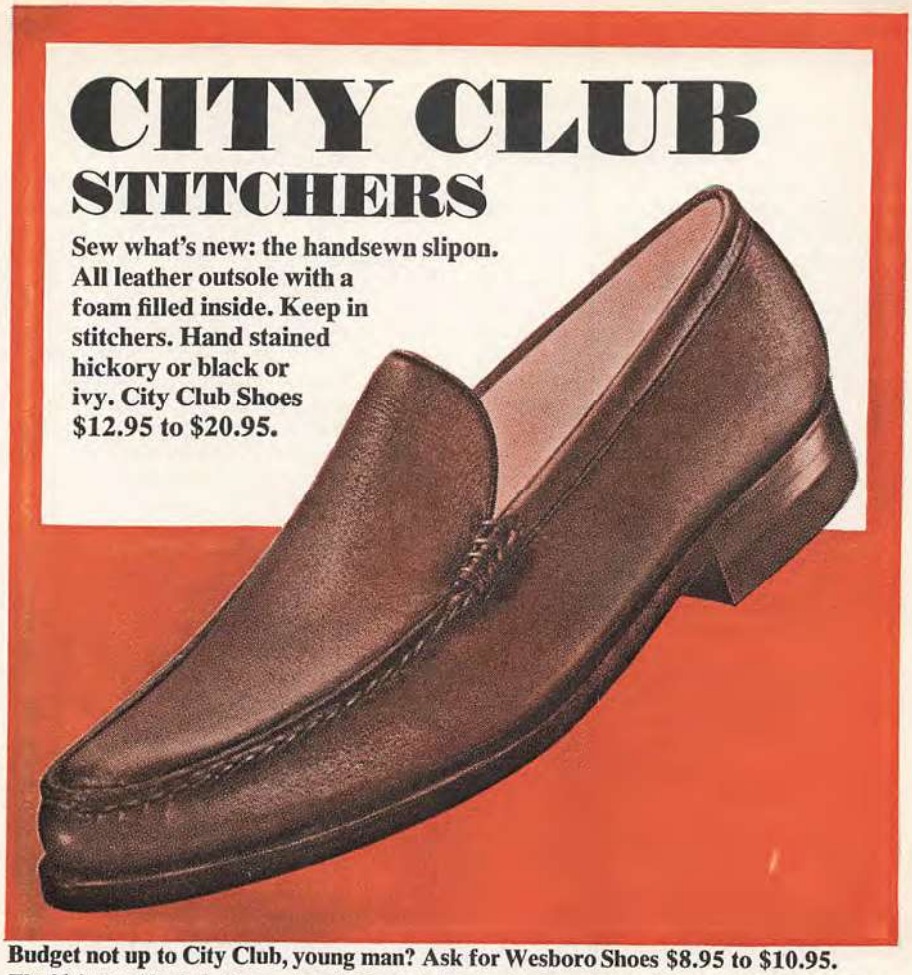
AMERICAN MOTORS is the only manufacturer which failed to increase its sales or market penetration in 1965. Company executives have conceded that AM must somehow alter its well-established image as a builder of compact, sensible, economical cars. Only a few seasons ago these were virtues that all manufacturers were happy to claim for their smaller lines. Now the Plymouth Valiant is the only compact left to keep the Rambler cars company in their class.

All three lines of AM cars were considerably restyled for 1965, but no drastic changes are planned for '66. The size of all the cars will remain unchanged. The "big" Ambassador model— an intermediate size car in today's market—was, relatively, AM's most successful car last year. It will probably be made available with a new and more powerful V8 before the year is over. Rambler station wagons will lose the dip in the roof line which has been a characteristic trademark of the line for many years. The Marlin fastback will be substantially unchanged.

STUDEBAKER, now an imported car (from the company's Canadian factory) has announced a full line of 1966 models with emphasis on restyled interiors and some "practical modifications" in styling. The sliding roof station wagon will continue to be available as well as two- and four-door sedans in three series. The company has recently developed a new transistorized ignition system, a new air-conditioning unit and will equip the new models with a flow-through ventilation system like other American cars.

This, then, is a look at Detroit's fresh-cut bait. There is no knowing, as the curtain goes up, whether the new models will be a hit or a miss, but if Americans (who still owe $25 billion for the 25 million cars they bought in the last three years) run true to form, eight or nine million of the '66 models will be on the street by this time next year. They will join 78 million other vehicles already there. They will be driven billions of miles— past 300,000 billboards and 12,000 junkyards; through traffic jams and smog; to work and to play. Despite their cost, despite the frequent indignities associated with haggling with dealers, despite 50,000 highway deaths and nearly two million injuries, America's love affair with the automobile goes on.

Next month, on the 23rd of September, the earth in its path will cross the celestial equator and for a moment night and day will everywhere be equal. This is called the autumnal equinox—the period of change. It may be no coincidence that the automobile industry, going hand in hand with the cosmos, chooses this time for its own annual period of change, its own automotive equinox. For who in the old Motor City would want to cross up the stars after four years of the most unprecedented prosperity in the history of the buggy biz? —**Charles N. Barnard**



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MY DEEP DIVE TO DAVY JONES

[*Continued from page* 47]

developed new air mixtures and before we refined equipment. Some day soon, we'll have to go to a thousand feet, and we might as well start learning right now. I'd like to try it myself, but I'm getting too old for this risky business. I thought maybe you'd like to try it."

Frank Donahue was a convincing talker. For nearly 20 years he had dabbled in just about every phase of diving and always was ready to try something new. From my own experience in the diving business I knew he was right about the money to be made. One diver I know gets $1,800 for three minutes' work at 400 feet. If a really deep dive proved successful, Donahue and I might team up and make some real money.

"But remember, Mark," Donahue cautioned, "nobody really knows *what* will happen at such depths. It's a calculated risk, but maybe you'll think about taking it."

I agreed finally to think about the project. Like most divers, I often had wondered what it would be like to descend nearly one fifth of a mile below the ocean's surface, not in an airtight, pressurized shell, but free diving in a rubberized wet suit, or in the conventional "pot gear"—the canvas suit and metal helmet most commercial divers use.

As far as I knew, no free diver had ever gone down to 1,000 feet. In 1962, Hannes Keller of Switzerland and Peter Small of England attempted a dive to that depth near Santa Catalina Island off the Southern California coast. Their dive—which Keller claimed reached the 1,000-foot goal—ended in tragedy with Small's death. Theirs was not a true free dive. Keller and Small were lowered in the pressurized capsule, *Atlantis*, from which Keller emerged at 1,000 feet, and planted American and Swiss flags on the bottom. Trouble developed with the *Atlantis'* special gas supply, and Small was dead when finally brought out of the capsule.

The main problems of probing the sea below 300 feet are twofold: the proper breathing mixture, and the amount of this mixture a diver can carry with him. Scuba divers rely almost entirely on compressed air at depths up to 60 feet. For deeper dives other gases—hydrogen and helium, to name two—have been employed with various degrees of success, depending on temperature, the physiology of the diver, the depth and other factors. The amount of air required also depends on the diver and the depth. The consumption of air increases proportionately with the increase in outside pressure as a diver goes deeper; it is used at a staggering rate with each breath at depths over 300 feet.

Simply, then, I had to find a mixture that would not be injurious or fatal at extreme depths, and I would have to calculate how much of this mixture would be required for my dive.

I spent the next few weeks doing research. As I had expected, most authoritative information on free diving covered nothing deeper than 400 feet. I probed my own memory, seeking tips from my successes and failures as a commercial diver which might provide clues for my projected plunge into the unknown. I was 26 then. I'd been diving for 10 years—four years in the Navy as a salvage diver, the rest of the time in business for myself or working for commercial firms. I also consulted divers and chemical houses around the San Diego area. I began experimenting with various gas mixtures. To test them, I frequently drove to Frank Donahue's diving engineering shop in Santa Monica, near Los Angeles, and locked myself up in a decompression chamber. This is a device in which a diver is sealed and then subjected to gradually increasing air pressure, to simulate what happens when he descends into the sea. By spring, I had entered Donahue's tank at least 20 times and had reached a decision: we'd use a mixture of oxygen, helium, hydrogen.

Helium-oxygen has become a favorite mixture of many deep divers in recent years. But it has almost twice the atomic weight of hydrogen, is very expensive, and is extremely cold when inhaled into the human body. To offset some of these disadvantages, I'd included the lighter hydrogen in the mix, despite the fact that hydrogen is highly inflammable and explosion prone. Donahue and I also agreed on a goal. I told him, "I want to go to 700 feet first. If I make it back okay, a thousand later."

We tentatively set a date for early spring, but that didn't work out. Frankly, I ran out of money. In four months, I had run through $4,000 in equipment and supplies and my bank balance was dipping close to the red. "I'll have to postpone things for awhile," I told Donahue, "until I locate some cash."

I bid successfully on several local underwater jobs and salted away the profits. And from each diving job, I tucked away in a corner of my brain the valuable lessons that only actual experience can provide. I also continued working out in Donahue's decompression chamber, simulating deeper and deeper dives. One day, I reached 426 feet, the chamber's capacity. I felt no ill effects, but I wished I could locate a tank that would simulate greater depth. None was available.

I had hoped to use pot gear for the dive, but the old nemesis of money reared

TRUE

"We've run out of waves . . ."

its ugly head once again. A complete pot gear outfit is expensive: $1,200 for breastplate and helmet; $4,000 for a recompression chamber, $900 for a compressor. I couldn't cut it. The helium I would use on the 30-minute dive would cost at least $175. Even my simulated dives were taking shark-sized bites from my bankroll.

I decided to use the less expensive scuba gear, and we set a date: Saturday, October 24, 1964.

There were a thousand and one details to accomplish first. The most pressing technical problem—and one upon which my life could depend during the dive—was still the air mixture I was to breathe.

On shallower dives, the entire supply can be premixed so that the diver has nothing to do but inhale on the way up and down. Going to 700 feet with a three-way mix of helium, hydrogen and oxygen, however, required varying the amounts of each depending on the depth. Today, a device has been invented which accomplishes this automatically, but I had no such device, so I had to figure a way of varying the mixture manually as I descended.

This may sound easy, but it isn't. I planned to premix the hydrogen and helium, adding oxygen manually as I went down. I would feed the entire mix into a third cannister, while watching gauges with luminous dials. A miscalculation in the mix could mean instant disaster: too much oxygen and I would suffer oxygen poisoning; an error in the hydrogen-helium mix could cause an explosion.

Next, I asked the Navy if I could be assured of the use of the compression chamber aboard the submarine tender *Sperry* anchored in San Diego Bay.

Yes, I was told, but only as a matter of mercy if something went wrong. The Navy would not guarantee that the *Sperry* would stand by; I had to take my chances. I got the distinct impression that a gulf of professional jealousy exists between Navy divers and private commercial divers. After all, the Navy's role in deep-sea diving is primarily utilitarian; mine was commercial, and in the present case, experimental.

"We don't want to be any part of a stunt in which some fool may kill himself," I was told.

When I asked whether the *Sperry* would put its helicopter deck on an alert standby basis during the dive, the ship's officers told me they would not.

I had counted heavily on use of the seagoing heliport in the event I developed bends and had to be rushed to the *Sperry*. I already had the assurance of the Coast Guard that a helicopter would be assigned to hover over my boat all the time I was down, ready to whisk me to the *Sperry* if needed. I had estimated it would take five minutes from pickup at sea to touchdown on the *Sperry;* being required to land ashore and then be carried aboard would double that time. And the additional five minutes, I reminded myself soberly, could literally mean the difference between life and death.

October 24th, the day I had picked for the dive, dawned cloudy. There was a hint of rain in the air.

Our boat, lent by Bill Hitchcock of San Diego, was a 38-foot cabin cruiser named *Por qué No?* which in Spanish means, *"Why Not?"* While we moved away from the dock toward a fuel barge, I began checking my equipment and chatting with the others aboard. There was Dick Whidden, who would dive to meet me at the 100-foot level when I came up. There was Dick's wife Gwen; my own ex-wife Delores (we divorced because I refused to give up my risky trade but she remains a friend); Dick Olson, a ship chandler; Lee Louis, a TV news cameraman; and three other friends.

Considering what I was about to attempt, my equipment was ridiculously simple. Besides my wet suit, fins, mask, weight belt, flashlight and camera, I planned to carry three large air bottles with a total pressure capacity of 6,750 pounds per square inch (p.s.i.) of helium-hydrogen mix and a smaller, 1,800 p.s.i. bottle of oxygen. Two other bottles would be tied to the 100-foot mark on the half-inch Manila line down which I would descend. These I would use during my decompression stop on the way up. A third, still smaller bottle of pure oxygen was tied on at 60 feet for use in "flushing" my system on the final ascent. ("Flushing" means breathing pure oxygen long enough to get rid of the helium-hydrogen before surfacing.)

We fed the Manila line through a measuring device and precisely at each 100 feet, tied on a plastic marker. Although I only planned to go to 700 feet, the Manila line was 800 feet long, and had a 200-pound anchor tied to its end. The extra 100 feet wasn't accidental. At 700 feet I didn't want to find myself literally at the end of my rope in a silent, black void where experience had taught me I might swim *down* when I meant to go *up*.

Our destination was the 1,300-foot-deep La Jolla Canyon, a giant undersea trench lying a mile offshore. It is a favorite spot with divers from Scripps Institution of Oceanography because of its accessibility. We arrived early. At 9:15 a.m. we radioed the Coast Guard at San Diego that we were ahead of schedule. We asked for the helicopter which had been promised.

At 9:25 a.m., the chopper fluttered into view and moved into position over the *Por que No?* Following a prearranged plan, we hoisted a green flag. That meant all was well. A red flag would replace it if I got into trouble.

After a final check of my gear, I handed my underwater camera to Lee Louis who opened it, inserted a roll of color film which he had previously initialed, snapped it shut, took four lead photos for identification and returned it to me. [Editor's Note: this is the film reproduced on page 46] Initialing the film and taking the lead shots was to make sure that I could not fake the dive by replacing the film with a roll previously shot in shallow water.

At exactly 9:30, I stepped over the side of the boat.

Hand over hand, I began moving down the line. Although I hadn't counted on the fact that the boat bobbing on the

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swells above would tug at my grip, I found that by clinging tightly I was in no danger of losing my hold.

At 100 feet, the light was still bright enough to read the plastic marker tied on the line. Still gripping the line tightly with my left hand, I fumbled for a flashbulb, inserted it in the flashgun and with my free hand aimed as best I could in the general direction of the depth marker and fired the shutter. The flash of the bulb and the beam from my flashlight gave me bearings, and I repeated the act to be sure I had a good shot. Then, after making minor adjustments on my air mixture, I began moving downward again, hand over hand.

The air bottles tied to the line at 100 feet disappeared above me as I neared the 200-foot marker. By now, daylight was only a memory and I could feel the first pangs of chill in my body. I moved steadily and slowly, conserving the precious air in my tanks by inhaling only when necessary, then holding my breath, then exhaling. As long as those bubbles continued floating upward at regular intervals, my friends would know I was still alive.

Somewhere between 300 and 400 feet the pressure proved too much for my flashlight. The lens shattered, and the beam flickered out. I hadn't really expected the flashlight to last under such pressure, but now that it was gone I realized how comforting that beam of light had been. Fortunately, my camera was pressurized for much greater depths.

As I moved deeper down the line, I was nervous but not really frightened. "The worst enemy of the diver," I remembered reading over and over in my early diving days, "is panic."

As I approached the 400-foot mark, a wave of dizziness suddenly swept over me. It was not painful, but it startled me. It was the same feeling a tired man gets on an extremely warm day when he drinks a couple of beers in quick succession. I wasn't worried, but that dizzy feeling I recognized instantly as a danger signal. *What was happening to me?*

The answer was CO_2 poisoning. My breathing schedule, carefully calculated and checked on the surface, wasn't sufficient. I inhaled a couple of deep gulps of my helium-oxygen, and the dizziness disappeared as quickly as it had come.

The cold was incredible now. My fingers were numb, seemingly frozen to the Manila line—which I could not even see. I lost all sense of direction; the 500- and 600-foot markers fastened to the line enabled me to orient myself and aim my camera correctly to set my pictures.

Finally, my hand touched the last marker. *Seven hundred feet!* I had made it. Except for the cold and the brief dizzy spell, the dive had gone without incident.

I lingered for about three minutes, inhaling every 30 seconds, holding each lungful of air while I fumbled with numbed fingers to adjust the camera for the final pictures which would prove I had reached 700 feet. The temperature was 49°; the pressure on my body, 326.2 pounds per square inch. The silence was eerie, even a bit frightening, and the darkness hugged me like a giant hand. I felt as though I was floating around in a vast barrel of oil.

Could a man work at this depth? I thought about it briefly as I made ready for the ascent. He couldn't work very long, but perhaps with development of warmer diving suits, maybe even battery heated, he could make emergency repairs. The air supply was another big problem, but extra bottles could be attached to the safety line so the diver could switch off when the bottles he carried on his back were exhausted.

Thinking about air reminded me that mine was very limited, so I began my ascent. On the way up, I kept a wary eye on my gauges, inhaling as little as possible. Running out of air at this depth, I knew, would be fatal; I could never reach the emergency air bottles 600 feet above me in time.

But my equipment functioned well and I moved along on schedule. It was exhilarating to touch the plastic depth markers going by in reverse . . . 600, 500, 400. . . .

Slowly, the light began returning, an underwater sunrise. The water temperature was rising, too, as I went up, but I was shaking violently at that point and did not notice.

At 100 feet, I could see Dick Whidden's form gliding down toward me. He helped me switch to the emergency air bottles and then felt my pulse. "You had almost no pulse at all," he told me later. At 60 feet, I paused long enough to let my body "flush," then kicked to the surface.

When I popped into the daylight, I was too tired and cold to remember what was said and too exhausted to pull myself into the boat. I accepted a helping hand and then lay unmoving for a long time in the bottom of the craft.

"What time is it?" I managed.

"Ten minutes after 10," someone answered. I had been down only 40 minutes, but it seemed like hours.

Lee Louis snapped open my camera and removed the film. I was wrapped in blankets and I shivered violently during the whole 90 minutes it took to pull the descent line into the boat. In fact, the shakes stayed with me for nine hours.

During the ride back to the harbor Dick Whidden remarked, "We just checked your tanks. You had only 100 pounds left, enough for a couple of good breaths." He relished my astonishment, then quipped, "Want to try it again?"

I forced a grin and replied, "Not today, thanks." My teeth were still chattering.

Ever since I made the dive some people have challenged my claim to a world's free diving record. The most repeated question is one I never thought about until it was asked. Why, I was challenged, couldn't I have faked the 700-foot dive by descending only to, say, 100 feet and then pulling the rest of the line up hand over hand, photographing the depth markers as they came up? To these skeptics, I suggest that they try pulling up 800 feet of half-inch line with a 200-pound anchor on the end.

Sure, I know I went to 700 feet, and I know, too, that with the proper gear, man *can* probably work—for limited periods—at 700 or even 1,000 feet. It won't be easy. There still is a lot of research to be done. Later, I hope to try a dive to 1,000 feet in pot gear. It will be as risky as a launch into space. But the economic future of the world some day may depend on the resources of the sea. I want to be one of the pioneers of this mysterious "inner space."

—Mark Rogers & Joseph E. Brown

TRUE

"Show me where you found the tail for your kite."

ABORTION: THE CIVILIZED CRIME

[*Continued from page 33*]

have abortions each year anyway. Denied the protection of hospital care, the great majority of these women are forced into the hands of transient, illegal abortionists, most of whom have no medical training. One who was indicted recently was a lady dressmaker; another was a boatyard worker. Some abortionists, of course, do have medical training. A hospital intern, arrested in New York a few years ago, headed an abortion ring that grossed almost $500,000 annually.

These rings are secret, efficient machines. Given a code number by telephone, the client may be ordered to meet the abortion contact in a parking lot. Transferred to the contact's car, she often is blindfolded and given sleep-inducing drugs. Then she is rushed to a dingy room for the operation and returned to the parking lot, sick and exhausted, in less than an hour. The results of this brutal underworld of abortion are thousands of mangled operations, dangerous infections and internal injuries that end up in hospital emergency wards or the mortuary.

Surprisingly, however, a number of fortunate men and women have been able to turn to another type of abortionist: reputable physicians who see no moral wrong in abortion, who see it indeed as a service to their fellow man. Some are prominent doctors most of the week and do a few abortions on the side. More often they devote full time to abortion. The story of two American physicians and one courageous Englishman, in a sense, is the story of the struggle to bring sanity and safety to the abortion picture.

From about 1928 to 1951, Dr. G. Loutrell Timanus openly and proudly performed abortions in Baltimore. His reputation covered the whole East Coast. At Johns Hopkins Medical School, classes in dilatation and curettage, the surgical technique of abortion, unofficially were known as "Timanus Day." Dr. Alan Guttmacher, long a nationally-prominent gynecologist, once labeled Doctor Timanus' work "extremely competent." The final stamp of approval was his referrals. He accepted patients only with a letter from a list of 353 leading doctors in Maryland, Washington, D.C., and surrounding areas. The medical profession itself used him for personal abortions, and Timanus' records show at least 10 percent of the more than 5,000 cases listed were women doctors, wives or sweethearts of doctors, nurses, or related members of the profession. A gynecologist who referred him patients once wrote: "I feel that we doctors who are too spineless to risk the odium of such work owe you the thanks. I have the highest regard for you. . . ."

Finally, however, in 1950, the law closed in on Dr. Timanus. He suddenly was arrested under slightly mysterious circumstances. Tried the following year, he was convicted of violating Maryland's abortion laws, fined $5,000, and served four-and-a-half months in jail. After his release he never returned to practice.

But for the 25 years that he operated, Doctor Timanus was a startling contrast to the underworld of abortion. He conducted his practice publicly. His name was on the door at 1307 Maryland Avenue, his number was in the phone book.

In contrast also to the stereotyped abortionist who hustles his patients into the street five minutes after the operation in fear of the police, Timanus, like other skilled practitioners, treated his cases with intricate care. The dilatation and curettage operation was performed in two steps. During the first visit, the woman's uterus and vagina were packed with surgical gauze which dilates the uterus, softens the embryo and helps detach it. With the woman under anesthesia and protected by antibiotics, the curettage or removal of the embryo usually was done the next day. After surgery, the patients were kept in bed at his nurse's home for at least six hours and Timanus checked their recovery by phone the next few days. His files are filled with letters of appreciation, one woman praising his "great work and very human kindness"; another stating, "There are no words I know powerful enough to tell you how grateful I am."

While Timanus never assumed to be a philanthropist, his fees—$400-$500 at the time of his retirement—averaged far less than the $1,000-$1,500 that many abortion rings demand in major cities. In a few cases involving the very rich, he got $2,000 and $3,000. For hardship patients, he charged virtually nothing.

"I never made more from abortion than any skilled doctor would earn from his specialty," Timanus states. He did not split fees with referring doctors. In con-

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"Okay—deal me in! I got rid of my nagging earache!"

trast to underworld abortionists paying no taxes on unreported income, Timanus says that he filed tax returns on all medical receipts.

Timanus comes from noted antecedents. His paternal grandfather was a judge, his maternal grandfather a college professor. For 10 years as a young, socially distinguished doctor, he served as medical supervisor of Baltimore's Playground Athletic League. In caring for the health of thousands of youngsters, he was confronted harshly for the first time with the abortion dilemma of desperate women.

"I learned to face mothers from the industrial areas with seven and eight children who probably would have broken under another child," he recalls. "Schoolteachers sought me out, pleading for girls who would be banished from school and home if they had an illegitimate birth."

When Timanus went to Europe in 1928, he studied abortion techniques in Paris, Vienna, Berlin and London and was appalled by their crudity. He decided to master this area of medicine and developed a special forceps and new designs and sizes of curettes that increased efficiency and safety. "If I was going to perform abortions," he concluded, "I intended to be the best in my profession."

At 72, tall, strapping, with thick white hair, ruddy skin and squinting, blue eyes that mark his Swedish ancestry, Timanus lives today in a commodious home at Rehoboth Beach, Delaware, and a winter apartment at Miami Beach. These luxuries, he insists, came not from abortion income but from Florida and Maryland real estate in which one sale alone brought him $300,000 profit and in which he still holds considerable property.

Timanus never apologized for performing abortions and he carries this blatant frankness on the subject into his present leisurely retired life. He debates the merits of abortion violently with friends and proclaims his past specialty openly at the fashionable clubs to which he and his wife belong. He also sends to newspapers a constant stream of letters attacking abortion laws. "I'm an incorrigible crusader against the hypocrisy and inhumanity of our system," he announces in booming tones.

The second example of a U.S. doctor regularly taking abortion cases for largely philosophic and humanitarian motives is a man we will call Doctor S. because he is still practicing and prefers anonymity. In his quaint, sprawling office on Main Street, in a small town about three hours' drive west of New York, he has performed more than 28,000 abortions. The startling feature is their cost. For almost 30 years he charged $10. A decade or so back, the price rose to $50 and only reached $100 recently when the expenses of a lawsuit and antibiotics increased his overhead.

Since he is the leading family doctor in town, his office may be filled with as many sore throats and fractured bones as abortion cases. "He could pack his schedule day and night with regular patients," states the local newspaper editor. "He does abortions because he darn well believes in them."

Doctor S., who is elfin-looking at 75, with white tufts of hair fringing his head and neck, and often sporting a black, Viscount Montgomery beret, has long been a legend in his state. When he walks down the street, he is greeted with smiles and handshakes. At lunch in the town's leading restaurant, he generally knows everyone in the room. "I'd say I've done abortions for half the families in the county, including the police," he observes. Although his cases come mainly from the Atlantic Coast, particularly New York and New England, he has treated women from as far away as Laos and Finland.

Having lived in town since boyhood (his father, ironically, was district attorney of a neighboring county), Doctor S. is a prominent and popular member of the local Rotary, and an intimate friend of the mayor, the police chief and almost every official. His home, a simple seven-room frame house, indistinguishable from dozens of others on an unimpressive street, reflects the modest scale of his prices for abortions and other medical services. His one luxury is a Cadillac.

He maintains close links with his abortion patients, many of whom continue to send him Christmas gifts and cards for years after treatment. He frequently houses women overnight in one of the cubicles in his office if they cannot afford a local hotel. Respecting the official Catholic position against abortion although he can't agree with it, he is particularly sensitive about Catholic patients. If a woman shows any doubts, he makes her return the next day and often refuses to treat a hesitant patient. His files are filled with letters of appreciation, one Catholic calling him "one of the most beautiful humans that ever lived."

Doctor S.'s medical training began at a leading Pennsylvania medical school, with internship at a Philadelphia hospital and research studies at New York's Rockefeller Institute. After medical corps duty in the first World War, he served as chief pathologist at a hospital for five years.

In 1925 he opened his own office in his hometown. One of his first cases was a pregnant mother with eight children who had severe liver damage. "I told her husband she might never survive without an abortion," Doctor S. recalls. "The next day he returned with his priest and flatly forbade the abortion. The woman had the child and died shortly after."

"There was nothing dramatic about my decision to do abortions," he concludes. "I just started taking a few of the most pressing cases with my regular practice. It certainly wasn't a matter of money. It was simply helping people who needed me badly."

The safety standards of skilled abortionists are so high that Timanus had only two deaths in 5,210 cases he recorded and probably another thousand early cases unrecorded. In 28,658 recorded cases of Doctor S., there was only one death. The woman, who had previously consulted a doctor in New York, was bleeding when she reached Dr. S.'s and died on the table.

While rather publicly operating outside the law, both Doctor Timanus and Doctor S. insist they never paid police protection. Both treated the families of police. In Doctor S.'s one case of death, a jury could find no evidence for conviction. In 40 years, he faced only one other investigation—the charge by a woman with five children that she had been injured during abortion. The case blew up, however, when she gave birth to another child before trial, casting doubt on any injury. The jury voted acquittal.

Doctor S., like many skilled abortionists, is classified by many as a civic asset. "I would say he has always been ranked as a leading citizen," states the local editor. "The community values his work highly."

The English physician, who merits mention here because his stand on abortion set a precedent for courage, is Dr. Aleck Bourne. Although not like the two Americans an abortionist, he had become in the Thirties increasingly disgusted with the injustice of British abortion law, roughly similar to ours. He grabbed a chance in 1938 to test the law in a court

trial, a bold step never attempted before.

A 14-year-old girl, who had been watching the changing of the guards at London's Whitehall grounds, accepted the invitation of two troopers of the royal household cavalry, to visit their stable and see the horses. She was immediately attacked. Her clothes were ripped off, and she was raped by both troopers.

When the girl became pregnant, her doctor contacted Bourne and requested abortion. But since British law allows abortion only for a threat to life, and rape had never been included in this category, Bourne faced a sizeable risk. He was a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, one of the most prominent obstetricians in Britain. His conclusion, after examining the girl, was that the shock and emotional reaction not just of rape but of being forced to bear a rapist's child could ultimately endanger her life. Therefore, he decided to perform the abortion openly in his hospital and notify the police.

When Bourne was indicted and brought to trial, a glittering audience of medical and legal authorities packed the courtroom. In his testimony, Bourne hammered away at one point: "I cannot draw a line between danger to life and danger to health. If we waited for danger to life, the woman is past assistance." Bourne insisted the operation was necessary to protect the girl's health as well as life, and a battery of star witnesses, including Lord Horder, personal physician to King George VI, backed him up.

In his summary to the jury, now considered a landmark, the judge agreed that health and life were inseparable. If the jury believed that bearing the rapist's child might make the girl "a physical and mental wreck," then Bourne had operated "for the purpose of preserving the life of the woman." When the jury voted "Not Guilty," the courtroom broke into cheers. The *Lancet*, a distinguished British medical journal, called the decision "epoch-making." Henceforth, the British medical profession with the authority of "case law" could protect a woman's physical and mental health by abortion.

This broadening of the abortion code still does not exist in most of the United States. Safety, for the most part, continues to remain outside the law. The obvious starting point for a couple seeking to locate a skilled abortionist like Doctor Timanus or Doctor S. is their own doctor or obstetrician. Yet most physicians are reluctant to make referrals unless they have a long and trusted relationship with the patient. The obvious reason is fear. If the abortionist is ever arrested, the referring doctor may be implicated.

A national survey made by Dr. William Ober of New York's Knickerbocker Hospital and this author revealed that 10 percent of 338 obstetricians answering referred patients to abortionists. Most admitted sending four or five cases a year; a few of them said they sent 30 or 40. Asked how many of their medical friends and associates referred patients (which may come closer to a true figure), this same group estimated 14 percent.

If a physician won't help, the next best sources of referrals are medical acquaintances, nurses, hospital employees —and friends who "know somebody," perhaps from personal experience.

Such referrals can lead to ironic results. "A friend of mine became pregnant again at 40 after two children," a Chicago lawyer told me, "and she and her husband asked their doctor about abortion. He huffily refused even to discuss the subject. The woman began asking around, and a close friend gave her a phone number. She called and was told to report to a certain address. Lying on the table, drowsy from anesthesia, she still recognized the abortionist despite his cap and mask. It was her own doctor!"

If a couple cannot find a skilled abortionist near home, the safest alternative is an overseas trip. The travel center for Easterners is Puerto Rico where an estimated 10,000 U.S. women a year seek abortions. When the airlines were chiefly using the old DC-7's a few years back, jokesters insisted the initials stood for Dilatation and Curettage. The three or four best San Juan clinics, whose doctors are trained in the States, charge about $500. Puerto Rican law is technically restrictive, but authorities rarely interfere.

The Mexican border towns of Tijuana and Nogales are the centers for the West and Southwest. Although both have good clinics charging about $350, they have suffered from a dangerous influx of hack abortionists.

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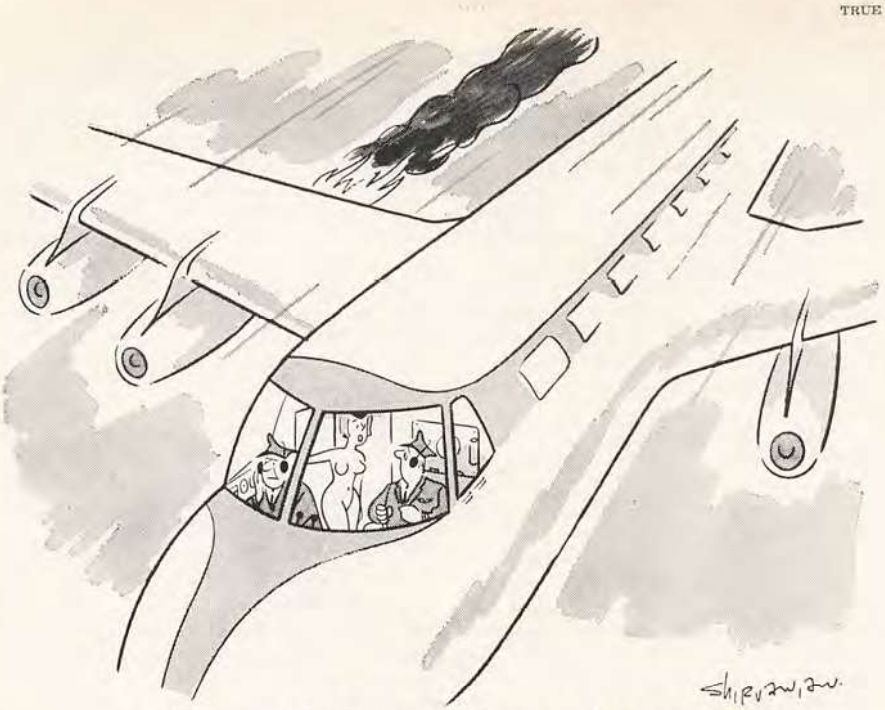

"We've gotten rid of every bit of excess weight, captain."

Despite the stiff travel cost, Japan has three key advantages. The price is cheap, $15 at the most. Doctors are expert, many trained in America. Since all abortion is legal on request, there is no red tape, even for foreigners.

Similarly, Russia and all Eastern European countries have legalized abortion on request, but tourists are rarely admitted to state hospitals without political influence. The one exception is Poland. Communist officials so far have maintained a tolerant attitude there, and any foreigner who can get a visa is welcomed at state clinics (price: $10 or less) or by private physicians (about $40).

Although Scandinavian countries have far more liberal abortion laws than the U.S., all maintain a strict system of control and examination by state boards, and few Americans are accepted. Approximately the same laws and controls apply to West Germany and Protestant cantons of Switzerland.

If the independent American male, convinced that procreativity is his private concern, suddenly begins to wonder why his wife or girl must go outside U.S. law, or even outside the country for an operation that seems both necessary and justifiable, he will find the answer in a strange hodgepodge of church dogma and ecclesiastical history.

The early Greeks and Romans, architects of Western civilization 2,000 years ago, not only legalized abortion but considered it essential to population control in a rational society. Under Roman law, the fetus was an appendage of its mother and not a human until birth. The father, as master of the family, had to approve abortion. If the wife acted on her own, she could be punished or divorced.

The first violent attack on abortion came from the early Christians about 2,000 years ago. They defined and branded abortion as murder. But as time went on, Catholic dogma made one crucial exception to the prohibition against abortion: an operation during the very early period of pregnancy was not considered a serious sin. Then in 1869, the church abolished this exception.

As the Catholic position became more inflexible on the issue, so did British and American laws. During the 19th century, early abortions that once had been permitted in both countries were almost totally outlawed.

The basis of Catholic belief is that the soul enters the fetus at conception and, as Pope Pius XI declared: "The life of each [mother and fetus] is equally sacred and no one has the power, not even public authority, to destroy it." Thus the church still inflexibly bans all direct abortion, including legal therapuetic abortion, in Catholic hospitals.

By contrast, most Protestants and Jews do not consider mother and fetus equally sacred. The position of the National Council of Churches, central body for major Protestant denominations, is that abortion may be morally necessary not only to save the life but the *health* of the mother. This makes its thinking far more liberal than 45 state laws. Judaism has no central council, but since it teaches that a fetus is not a living soul until it begins to emerge from the womb, some rabbis go as far as supporting complete freedom of abortion.

In recent years, the Catholic church has been making an exhaustive appraisal of its traditional opposition to birth control. It is possible, therefore, that the church may also reexamine its attitude towards abortion. Certainly it may soften its political opposition to reform of the present laws. As one sign of the shifting Catholic position, Richard Cardinal Cushing of Boston recently declared that "Catholics do not need the support of civil law to be faithful to their religious convictions, and they do not seek to impose by law their moral views on other members of society."

This may also mean that the religious attitude towards rigid enforcement of abortion laws may eventually be softened. For police enforcement in many areas depends on a combination of religious and political pressure. The strange arrest of Timanus, after being unmolested for 25 years by the Baltimore police, is certainly a case in point.

On August 31, 1950, after two months of surveillance, a dozen policemen raided his office, breaking into the examining room while a patient was on the table. They gathered up all records, including names and histories of patients, and took Timanus, his staff, and patients in the waiting room to the station house.

The raid, officially, was based on two complaints. One was made by the sister of a convicted blackmailer, a strange coincidence since Timanus' testimony had helped convict him. The other came from the nurse of a retired Baltimore abortionist whose sentence for practicing abortion herself had recently been commuted.

The trial presents many legal riddles. Maryland law allows abortion "by a regular practitioner of medicine when, after consulting with one or more respectable physicians, he shall be satisfied . . . that no other method will secure the safety of the mother." The crucial word is obviously *safety*. It is a reasonably broad word, implying mental and emotional as well as physical safety; yet the defense did not use it as a strong weapon.

Among the patients summoned by the prosecution, for example, one woman stated, "I wasn't in very good mental state of mind." Would you say you were desperate? asked the defense. "Yes, sir."

Another woman, who underwent her abortion shortly after her mother died, said, "I was under a very nervous strain at the time. . . . I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown."

Although these and other witnesses had obviously been in a condition that threatened their emotional safety, the defense never summoned psychiatric experts to bolster the psychiatric basis of abortion, or marshaled previous court cases settled on such grounds.

Further, Timanus failed to exploit his medical letters of referral, an essential defense weapon since the law demands consultation with one or more physicians. Instead of subpoenaing any of the hundreds of doctors who had sent him patients and referral letters for testimony that might have proved invaluable, Timanus hoped they would appear voluntarily. He wrote the 353 physicians who had sent him patients the same letter: "I do feel that having done this work legitimately, referred by doctors to me, that all doctors should take this case that is now pending against me as casting a reflection on their good judgment and their ability to decide which of their patients should have what treatment."

No doctor appeared in court or even answered his letter.

"I tried to be ethical even in that situation, and I did not take the stand or incriminate any of these doctors," he told a medical conference later. "Why did those 353 doctors refer those patients if no need for abortion existed, and why

were they not willing to stand back of their actions?"

Timanus, of course, was striking at the Great American Hypocrisy: the fact that the medical profession often wants the services of the skilled abortionist but refuses to take the responsibility. If a few prominent doctors had testified for Timanus, the result might have been different and he might have won an acquittal.

The real mystery is why the police raided his office in the first place. The only possible assumption is that the religious and political power structures had changed their policy after 25 years and decided to close down abortion in Baltimore. They succeeded. No one has taken Timanus' place, and only a handful of skilled abortionists are practicing today in rural Maryland.

The group in the most crucial position to clean up the mess of our abortion laws is the medical profession itself. Although no physician in the United States has yet shown the courage of England's Dr. Bourne in initiating a test case, there are signs that an increasing number of doctors want the laws radically changed. Here are some of the things that have been going on:

¶The august New York Academy of Medicine recently went on record attacking the cruelty and injustice of present abortion laws.

¶Eighty-six percent of all the obstetricians in New York State declared themselves in favor of a new model law proposed by the American Law Institute that would permit abortion to protect the medical and physical health of the woman, and in cases of rape, incest and fetal damage.

¶A new organization called the Association for the Study of Abortion, which includes many doctors, has launched a campaign to arouse public indignation about the situation and enlist support of these reforms.

Perhaps Israel Margolies, a prominent New York rabbi, states the question best: "Is it not time that we matured sufficiently as a people to assert once and for all that the sexual relations of human beings and their reproductive consequences are not the business of the state, but rather free decisions to be made by free people?" —Lawrence Lader

WHO CAN GET A LEGAL ABORTION IN YOUR STATE?

The law in 45 states permits abortion only to save the life of the mother.

In five states and the District of Columbia, it permits abortion for this broader range of causes:

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- In Colorado and New Mexico to "prevent serious and permanent bodily injury."
- In Maryland to "secure the safety of the mother."

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TEN WORDS THAT LOST A MILLION

[*Continued from page 27*]

for gold. Failure had been his constant and only companion.

But now, this summer, he was to set out on a true trail for the bonanza of a lifetime, only to have it snatched away by a will-o'-the-wisp of misbegotten fate.

Henderson drifted down the Yukon until he reached the mouth of Sixtymile River. Here, on a bluff overlooking the Yukon, a man had at last succeeded in establishing a nucleus of civilization: a few cabins, a ragged tent or two, a rough log trading post. This tiny settlement was named Ogilvie, after a pioneer Canadian surveyor. The nearest other toehold of the white man was the post at Fortymile, northward and downriver a hundred miles.

The trading post at Ogilvie was operated by Joseph Ladue. Henderson came to Ladue's post in search of advice—information gathered during the quarter century that Ladue himself had hunted the elusive gold of the Yukon. For Joe Ladue believed with the fervor of a revivalist that there was a fabulous lode somewhere in the Yukon basin. Only after he'd searched a third of a lifetime, and over more miles than he could count, had he dropped his pick and pan for the certain daily fare of a trader . . . a scant five days' walking distance from a treasure so vast it would have beggared the imagination of Midas.

This was the man Henderson sought out. On a night in June, 1894, they sat together at Ladue's rough-planked table, ate beans, drank tea strong enough to tan a caribou's hide, while Henderson listened to the trader tell of a prospect he'd once found on the watershed of the Indian River, a tributary stretching eastward from the Yukon.

"It's there," Ladue declared. "I know it's there somewhere."

Henderson listened. He said, "I'll need a grubstake, Joe. I'm down to my last thin dollar."

Ladue re-outfitted Henderson, so he could strike out into what was one of the wildest, most primitive areas on the face of the earth. Henderson went first by boat, then by handmade sled which he dragged behind him, fighting his way deeper and deeper into the watershed of the Indian River. He panned the sands of a multitude of tiny streams stained coffee color by the ancient decaying muskeg. He crossed divides where he could look back to unnamed mountain peaks, blue and remote in the distance and tipped with eternal snow. Trappers reported having stumbled upon his long-dead campfires. Once a Chilcoot hunter told Ladue, "Man with big hat dig for gold on Ophir Creek."

For two hardship-ridden years Henderson prospected the Indian River and its branches. Then, on the Indian's Quartz Creek, he found gold as coarse as finely cut pipe tobacco. It was a borderline placer deposit. Here a man could make a few dollars a day. But Henderson would not settle for this. He was after the true bonanza that always seemed to be just one summit, one creek, away. And the key to the fulfillment of his dreams lay in the hands of the man he'd disparagingly refer to as "the squaw-man"—George Washington Carmack.

From the spot where Henderson first picked up the encouraging prospect on Quartz Creek, he could see the summit of an odd-shaped, domelike mountain in the distance. All unwitting, he was looking at the source of the three richest gold-bearing streams on the face of the earth, the mother lode of the Klondike.

The old, restless urge to see what lay beyond tugged at Henderson, and once again he loaded his sled, this time to begin the long, steep ascent to the rounded height in the distance . . . the mountain soon to become known as "King Solomon's Dome."

His clothes now, and his boots, were worn thin. They were ragged and patched with animal sinew. He lived on snowshoe rabbit, ptarmigan . . . and hope.

When at last he reached the top, a breathtaking panorama spread before him. Below, the forested hills rolled endlessly to far horizons—green and blue, and sometimes black where the shadows ran; and like a bright-jeweled necklace on the throat of the mountain, the autumn-touched groves of birch and willow flamed their unmistakable warning of approaching Arctic winter.

Only to the east were there visible higher summits: the mighty Mackenzies, bleak, brooding, seemingly on the rim of the world.

Dragging his sled, Henderson trudged down a gulch and took his first pan from beneath an overhanging bank where tundra mosses dripped. As always, the first pan from any new creek held buried in its hidden depths an unknown quantity. Here lay hope, and the birth of a thousand daydreams.

Perhaps this was the day they would come true. . . .

Slowly, carefully, Henderson panned. It was fastidious work, for at this stage he could not risk losing a single color. That one color might tell the story of a hidden gold-bearing quartz ledge on the mountainside above—or of a barren stream fit only for grayling trout, or for a drink.

Finally, all but a handful of black sand was washed away, and he began to work the pan in the icy gin-clear water. In a few moments he'd know whether the treasure he sought was still another mile, another ridge away.

Then the first color appeared, trailing behind the heavy residue of magnetic-iron black sand. It was a small particle, the size of a pinhead. But it had weight! The color wasn't just a tiny, thin flake. Another appeared! And another, until there was a golden string against the rust-brown bottom of his battered old mining pan.

It was a good prospect. And he'd taken it from the very surface of this tiny stream bed. What lay on bedrock three, four, maybe as much as 10 feet beneath his feet? This was unquestionably pay dirt—the *first* ever discovered in the Klondike watershed!

The day Henderson panned his first gleanings from an unnamed creek born of the glacial ice on King Solomon's Dome, another man on another creek, less than 20 miles away as a crow flies, was intent on a different mission.

While other men in the Yukon, this summer of 1896, were scrabbling and mucking in their search for gold, or setting up trading posts, George Carmack, his Tagish wife Kate, and Kate's two brothers, Skookum Jim and Tagish Charley, drifted along the Yukon in their hide-covered boat, thinking not of gold but of food for the winter ahead. They had pulled ashore at a spot where a large, clear-watered stream cut through the green hills and emptied into the river. The Indians knew this stream as *Ton-dak* or *Thron-diuck*, depending on whether they spoke Chilcoot or Tagish dialect. In either it meant "hammerwater."

TRUE

"Just in case I can't talk you two into giving it another try, what are you doing tonight?"

Thron-diuck. It was difficult for the white man to pronounce, so he garbled it, rolled it over his often well-lubricated tongue, and through this process of evolution transformed it into "Klondike."

Whatever its literal meaning, the name signified to Carmack and his party the "water of plenty fish"—a salmon-spawning stream unexcelled in the Yukon country. Here they could set up their fish traps, and smoke their winter's supply.

On the east bank of the Yukon, near the mouth of the Klondike, was their seasonal camp—a camp to be abandoned when the temperatures plummeted, sometimes to 60° below, and birch trees exploded from inner tensions of frost and fiber. Then Carmack and his wife would return to their cabin on Five-Finger Rapids, and her brothers to their village.

Henderson, the prospector. Carmack, the salmon fisherman, the self-styled Tagish. The time was drawing near when they were to meet . . . and an historic event was to take place that would stir the souls of men around the world. . . .

After he had finished the fourth panning, each substantiating the fact that he had found pay dirt, Henderson staked his first claim near the top of King Solomon's Dome. But then, before he started to mine deeper for richer reward, he decided to cross back over the divide to the Indian River. For there was a code strictly adhered to by the early prospectors of the Yukon: if one made a strike, he was duty-bound to pass the word along to every prospector he met. Henderson's adherence to the code went beyond passive belief in it, for now he was willing to leave his claim and make a long and difficult backtracking journey, so that he could inform a group of prospectors along the Indian River of his discovery.

He found three of the men, nearly starving but still resolved to search for gold until winter should drive them back to the trading post. Henderson told them of his good fortune on the stream he'd already named "Gold Bottom," to demonstrate the faith he had in this, his first strike in the Klondike. The three men returned with him and staked their claims. Then they went to work digging to open the ground to bedrock.

From the dirt and gravel removed from their trench they cleaned up 35 ounces of fairly coarse gold—less than a thousand dollars, but enough to buy supplies for the coming winter.

During the first week of August, Henderson took the gold and struck out for Ladue's post to replenish supplies. He traveled alone, down the flanks of the Dome, following then the concourse of the Indian River to the Yukon, and from there upriver to Sixtymile.

Ladue was overjoyed to see Henderson, having thought him dead after his two years' absence.

Henderson showed Ladue the gold, splitting half his own share with the trader who'd grubstaked him. "It's nothing to compare with Cripple Creek or Bidwell's Bar," Henderson said, "but it's the first real pay dirt we've found in the Klondike watershed—and it's getting better the deeper we go."

Henderson stayed at the post less than a day. Then he loaded his supplies and drifted back down the Yukon to the mouth of the Indian River. There, as if motivated by a hunch, he decided to drift another few miles to the mouth of a much larger and more navigable stream: the *Thron-diuck,* or Klondike. By skillfully poling his boat up this watercourse to the east, he figured he could intercept his Gold Bottom Creek. From there he could pack the supplies upstream to the claims. It was a fateful decision. . . .

On the Yukon it was a rare day of Indian summer. The air was languid and warm, filled with the odor of woodsmoke. Taking advantage of the weather, Carmack and the Tagishes had carried their split salmon from the temporary smokehouse and were laying them in the sun to dry. They were going leisurely about their work when Henderson rounded the wide bend in the river below and saw their camp, squat against the hillside. He recognized a white man working among the fishracks.

It was getting late in the afternoon, and still having a long way to go before nightfall, Henderson was tempted to pass by, to continue up the Klondike to his own camp, 15 miles away or so. But his belief in the prospectors' code was too strong to ignore.

He turned his boat shoreward and beached it. Carmack saw him coming and came down the bank to meet him. . . .

This was the meeting over which a controversy was to rage for more than half a century in every mining camp and trading post from Dyea to Nome—a controversy never to be resolved. . . .

Henderson shook hands with Carmack and said, "I've found gold in paying quantities in a stream that heads back on the northern slope of the dome-shaped mountain. You'd better come and stake a claim with the rest of us."

Skookum Jim and Tagish Charley had come down the slope to see what was going on. When Henderson saw the Indians, he frowned and his face grew grim. He muttered to Carmack . . . muttered the 10 words that were to cost him a fortune . . . "I don't want any damn Siwashes staking on that creek!"

The Indians heard him, and their black eyes glittered with hate. Carmack, too, took the remark as an insult, for he felt himself as Tagish as his wife.

Henderson turned at once and went back to his boat, as Carmack and his companions watched in silence.

The prospector poled his boat around the bend into the mouth of the Klondike and disappeared from sight. Carmack turned to Skookum Jim and said, "Never mind. We'll find us a creek of our own." . . . Probably the greatest understatement in mining history.

For several days after the meeting with Henderson, Carmack and the Indians went about their chores, determined to ignore Henderson and his advice. They decided it was probably just loose talk anyway. But then restlessness began to grow in their bellies.

"Well," Carmack said at last, "let's go have a look. Sure as hell, we don't have to stake near him. It's a big country."

So the three men struck out for Gold Bottom Creek. But the Indians, more

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"If you ask me, they know more about U.F.O.'s than they're telling."

familiar with the land, didn't follow Henderson's directions. Instead they took a shortcut up a small stream known as Rabbit Creek that branched off the Klondike. By following it to its source, they could cross the ridge to Henderson's claim and save several hours' travel.

The good weather held as they made their way upstream, slogging into round-clumped bogs and through salmonberry thickets. Finally they came to a fork in the stream. The south branch was nothing but a narrow, timbered gulch out of which dribbled a small trickle of water. It was a most insignificant ravine, unworthy of a second glance.

Here the three men stopped to rest. About them the scrub-timbered hills folded back, one atop another, to disappear over horizons of distance and silence. There was nothing about this unprepossessing spot to stir the interest of any man . . . and yet, beneath their feet, and within a radius of one mile, lay a fortune of untold millions in placer gold.

This puny fork, branching off Rabbit Creek, was soon to become known as Eldorado Creek, the richest stream bed on the face of the earth. But the time was not yet.

Without turning one shovel of dirt, Carmack, Skookum Jim and Tagish Charley continued on their way until they topped the ridge and spotted a drifting column of smoke rising above the timber —Henderson's camp.

Skookum Jim said to Carmack, "You go, George. Charley and I wait here. You go see what he got."

"No," Carmack insisted. "We'll go together. Pay no attention to what he says, but keep your eyes open."

As they approached, Henderson looked up. He greeted Carmack but ignored the Indians.

"We're making wages and that's about all," Henderson told Carmack. He dug a pan of gravel off bedrock and handed it to Carmack, who carried it to a pool of water where he could pan it. Skookum Jim and Tagish Charley stood by their friend as he worked, their faces impassive.

By a prospector's snap judgment, there was little more than 10 cents' worth of gold revealed. Carmack took the pan back to Henderson, who dumped it in the sluice box.

It was then that one of these two men gave the other the suggestion that was to bring fame and fortune to Siwash George and bitterness and regret to Robert Henderson. In later years, both claimed to be the author of this puzzling bit of advice. Both Henderson and Carmack swore it was he who had urged the other to cross back over the summit that day and prospect in Rabbit Creek.

"I had a hunch it was there," Henderson said afterward. "I told Carmack to go and look, and if he found anything worthwhile, to come back and let me know. He gave me his word he would."

On this point Carmack was to admit Henderson was right. He *had* promised to let the gaunt prospector know if he found gold in paying quantities on Rabbit Creek. But Carmack insisted he had *first* urged Henderson to give up his nothing-but-wages claim and try his luck on Rabbit Creek. Carmack stuck to his story for the rest of his life.

When Carmack and the Indians left Henderson's camp, they returned over the watershed southward of the mountain. The sun was setting low in the west, and night would be on them long before they could get back to their salmon-fishing camp.

Hurrying against the swift fall of darkness, they reached the bottom of the ridge and started along the stream's downward course. They came to a willow-thicketed swamp, with the brown reeds scattered through it rustling in the movements of the cooling air. At timber's edge, less than a hundred yards away, stood a bull moose feeding in the swamp grass, his shovel snout dripping water.

Skookum Jim was the only one who carried a rifle, so Carmack said, "Go ahead, Jim."

Noiselessly Jim cocked the gun and aimed—and the course of history was changed. . . .

When the bullet crashed into the broad side of the moose, it went down. There was little light left to gut it. Wading through the black muck of the swamp, they went to work. It was the 16th of August, 1896. . . .

When the job was finally done, Carmack said, "Now we'll *have* to make camp. It'll be dark in half an hour."

For their campsite, the three men picked a rocky bit of flat beneath a large birch tree on the banks of the stream. It was as though fate had decreed that they should choose this spot, for it was like a flyspeck on the face of a continent. In all this vast wilderness, the place where they chose to camp was probably the only one by a stream where the bedrock was exposed on the surface and not buried beneath a vast, almost impenetrable blanket of muskeg, sealed through all eternity by the permafrost of the Arctic. Here, on the rough rock—nature's own sluice box—was exposed the native gold of the Klondike.

In the last fading light of day, Carmack went to the stream's edge to get water for tea. Bending over, he saw a nugget the size of a peanut lodged in a crevice. Gold!

"Jim! Charley!" Carmack called, his voice suddenly hoarse with excitement. "Quick! Come here!"

The Indians looked . . . and then the three fell to their knees and began a mad scramble on this amazing island of bedrock, gathering up the gold with trembling fingers.

This was a bonanza! And "Bonanza Creek" it later became.

The next morning, before the sun broke over King Solomon's Dome, they were at work staking their claims. On the side of a big birch tree at the edge of the creek, a blaze was made with a hand ax. There, on the whiteness of the freshly-cut wood, Carmack printed with a stub of pencil: "TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—I do this day locate and claim, by

right of discovery, 500 feet running upstream from this notice. Located this 17th day of August, 1896. G. W. Carmack."

After the staking of the Discovery Claim, Skookum Jim took No. 1 Above and Tagish Charley No. 2 Below. It was then that Carmack turned to Jim and said, "I promised Henderson I'd let him know. You go back and tell him what we've found."

Skookum Jim's dark face seemed to grow even darker as he gave Carmack a brittle stare. "No go!" he declared sullenly. "Hell with him!"

Carmack turned to Tagish Charley. But Charley echoed, "Hell with him!"

Carmack thought a minute, balancing his promise against the long hike back to Henderson's camp . . . and 10 words. The decision was easy. Carmack said, "To hell with him! Let him dig where he is."

So the three men headed for the post at Fortymile to record their claims. At the mouth of the discovery creek they met a group of four worn-out, ragged, hungry men from Nova Scotia—like Henderson. These erstwhile gold hunters were trying to catch salmon with their bare hands in the ice-chilled waters to stave off starvation, for their food supply was gone. Carmack showed them the gold and directed them where to go to stake their claims—and become rich men.

Still further on they met other prospectors, with boots worn thin and hopes all but dead from endless miles of fruitless search. These, too, were told of the strike. And so it went—Carmack, the man who had chosen to become a Siwash, spreading the magic word in the code of the North. It was a word that emptied the posts from Sixtymile to Rampart, above the Porcupine River. Any man who could walk with a pack on his back, or drag a sled, headed for the Bonanza. All except Joe Ladue. When the shrewd trader heard of Carmack's discovery, when he saw the reaction of the men about him—heard the babble and confusion as the fever rose—he headed, not for the creeks, but for a marshy flat at the base of Moosehide Mountain, on the northern shore of the Klondike River. Here Ladue staked out 178 acres for a townsite. It was to become Dawson City, the gaudiest, most raucous, glittering boomtown in the world. Within a few short months, land for which Ladue paid the Canadian government $10 per acre was selling for $10,000 a small frontage lot, or $50,000 per acre. He, too, had found his bonanza.

But Robert Henderson—the gaunt, tough wilderness ranger, the prospector with boots worn to shreds, the man who first found gold in paying quantities in the Klondike—heard not a whisper of what was taking place on the other side of the ridge, not three hours' distance as a man could walk. Doggedly, making wages, he kept digging in his muddy trench, washing the meager gravels of the creek he'd named "Gold Bottom." When word of the fabulous strike finally reached him, Rabbit Creek had become the Bonanza, and it was staked from its mouth to its headwaters. Staked, too, were all its fantastically rich tributaries, including the creek called Eldorado. . . .

Perhaps the story of the great adventure ends here. However, certain events that took place later are an inseparable part of the Klondike story.

With a king's ransom, estimated at well over $5 million, in his grasp, Siwash George Carmack reverted gradually to the white in him. He lost his taste for smoked salmon, for trail and river, for campfires under the dazzling Northern Lights. And finally, four years after he had plucked the first nugget off the bedrock, he lost the need for Kate, the Indian wife who had followed him faithfully in the constant search for salmon and caribou, and the sometime search for gold. Kate went back to her people at Caribou Crossing, there to live in the squalor of an Indian camp until she died 17 years later. But though Kate lived in poverty and disgrace for having been abandoned by her man, she refused to sell at any price the string of gold nuggets on a chain around her neck—from the Discovery Claim on Bonanza.

For Carmack it became pink champagne, world cruises, and bawdy white women "off the line." He had the money to buy them all—the pure-plush, the best. He had Bonanza in a poke . . . and to hell with Robert Henderson.

Carmack finally married Marguerite Laimée, an olive-skinned, dark-haired beauty who had come to Dawson shortly after the big strike and opened a "cigar store." Cigars, it is said, were not the principal stock-in-trade dispensed by Mme. Laimée in her establishment. Whatever it was, George Carmack liked what he saw, and married the lady. They lived happily in enviable prosperity until Carmack died in Vancouver, British Columbia, in 1922.

And what of Robert Henderson?

Disillusioned, bitter, he continued to search for his golden unicorn, but the phantom always eluded him, always seemed to be one more summit, one more creek, away. Perhaps that was his due.

When the day finally arrived that he could no longer pan creek-bed gravel, the Canadian government awarded him a small pension. The amount per month was less than he could have plucked from a single pan of gravel on Bonanza Creek.

Just 10 words. They were all that stood between Robert Henderson and his slice of a hundred-and-fifty-million-dollar pie, and the tinsel of fame that went with it.

At the turn of the New Year, in January, 1933, Henderson died of cancer. But even on his deathbed he spoke of the strike he was about to make . . . over one more summit. . . . —Al Gaumer

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THE EXTREMIST PLOT TO REWRITE OUR HISTORY

[*Continued from page* 38]

long ago days of the Founding Fathers;

• Acknowledgement of any serious racial or class problems;

• Discussion of any beneficial effects of social legislation, particularly if introduced during the years of the New Deal;

• Balanced examination of the successes and failures, merits and demerits of the United Nations and our part in this organization.

What kind of specific action is the Far Right taking on these points to bring American history into line with its political thinking?

An aggressive ultraconservative group called Texans for America objected—among many other things—to every reference to the United States as a "democracy," during some textbook hearings in Austin, Texas, before a state textbook investigating committee.

A study by the National Defense Committee of the DAR says: "It is characteristic of the social science approach to history that while the government of the United States is described as a 'democracy' and seldom as a Representative Republic, Soviet Russia and China are scrupulously called 'republics.'" A California organization called Parents for Better Education recently accused social science texts of "repeating to the point of boredom" the terms "democracy," "democratic ideals" and "democratic institutions."

Why this concern about the word "democracy"? A statement from Texans for America says: "When one begins to create confusion in the minds of students between Republic and Democracy, then evolution into the totalitarian form of 'democracy' is unavoidable." Some rather well-known American patriots—even in the eyes of the Far Right—have been guilty of this heresy over the past 200 years. For example, Abraham Lincoln's description of our system as "government of the people, by the people, for the people" comes very close to Webster's definition of democracy: "Government by the people, in which the supreme power is retained by the people and exercised either directly or indirectly through a system of representation."

Ray Allen Billington, former professor of American history at Northwestern University says: "Right-wing critics hold up 'democracy' as a nasty word by equating it with 'people's democracy,' the term used in Communist countries. This is a distinction never made in the popular mind here. Since the founding of our Republic and before, the people have thought of a democracy as a government in which the people—all the people—are allowed to choose their governmental representatives. This is the sense in which the word is universally used in the United States." This is certainly a subject open to debate, but the extremists aren't having any.

One of the most often quoted sources of right-wing complaints that American heroes are being torn down in present day texts and classrooms is a book called *Brainwashing in the High Schools,* written by Dr. E. Merrill Root, a retired college professor who now devotes his energies to right-wing causes. Root's book—which has sold more than 20,000 copies—attacks 11 current American history texts in an effort to show that they are orienting the children who study them to a collectivist society. One of his favorite gambits is to count index lines devoted to "liberal" heroes—as he defines them—as opposed to "conservatives."

Using this yardstick, he criticizes *A History of Our Country* (a junior high text written by Dr. David S. Muzzey of Columbia University and published by the respected firm of Ginn and Co.) for giving the "liberal" Jefferson more space (17 index lines) than the "conservative" George Washington (15 index lines). Replies the publisher: "An index line count is a false measure. No historian would use it. In actuality Washington receives more space in the text than is given to Jefferson."

Typical of the complaints of right-wing critics over the treatment accorded our national heroes is a recent attack by columnist Holmes Alexander on an 11th-grade textbook, *History of a Free People* by Henry W. Bragdon and Samuel P. McCutchen (both history teachers of long standing). In a column printed in about 150 American newspapers, Alexander said in condemnation of this book: "(According to *History of a Free People*) Gen. George Washington 'lost more battles than he won . . . and sometimes annoyed men by his stiff manner and a tendency to talk and write as though all were lost.' This about the indomitable man who refused to be beaten! Though not a believer in the convenient conspiratorial theory which blames everything on the Reds, I'd say there's evidence that some people in the textbook business are doing the work of our enemies."

The publisher thus accused is the Macmillan Company, one of the nation's oldest and most respected publishing houses. The actual quotation about George Washington from which Alexander carefully selected the words (italicized below) to support his thesis is: "In terms of leadership, Washington was doubtless the greatest single American asset, even though *he lost more battles than he won.* He may have been mistaken in training his army on strictly European lines. He *sometimes annoyed men by his stiff manner and his tendency to talk and write as though all were lost.* Yet, in spite of failings, no man did more to win the war. While British commanders often returned to England for the winter, Washington's devotion to duty was such that he saw his home at Mount Vernon only once during the war, and then only for a few hours. He alone commanded sufficient respect to keep the Continental army in being." In truth, any book can be made to suit a particular point of view by carefully "editing" quotes in this manner.

"Imperialism" in connection with American history is also a fighting word to the right-wing critics. Dr. Root, whose academic field of specialization is poetry, says: "No historian of integrity should apply the word 'imperialism' to our cause

since to do so is to misinterpret America and play into the hands of the brainwashers."

Yet, a distinguished historian, Professor Billington, says: "It is a fact that the United States did develop an imperialistic pattern in foreign policy at the end of the 19th century. It was so labeled at the time by its proponents and by its enemies who formed 'Anti-Imperialist Leagues' to protest. This does not mean that the United States is imperialistic today, for its policies have changed. But to ignore the fact of [U.S.] imperialism would be to distort history, and no competent historian would do this."

One such competent historian, a high school teacher with years of experience in a California suburb told his senior history class last year that for a brief period near the turn of the century, our foreign policy developed some overtones of imperialism. He quoted several Congressional debates of the time to validate his point.

The next day, he was called to the principal's office. Three mothers and two fathers of children in his history class were sitting there, stony-faced. The principal explained that the children had gone home and reported that the history teacher was tearing down the United States by accusing it of "imperialism." "How about it?" the principal asked the teacher.

Choosing his words carefully, the teacher reported his classroom statements and documented them. The parents couldn't refute the documentation; they could only say that such criticism had no place in their children's classes—and besides, it probably wasn't true, anyway. The meeting broke up uneasily; the principal backed the teacher but suggested privately that he try not to be quite so inflammatory.

The teacher didn't sleep very well that night. He found himself next day choosing his words with great caution and little enthusiasm during his classroom lecture. That evening, there was a registered letter from the superintendent of schools awaiting him at home. It contained a list of five charges made against him by the same parents he had confronted the day before. The letter demanded he answer the charges—all having to do with allegedly subversive interpretations of American history.

"I debated not doing it," he says today. "The charges were ridiculous, and the school officials knew they were ridiculous or I wouldn't have been working there. It really upset me that these people could threaten me this way for a simple statement of fact I made in class that didn't square with the version of history in the Birch Society Blue Book. But I needed the job, and besides, I didn't want them to have the satisfaction of thinking they could run off any teacher who said things they didn't like."

He answered each accusation at a meeting in the superintendent's office that had all the trappings of an inquisition. The superintendent then recommended to the school board that the teacher be retained. He was told amid growls from the disaffected parents that he'd better watch what he teaches. He insists that he still doesn't water down his teaching, but there's a glint of doubt in his eyes as he ponders the question—and his insistence that he not be identified reflects a very real fear for his job.

Another whole body of American history that appears to leave ultraconservatives extremely uneasy is the so-called "robber baron" period of American industry, the growth of labor unions, the vast changes—including serious racial conflicts—that have taken place in American life, and the social legislation enacted to try to grapple with these changes. And this fear seems to have penetrated some respected, long-established organizations.

In a series of noisy statewide textbook hearings in Austin in 1961, Texans for America objected—among other things—to failure to point up the "great evil" of the Social Security system, a description of Dr. Ralph Bunche as a "distinguished American," and allusions to so-called "class clashes in the United States"—whether or not the objectional incidents were historically accurate. A representative of a leading publisher even reported receiving demands that Albert Einstein's name be deleted from its texts.

An official of the Texas Education Agency's textbook division was quoted as saying that every history book adopted that year was somewhat altered to satisfy the demands of conservative pressure groups—ranging from the DAR's objections to one book because it showed a picture of a breadline in the '30s and admitted there were slums in our cities to complaints about a reference to George Washington and his "comrades"—on the grounds that this word is the private property of the Communists.

Jack Nelson and Gene Roberts say in *The Censors and the Schools*: "In a sense, organizations like the DAR, America's Future, Inc., and Texans for America can achieve results simply by screaming loud and long; educators in some areas hesitate to buy books which treat these 'controversial' matters in any detail; and publishers, fearful of losing sales, censor their own texts to bring them in line. . . . The regrettable fact is that changes made to appease a textbook selection committee in Mississippi, Virginia, Texas or California are frequently carried over into copies used in other states."

In a growing number of areas, when a teacher discusses social reforms with his students—using solid, documented historical data—he is opening himself to attack from ultraconservative elements in his community, even though the teacher tries scrupulously to offer both sides of all controversial issues.

Mrs. Virginia Franklin, a pert, blonde history and government teacher in the high school at Paradise, California, since 1955 is a current case in point. Mrs. Franklin believes strongly that America is best served by teaching children to make up their own minds about the issues of the day. Accordingly, her classes are filled with debate, and she constantly encourages her students to read widely divergent points of view on matters of historical interpretation and current af-

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fairs. She takes her students to a human rights conference each year, has persuaded county officials to let each senior work at a public job one day to find out what it's like, sponsors mock political conventions and Congressional hearings, digs deeply into the work of the United Nations and the Supreme Court.

Typical student reaction is the comment of a recent senior who said: "I've always been a Republican, but now I really understand what I am and why."

Among townspeople in Paradise who are convinced there is only one patriotic point of view and children shouldn't be confused by a free exchange of ideas in the classroom, Mrs. Franklin is anathema. Accordingly, some of her fellow citizens set out to force her dismissal. An anonymous smear sheet attacking her was wrapped around candy suckers and placed in children's Halloween trick-or-treat bags, and the tiny community of Paradise was suddenly deluged with big-name speakers from the ultraconservative camp, including pamphleteer and broadcaster Dan Smoot, Birch Society founder Robert Welch and the Rev. Billy James Hargis, among others. They bore down hard on the thesis that a major aim of the Communist conspiracy is to infiltrate teachers into the public school systems of America.

There followed an intense letter writing campaign to newspapers in the area questioning Mrs. Franklin's patriotism. Parts of a test she had used in class to illustrate various propaganda devices—both right and left—were duplicated and distributed anonymously as evidence of subversion. The school administration, which supported her strongly, was harassed daily by a barrage of phone callers protesting the discussion that took place in Mrs. Franklin's classroom that day. One of her students even hid a tape recorder in a hollowed-out book, apparently in the hope of picking up something subversive in her classroom comments.

"Those who disagreed with my program," says Mrs. Franklin, "felt that academic freedom meant freedom to teach only if I agreed with their ideas and their methods."

The matter was brought to a head when a committee from the Paradise American Legion Post went before the local school board and presented "evidence" that Mrs. Franklin's teachings were "subversive." By a weird coincidence, a few days after these charges were made, it was announced in Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, that Mrs. Franklin had won an award as an outstanding teacher of the "American credo" by the Freedoms Foundation, a highly respected patriotic organization with definite conservative leanings and strongly supported by the American Legion. Mrs. Franklin's citation read: "For exceptional service in the cause of responsible citizenship, patriotism and a better understanding of the American way of life."

The charges of subversion were immediately dismissed by the school board as unfounded and meaningless, but Mrs. Franklin didn't take this abuse passively. She fought back, filing an $850,000 slander suit (still pending) against her chief accusers.

Mrs. Franklin became the main issue in a bitter school board battle in 1963 in which the incumbents supported her and the challengers promised to oust her. The incumbents won 60 percent of the vote, and Mrs. Franklin's classroom is still a laboratory of ideas, even though opposition to her continues to be strong and vocal.

"I don't think we realize the seriousness and dedication of the people who have been fighting us," she says. "They are not content to win small victories or to compromise. They want total victory. To them, it is a fight to the finish, and they feel that they *must* win. To these people, there is no middle ground, and there is no room for those who oppose them."

This view was succinctly reflected in a statement in a recent issue of *Life Lines*—the thrice-weekly publication of oil tycoon H. L. Hunt's far right Life Line Foundation. It said: "Powerful forces are at work in the world today—poisoning the minds of our children and planting the seeds of doubt and distrust in our form of government and way of life. The Mistaken have entered into a battle to the death—the death of our Republic. We can no longer afford the luxury of allowing our schools to be neutral."

About the same time this article was published in *Life Lines*, Dr. Josef Kalvada, former Czech college professor who fled the Communists to teach in the United States (at San Diego Women's College), was telling a group of social scientists: "A Soviet historian instead of searching for truth must please the will of the Communist Party. In the USSR, history, like any other art or science, is dominated by politics. History must be rewritten time and again to fit the needs of the Party at the moment. . . . Needless to say, this has led to falsification of history by omitting historical events which do not fit the pattern of class struggle."

One piece of current American history that decidedly does not fit the pattern of Far Right political needs is our participation in the work of the United Nations. An ultraconservative majority on a school board in Orange County, California, two years ago ordered its teachers not to mention materials from UNESCO—the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization—in any school in the district.

Meanwhile, the ultraconservatives have attacked the UN in numerous other public schools. One of the more spectacular skirmishes took place in La Habra, California, where principal Richard Maston of the Starbuck Junior High School worked out—with the teachers of his 10 classes in social studies—a model United Nations Assembly to which the public was invited. A neighboring newspaper

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"Do you guys expect *me* to walk *that* without a safety net under it?"

columnist named Sam Campbell who has strong conservative leanings, attended the session and was outraged when he heard the admission of Red China debated quite persuasively on both sides. He wrote a My-God-what-are-we-doing-to-our-kids column that helped arouse the community to fever pitch. Students were phoned and told they were participating in a program aimed at brainwashing them against the dangers of Communism.

So intense was the feeling that 15 citizens—including a sizeable number from outside the school district—signed a request for a Grand Jury investigation. The Orange County Grand Jury turned this hot potato over to the district attorney's office. His report was favorable to the UN program but pointed out that the district is mainly in the Los Angeles County jurisdiction. At the request of the Los Angeles County Grand Jury, the county superintendent of schools and the County Board of Education made a thorough investigation and commended the Starbuck program. These two favorable reports were then discarded by the chairman of the Grand Jury School Committee, a housewife named Mrs. Estelle Spurck, who issued a strong criticism of Maston and his cohorts through her committee, including some comments indicating a strong personal antipathy toward the United Nations.

Throughout this hassle, the Starbuck principal and his teachers were strongly supported by their school board. Most of the agitation came from outside the school district. "We had great support," says Maston today, "and we haven't been attacked since." But the fact remains that there have been no more model UN sessions at the Starbuck school, and, according to Maston, there probably won't be. He has also been in close touch with the history teachers involved in the model UN; in some nearby districts, they are considered "controversial" and in at least one instance an experienced and able teacher was turned down in applying for a better job because of his part in the UN affair.

California's Superior Court Judge J. E. Barr is one of a growing number of Americans deeply troubled by the increasing intensity of right-wing attacks on the social sciences in our schools. He says: "All present evidence indicates that the rascals are driving the hystericals to take over the school system—or at least to intimidate the profession so the effectiveness of teachers in a free community is jeopardized."

A ringing answer to this challenge was offered by a citizen group formed in Scarsdale, New York, to protect local teachers against growing right-wing attacks. The Scarsdale group issued a statement that said, in part: "Any sensible person would agree that there are risks involved in allowing young persons relatively free access to a wide range of reading material. Of course there are risks. But we believe there are greater risks in any alternative procedure. Surely we have not, as a people, lost the courage to take risks that are necessary for the preservation of freedom.

A recent editorial in the Winston-Salem (N.C.) *Journal* summed up the problem bluntly. It said: "If we allow pressure groups rather than our qualified educators to determine the content of our school texts, teaching in our schools will soon degenerate into indoctrination, with facts being embroidered with propaganda and truth tailored to fit some superzealot's pet prejudice or theory. Then, we will have a school system on a par with that of Hitler's Nazi Germany or those of Soviet Russia and Red China."

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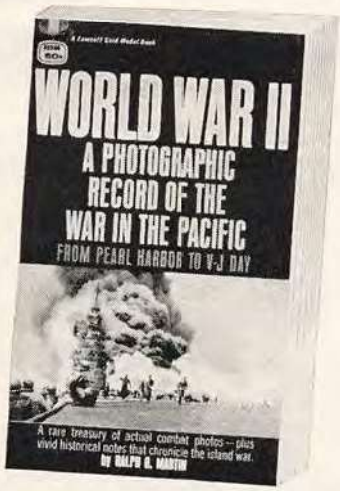

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DANGER—600 VOLTS DC

[*Continued from page* 41]

corners of the tank, or cutting a fast circle now and then.

"You notice," Coates said, "that even though eels are blind, they know where they're going. They don't run into each other or the tank. It's a sort of radar."

While he talked, Coates drew diagrams. When he'd finished showing me how eel radar works, and how the main shocking organs of the eel are wired up, I began to appreciate the simplicity of the circuitry of an Atlas rocket. Underneath the ugly leather skin, eels are really keen.

Coates went back to playing with his friends. It was time to feed them some freshly-thawed frozen smelt. When the first smelt hit the water, all hell broke loose. The hungry eels zeroed in with a blind fury. A small one snapped up a smelt in its narrow, toothless mouth, but left the silver tail protruding between its lips. Instantly another eel grabbed the tail. They writhed and pulled, but the smelt held out. An assistant got a stick and lifted them out of the water by their smelt; the smelt snapped and the eels fell back to swallow.

Coates tossed another smelt.

The smallest eel snapped it up, dove to the bottom, and coiled its body over the unswallowed portion of the fish so the other eels couldn't grab it. Then the eel swallowed in utter privacy.

The feeding continued, and eel radar functioned flawlessly with only one exception. Once, a four-foot eel mistook the tail of a three-footer for a smelt and latched on. While the eels have no real teeth they have sandpapery jaws gritted with denticles, and an instinct never to let go. These two were hooked up for good. The assistant got his stick and tried to jostle them loose. Finally he had to put the stick between them and lift the pair out. Water flew. Water ran down the dry stick. Just as the eels parted company and plopped back, the assistant let out a yowl as a jolt of eel electricity traveled down the stick to his hand.

Later, in Coates' office at the aquarium, we continued our talk. Coates, a former director of the aquarium, is retired, but he continues as a consultant.

Christopher Coates still holds title as top eel authority. It was more than three decades ago that he first came in contact with *Electrophorus electricus*. He was a mere boy when he went to work in the old Battery Park Aquarium at the tip of Manhattan Island.

Charles Breder, director of the aquarium at that time, saw in Coates a great enthusiasm and curiosity. Time and again during his routine chores, young Coates found himself passing a tank marked: "Electric Eel. Native to the Amazon Basin. A four-foot specimen can knock down a horse." Coates wondered. "How can a *fish* generate current? Where does the current go in the water? Why doesn't the fish electrocute itself?"

"That was back at the beginning of the Depression," Coates says. "The stock market had plunged, but my affair with eels was soaring. To get the answer to my questions, I went to the books. Turned out there were three electric fishes in the world. In the Nile they had the little electric catfish which the ancient Egyptians called 'he who releases many.' Artists chiseled hieroglyphics of fishermen letting their nets fly loose when they got a jolt. Then there was the electric ray, a small ocean-going generator nicknamed 'torpedo.' Finally, there was the king of shockers, the electric eel."

Coates learned that the electric eel could throw as much as 600 volts, and even a little one could flip off 300 without hardly trying. But Chris Coates wasn't satisfied with mere voltage figures. He had to know more.

"In the old days, people were just as mystified by electric fish as I was," Coates told me. "Back in 46 A.D. a Roman physician wrote, 'For any type of gout, a live black torpedo should, when the pain begins, be placed under the feet. The patient must stand on a moist shore washed by the sea and he should stay like this until his whole foot and leg up to the knee is numb. This takes away present pain and prevents pain from coming on if it has not already arisen.' "

Coates went on. "Why, early in recorded history, African tribes used electric catfish for various ailments. In the 11th century, a Moslem doctor was treating epilepsy by laying electric catfish on the patient's forehead. How about that! Jumped the gun on electric shock treatments by several centuries."

Coates traced out the history of the eel, century by century. During the 1500's when the Spanish were looting South America they were often shocked right off their horses while fording streams where electric eels lived. When there wasn't any more gold to loot, the Spaniard deported animal curiosities, and by the 1700's electric eels were scattered all over Europe. Electrotherapy was the rage. Mechanical generators were being used for treatment of gout, rheumatism and whatever else. "But the eels were giving them stiff competition, I can tell you," Coates said almost proudly, showing me a London ad of 1777 touting a charge of two shillings and sixpence per treatment with "natural" electricity from a "torporific eel."

Young Coates soon learned that a five-foot eel had its vital organs crammed into the first foot, and the remaining four feet were jammed with electric tissue: 5,000 to 6,000 cells capable of generating a 10th of a volt each. The current flowed from head to tail, the head being positive. But what was the nature of the current and how long did it last? Would it run anything? The books didn't say.

Coates itched to experiment on an actual eel, but he had to wait until he'd worked his way up to be in charge of freshwater fish before the sparks could fly. Finally, however, he got his chance.

Young Coates regarded his first eel as nothing more than a long, wriggling battery, one end of which was positive—and the other negative. Why not draw a noose of copper wire onto each end and hook the other ends to a lamp? He decided this was a great idea, and gloved up to wrangle his eel. Eel did not concur.

Eel thrashed around its tank, wetting Coates beyond his gloves. Electrification

of Coates followed shortly. Coates and wires rose into the air in a tangle, as the leg muscles of the young scientist jerked spasmodically. *Electrophorus electricus* received several new names which are not printable here.

Coates retaliated by reducing the water in Eel's tank to cut down its freedom. Before long, Eel was wired up with copper, and Coates was sure the creature would fire its anger over the wires into the filament of the light bulb. Coates threw the switch. Nothing. He tried other bulbs. Nothing.

Coates had been short circuited. Here was electricity that wasn't electricity. For more than a year he tried new circuits and new bulbs, and it wasn't until he wired in small, highly sensitive neon lamps that he solved the snafu. The special lamps gave instant response, without lag or warm-up time. Well, thought Coates, the eel's juice must be of short duration, but if so, how could it make a strong man tremble?

Then Coates learned that New York University had a new portable cathode-ray oscilloscope that would project a diagram of an electric current on a luminous screen. Coates called Dr. Richard Cox, professor of physics. "Does the oscilloscope have any lag?" he asked. Cox said, "No, none." "Would it chart the pulsations of an electric fish?" Cox said, "Who knows, let's find out."

Eel did not let them down. In a history-making laboratory experiment, the fuse-blowing fish illuminated the darkened room with the ghostly green light from the scope, confirming a biological miracle.

Analysis of the dancing green lines on the scope showed that the eel was unleashing charges which soared up to 550 volts, coupled with enough amperage to make a man's eyes light up. It was a fluctuating current, released with machine-gunlike bursts at 400 shocks a second.

From then on, Coates gave his eels no peace. He put several in a large tank, dropped an electrode in at each end and sent a current racing through the water. Every eel drifted amiably to the positive electrode, and stayed there until the delicious juice was shut down.

Backed by the Zoological Society, Coates ordered a shipment of 14 great eels from the Amazon Valley, and while he waited for his new charges, he concocted novel experiments. Finally notice arrived that the steamer had arrived, and that longshoremen who tried to manhandle the hogshead bearing the eels had been sent sprawling. Coates shoved a pair of rubber gloves in his pocket and stormed off to the steamer. He found the hogshead, and staring into it, saw some of the biggest, healthiest eels he had ever viewed, some of them fully nine feet long, 40 pounds in weight. One by one they swam to the surface for a noisy gulp of air, a sort of challenging greeting to their new master. (Electric eels have gills, but surface every four minutes for pure air, drown if held under.)

Satisfied that his shipment was in good order, Coates started to shoulder it toward the hatchway. Water slurped out every time he shoved, and the barrel slid only a few inches. A couple of longshoremen came along and grabbed the rim before Coates could warn them; the eels burned them off, yelling and swearing. One longshoreman would have it out with the mysterious enemy. He grabbed a dog hook, laid it into the barrel and heaved. He was a giant of a man, and the cask tipped like a glass of water.

Fourteen eels slithered to freedom on the steel deck.

Longshoremen danced the dance of hot-coal walkers. Splendid epithets were coined on the spot. Coates heard not a word. His irreplaceable eels were in danger, the finest eels he'd ever seen. "Get dry sacks and rags," he shouted. These did the trick. Dry fabric let him grip and immobilize the escapees and toss them back in the barrel.

Back in the lab, Coates' experiments went into high gear. With Cox standing by at the oscilloscope, Coates wired the eel tank to detect the slightest electrical release in hope of solving the riddle of the fish's strange powers of navigation. First, the eels were fed live fish which they stunned and swallowed quickly—locating the food even in darkness and with eyes covered with milky, nearly opaque cataracts. Quivering green lines on the scope gave the answer: wherever an eel swam, it emitted a series of 50-volt discharges, about 50 times a second.

Coates saw that electric eels have a row of deep pits on each side of the head. He wondered if there could be some connection between these pits and the cruising pulsations. To find out, he concocted a special insulating lacquer, dried off a medium-size eel and covered the pits of the head completely.

When Eel got back in its tank, it wandered aimlessly, failed to detect food, and would only eat if a fish was pressed to its lips. But with the lacquer off, the eel fed again with greedy accuracy

The experiments culminating in the discovery of these electronic animal ears, turned a glare of publicity on Coates and his charges. Weekly newsmagazines reported his discoveries. Static generated by eel electricity was broadcast coast to coast on NBC. A major storage-battery manufacturer launched research on the energetic animal that never runs down. Meanwhile, Coates was wiring his eels to bigger and bigger neon tubes, running electric trains and booming eel static over loudspeakers.

If Coates was interested in what went on outside his eels, Cox was as fascinated by their insides. Together with Coates, he tried to puzzle out the wiring of their electric organs. They found a whitish jelly, 92 percent water, composed of nerve cells in neat rows, separated by translucent insulation. The electric cells proved to be derived from muscle tissue, and like muscle had more than one nucleus per cell. The bigger the cell, the more nuclei, and they were big cells, too, so large that you could dissect one out and see it with the naked eye. Here was a muscle cell turned nerve, with all the chemical ingredients of human nerve cells thousands of times smaller. Perhaps the electric eel might become the perfect laboratory for research into the human nervous system. Just like human nerves,

[*Continued on page* 106]

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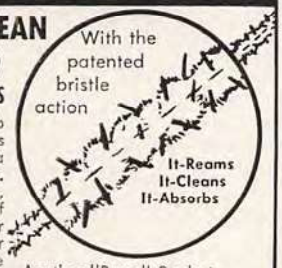

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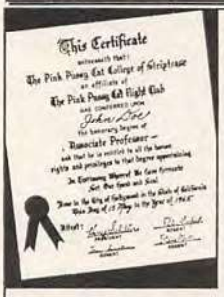

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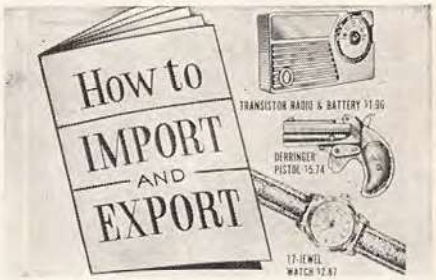

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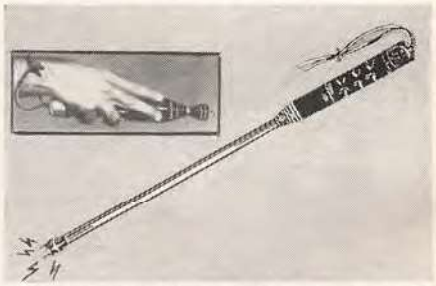

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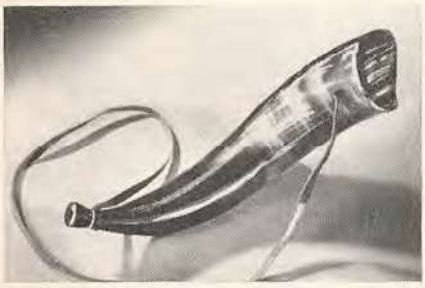

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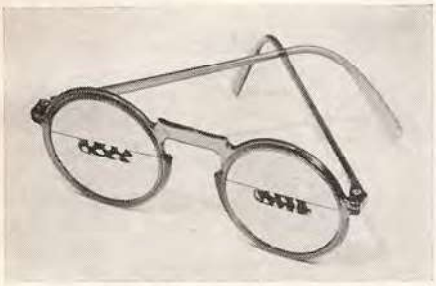

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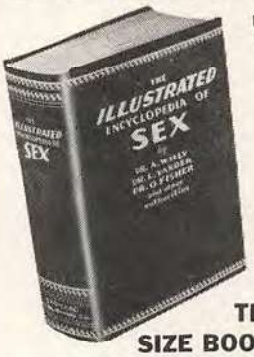

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[*Continued from page* 103]
each eel electric cell cranked out exactly .1 volt. Dissection of eel electric organs showed that the cells were laid out in series: 10 cells adding up to one volt, 100 cells, 10 volts, and so on, until, whammo! (Human cells are laid out in parallel, so there is no accumulation of current.

Curiosity about Coates's eels reached a new high at the 1939 New York World's Fair where he had them wired up to run an electric train, send telegraph messages and perform other stunts. Meanwhile, Dr. Cox was down on the Amazon poking around for eels, observing their habits in the raw and trying to figure out how big eels make little eels without burning each other's breeches.

Cox learned some interesting things in the Amazon, but he didn't see them nest building, egg laying, or egg fertilizing. In fact, so muddy was the shallow water the eels lolled in that Cox had trouble seeing them at all.

Finally, at lowest, clearest water, Cox spotted swimming adults with hundreds of tiny eels bunched near the head. These young, not much longer than a paper clip, were shockless, immune to momma's blasts, and apparently oriented to her positively charged head where they clustered until large enough to charge for themselves. As soon as they got their batteries in operation, they could give your hand a severe tingling, or spring the jaws of any fish that tried for them.

Throughout their lives, the eels had no natural enemies, lounged supreme in the shallows defying any jaguar, caiman or anaconda to sink tooth into their high-tension hides. Here was the true king of beasts, a critter nothing could even chew, let alone kill.

Meanwhile, back in Manhattan, Coates' aquarium was about to be demolished to make room for the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel. Added to this turn of events, a few months later the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. Christopher Coates gave up his experiments and set up a temporary aquarium at the Bronx Zoo. Meanwhile, however, the groundwork was being laid in Washington, D.C., for the eel man's most interesting exploit. U.S. Intelligence had learned that the Germans were making a fantastic "nerve gas." The government immediately called in a brilliant Russian-born biochemist, Dr. David Nachmansohn. His assignment: find an antidote. "Is there any special equipment you'll need?" he was asked as he settled down to work.

"Yes," said Nachmansohn with a casual smile, "about 100 electric eels." When the biochemist explained that eels have the biggest, fattest and most plentiful nerve cells in the animal kingdom, the Army saluted and went looking for an expert on eels: Coates.

One minute Chris Coates was wondering if the dream of a new aquarium would ever come true, the next he was staring at a top secret order for 100 fish that at that time were among the rarest in the world. The world was at war. A German fish firm that had specialized in electric eels was kaput. Coates had also dealt with a station on the lower Amazon which collected eels from native fishermen, but this source was also out of business. However, Coates soon learned that a Frenchman named J. Auguste Rabaut was still going into the South American jungles after fish. An arrangement was made for a U.S. Rubber Co. PBY to fly Rabaut to the Amazon region and keep him supplied. A few months later he made it out loaded with 100 eels. The plane took the eels to Miami. They traveled from there to New York in private railway passenger compartments. The nerve-gas experiments could finally begin.

Now Coates had more eels than he could handle and Nachmansohn, jammed in tiny rooms at Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, was carving them up at a merry rate. He sliced up the electric tail tissue and probed the cells with microelectrodes, recording their pulsations as they continued to generate in a nutrient solution. Each cell was kicking off .1 volt tirelessly, but when a chemical related to nerve gas was soaked into the cell, it went dead.

The chemical analysis to determine what was happening in the miraculous electric cells was long and tedious, but in the end Nachmansohn learned how nerve gases block the chemical-reaction chain that produces bioelectricity. Soon after, his team synthesized an antidote, PAM. This substance is kept at the ready at all chemical warfare centers today, and is used to neutralize poisonous insecticides, too. It is available to crop dusters all over the world, and in Japan where a lot of aerial rice dusting is done, it has saved many pilots' lives.

When the war was over, Coates began to dream ahead to a new aquarium at Coney Island in Brooklyn. Why, he thought, there'd be a gala eel display, with big neon lights under eel power, and the biggest eel in captivity!

Fund raising, research and planning ground on and in 1957 the first stage of the Coney Island Aquarium was opened to the public—complete with electric eel.

In all of the work that Coates has done with eels there has been a man behind the scenes. His name is Hugo Schnelle and he operates a tropical fish depot in Westchester Country, north of New York City. During the nerve-gas experiments, the specimen eels were stored in his tanks. Now he runs one of the largest wholesale outfits in the East—more than 100 eels await shipment to aquariums throughout the world. I visited the depot.

Hugo Schnelle handles every species of tropical fish popular with fanciers and aquariums today. Many of them come down the Amazon along with his eels. "You don't get much call for eels, but with this government research you got to have them," Schnelle explained. "The natives call them *tremblador*. They hate them. You ever been stung?"

"No," I admitted.

"You would hate them, too. I tell you, they sting you good. Right in the bones. Electricity from the house, you don't feel that in the bones. From the eel, right through the bones, deep. I have been stung so many times I don't care."

"How about feeding them something alive?" I said. Schnelle brought a large goldfish and tossed it into a tank of four-footers. The phone rang and he left me alone in the aisle between six large tubs of eels. The goldfish swam around unconcerned. Suddenly the fish stiffened, the lips of the nearest eel parted, and goldy vanished. I found a short length of stick, a dry stick, and poked an eel. The eel moved away. I put the stick in the water, and the eels swam around it. Suddenly one of them snapped at the stick, the water splattering upward.

The shock raced up the stick and into my arm sending a sharp tingle down my body. I jerked away. That had been nothing, but it had been a good warning.

"You got stung?" Schnelle said, noticing my expression. "In Brazil we have them in big tanks up off the ground so nobody can fall in, and with netting over the top. There are stories that natives fell into pits of eels dug in the ground and that it killed them. I wouldn't want to fall in, I can tell you that."

Later, back at the aquarium, I watched the eels kill live prey. The charge is temporarily stunning and continues to be released by the eel until the victim stops moving. Then the eel closes in to swallow. If eel radar indicates the presence of an enemy, the eel keeps blasting until the dangerous animal is gone or numb. The eel leaves the scene of the assault undulating gracefully as though nothing of any importance had happened.

Coates told me, "It takes them awhile to get the right charge to stun a certain size of fish. A fish swimming in the same fresh water with an eel isn't well grounded. But a man standing in the water is, and receives a bigger jolt."

Now it was nearly time to give a public eel demonstration at the aquarium and Coates went to check the equipment.

I went to where Coates stood behind the eel tank. Through the glass you could see a throng of expectant school kids. Coates made an announcement. He touched an eel with an electrode and static rattled the loudspeakers like a string of firecrackers. He used another electrode and a vertical neon tube outside bloomed with red light. The light climbed for several feet as the voltage rose. The children were wide-eyed with amazement. Coates watched them keenly.

"I'll tell you one thing they learn from this," he said.

"What is that?"

"Don't play with electric eels."

—**Dale Shaw**

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WE'RE NO ANGELS, 1955
THE DESPERATE HOURS, 1955
THE LEFT HAND OF GOD, 1955
THE HARDER THEY FALL, 1956

[*Continued from page* 54]
remarkable duality. His chore as an actor was to be himself.

In a *Time* cover story on June 7, 1954, a writer grasped the essence of Bogart's ability: "In a sense, his talent is narrow. For all his technical excellence, Bogart never gets completely out of Bogart and into the character he plays. But few screen personalities are so elastic and subtly adaptable; few stars can so convincingly and smoothly accomplish the trick of fitting a character to themselves. In an odd sort of way . . . Bogart manages to achieve surprising range and depth while still remaining the familiar figure with whom millions expect to renew an acquaintance when they pay at the box office to see a Bogart film."

This talent for not being and yet being is what has precipitated the Bogart boom now being reported with some regularity in the press. OLD BOGART FILMS PACKING THEM IN, said a headline in *The New York Times* on January 23, 1965.

Actually, the boom, increasingly resounding, started at least five and one-half, nearly six, years ago, when the Brattle Theatre, an "art movie," in Cambridge, Massachusetts, began to have regular Bogart weeks. This began early in 1960. Mrs. John W. Pratt, of that establishment, told me, "We became aware of the cult in January, 1962, when the *Harvard Crimson* complained editorially that we weren't having the usual exam-period Bogart Festival."

The Brattle has had festivals of Bogart films regularly since its management became aware of the cult, and always has done not just good but great business, although the profit has been made at some cost to the proprietors' nerves. "It's bedlam on a Bogart night," Mrs. Pratt reports, with a pretty weariness. "I wouldn't go near the theater myself on one of those nights, and I would hate to try to catch dialogue I didn't already know in any of the most popular pictures." Students, she went on, are in the habit of shouting out the lines of dialogue as Bogart voices them from the screen.

In a *Boston Globe* story on January 21, 1965, headlined THIS IS HOMAGE-PAYING WEEK AT HARVARD FOR THE IDOL WHO LIVED THE CODE, the reporter William Fripp described what has been happening at Cambridge for eight years.

"Harvard men are having it rough this week.

"Tuesday night they went down in a hail of police bullets on a California mountain.

"Today they'll crumple under the blows of a machete wielded by a Mexican bandit.

"But the boys are rejoicing in their suffering.

"Violent immolation is a price they gladly pay during Bogey week, an annual orgy of Humphrey Bogart films. . . .

"Braving bitter cold and the threat of impending exams, they queue up in long lines four times a day to pay homage to their lisping tough-guy hero. . . .

"The rules of the ritual are strict and well defined.

"In-games include competing for attendance at *Casablanca,* tossing off the names of minor characters and establishing the sequence of the films (Bogey's receding hairline is the clue) . . . ."

Casablanca is the most popular film the Brattle has shown, says Mrs. Pratt. And: "*Beat The Devil* has a smaller but equally passionate coterie."

In New York City, several "art" movie houses have put on Bogart Festivals with marked success. Dan Talbot, manager of The New Yorker Theatre, has explained Bogart's appeal to the young as follows:

"Bogey is just Bogey. There are so few people who are just themselves, he comes through and stands out on the screen.

"Sure, the college generation is going for him. They would like ideals, but they've become disillusioned about idealism. They are suspicious, and with good reason, of content. As content becomes less and less meaningful, style becomes more important. Bogart had real style."

Such comments have been echoing across the country. An Associated Press story out of Chicago on April 25, 1965, said, "the fad is now a fixture at the University of Chicago, where tastes often run to Aristotle." The night before, the writer continued, "students crammed into a lecture hall . . . to cheer, whistle and moan as Bogart clenched his teeth or lit a cigarette in the 1947 movie *Dark Passage,* also starring Lauren Bacall and Agnes Moorehead. The movie was sponsored by a campus group."

A 20-year-old named Rick Thompson, "director" of the group, ruminated: "Bogart represents the little guy, the guy versus

the institution—the man who doesn't knuckle under to police or society or whatever organized force he's up against." Thompson continued, "So many students here anyway are neurotic. They're crazy about the forces they can't control."

Michael Iachetta, writing in the *New York Sunday News* said that Bogart's films, "good, bad or indifferent," have created a cult which includes "high-brows, middle-brows, low-brows, short hairs and long hairs. The age bracket has no brackets.

"... no matter what their age or education, Bogart *aficionados* usually let their hair down at the showing of his films," Iachetta went on. "During an epic like *To Have And Have Not*—saga of a Florida fisherman-smuggler—you can pick up audience anticipation as Bogey saunters to a table under the eyes of the police. The moviegoers know that their hero is going to palm a .38 and shoot it out with the enemy.

"The viewers wait for their tough guy to knock over the table, flip the unlit butt from his sneering lips and snarl: "All right. . . . '

"The rest of this line is invariably drowned in a symphony of cheers, clapping and stomping.

"And when Lauren Bacall purrs to Bogey, "If you want anything, all you have to do is whistle," wolf whistles drown out the counting of silver at the box office. . . . "

The people who cause all this commotion are not, according to *The New York Times,* an all-inclusive group. They mainly are "collegiate and postcollegiate—a welter of dungarees, war-surplus coats and tweed jackets with a scattering of beards, mustaches and students in motorcycle boots."

This coterie could not be called beatnik. There is a young medical student at Harvard, James Kahn, who is, according to a letter written about him to the management of the Brattle, "distinguished by the fact that he has seen *Casablanca NINETEEN* times." The letter, from a student named Alfred L. Goldberg, then went on, "I thus believe Mr. Kahn—Jimmy, to those of us who know him—holds what is probably the Brattle, if not the world, record. (He is otherwise a relatively normal individual.) As he plans to continue this policy and to make other ritualistic pilgrimages to this classic, I wish to suggest that your offices award him at least free entrance annually to this film, which he has already virtually memorized." Mrs. John W. Pratt, of the theater, replied to Goldberg on June 1, 1965, as follows: "Our flinty corporate heart is touched by your suggestion that we let Mr. Kahn in to see *Casablanca* free each year, but after all he is the sort of person on whom our flinty corporate structure is based, and we cannot bring ourselves to pass up such a regular and dependable source of revenue. We are, however, sending Mr. Kahn one of our new Bogart posters in the hope that it will comfort him between showings."

Bogart posters have almost as powerful an effect on the young as Bogart films. Their hold on the young was demonstrated by the actions of Jean-Paul Belmondo in a New Wave film called *Breathless.* Playing a murderer and thief, Belmondo stopped beside a Bogart poster on a theater on the Champs Elysées, and unconsciously, tried to make his face into a replica of Bogart's. Whether or not this was the actor's idea or that of the director is not known, but it is significant that in June of this year theaters were beginning to run Jean-Paul Belmondo festivals. In an article by Eugene Archer in *The New York Times* on June 6, 1965, Belmondo was headlined, THE BOGART OF THE 'SIXTIES.

Several serious critics have made attempts to explain the Bogart effect. In a book called *I Lost It At The Movies,* a lady critic named Pauline Kael says, "For decades our films were full of these gangsters, outcasts, detectives, cynics; Bogart epitomized them all—all the men who had been hurt by a woman or betrayed by their friends and who no longer trusted anybody. And although I think most of us enjoyed this romantic treatment of the man beyond the law, we rejected it intellectually. It was part of hack moviemaking—we might love it but it wasn't really intellectually respectable." But there may lie the very reason why young people love Bogart today. They are not intellectuals, whether they happen to be Harvard premeds or not. They are still like children, emitting the scents and odors of childhood, in their emotional behavior. Bogart gives them a chance to rebel vicariously, without involvement.

The distinguished Leslie A. Fiedler, author of, among other things, *Waiting For The End,* recently wrote me from the State University of New York at Buffalo that he just had organized a party for a viewing of *The Maltese Falcon,* and that he just had had a student term paper on Bogart as "the last surviving avatar" of the Aristotelian Hero. "Maybe there's a clue in each of these," Fiedler went on. "First, we've got just far enough away from HB so that his cinematic images (particularly the older ones) have the old-fashioned look of the world as a major war (and lots of minor ones) age; and second, maybe there was embodied in him (thanks largely to John Huston before he lost his nerve, ran into the psychoanalysts or whatever) a last romantic surival of male heroism, now so palpably obsolete.

"He's cool, too, clearly not Anglo-Saxon, like so many others now so dear to us—and, by the same token, at once heroic and *not* okay—on the verge of the criminal. The ultimate triumph over K. Hepburn (in *The African Queen*) made all us neo-WASPS quiver with joy. Besides, he has a lovely contempt for sentence-end pauses in dialogue." Then Fiedler added, "Mostly nonsense, I suppose, but—as you see—I couldn't resist speculating."

Like Bogart, the students and postgraduates now causing The Bogart Revival have an affirmative sense of humor about themselves and their involvement with him. They even delight in making fun of their addiction to H (their word for him, not for heroin). At Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., a celebrated foreign concert pianist paused for a moment after completing a difficult passage. One Bogart-mad student could not contain himself; he had to voice the wild idea brought on by his addiction to H. The student remembered in the film *Casablanca,* Bogart (Rick) kept repeating a line to Dooley Wilson (Sam), a Negro piano player and singer, while nursing a drink and reflecting on his seemingly impossible romance and the sad condition of the world. It became one of the catch-phrases that came to people's minds when they thought about Bogart, and on this night at Williams, after the world-renowned pianist had worked his way brilliantly through the passage, it flooded the mind of this unknown H addict, who eventually may become as famous as the lad who invented the panty raid. He leaped to his feet.

"Play it again, Sam!" he shouted.

H.....

Bogart drank. He did not keep it a secret, as so many stars try to do. "I sip about an ounce of booze every hour, all day long," he once confided to me. "I read that the liver can only work off one ounce per hour, so I don't go much beyond that." There were times when he went far beyond that. There was the oft-reported night in a New York club, El Morocco, into which he lurched with a companion, a well-known boulevardier named Billy Seeman, an ingratiating man known for his expansive spirit. Seeman, at the time of his marriage, hired Paul Whiteman and his symphony-sized orchestra, placed the entire group atop a double-decker bus, and had them serenade his bridal party outside the reception and all the way to the boat that was to take him and his bride to Europe.

Bogart and Seeman had been matching each other drink for drink at various places all over New York. By the time they arrived at El Morocco, they were well beyond taking care of themselves, several witnesses said. Nor were they able to take care of two giant stuffed pandas they had picked up in the course of their boozy meanderings. The pandas weighed 20 pounds apiece, according to newspaper reports. Bogart and Seeman set them up at their table and then went to join another party.

The late Lee Mortimer, a nightclub columnist, later declared that it was at his instigation that a model, Robin Roberts, picked up Bogart's panda and started to carry it out of the saloon. Bogart, according to Mortimer, ran across the room and tackled her. They both fell to the floor. Peace was restored and everybody was invited to leave. The next day, the model decided that she ought to do something of a legal nature about the incident. She went into court and obtained a summons for Bogart, issued by a magistrate named Hyman Bushel. "Bushel put out the summons and got me in a peck of trouble," Bogart later said to friends. In court, the judge who heard the case opined that Bogart was only "protecting his personal property." The action was dismissed.

Bogart later was asked if he had been drunk. He pretended to be indignant. "Isn't everybody at 3:00 a.m.?" he asked.

"I don't want any publicity right now," Bogart said, sourly, a trifle nastily, and flatly. His voice always sounded as though

laryngitis were trying to get the better of him and not quite succeeding; it was a deep and resonant voice, but it had to keep fighting off huskiness. He cleared his throat a good deal. Hundreds of thousands of cigarettes, and carloads of whisky, had gone into making that voice when I first hear it on the telephone one day in 1955.

"I've been sick," Bogart said, as though he wished he had his doctor there, to punch him. "I've got this goddamed thing in my neck and shoulder. Pinched nerve. It's pinching hell out of me." He sounded as though he wished he could crook his arm around and pinch the goddamed thing back. "I haven't been going out. I go out for lunch to Romanoff's, that's all. I'm supposed to sit here and keep quiet."

Now he became more emphatic. "I don't *want* any magazine article now. Especially not in the *Woman's Home Companion*. What's a grown man doing writing for *them* for? Wait a minute. Did Swifty tell you to call me? Are you the one?"

I. P. Lazar, the literary agent, had given me Bogart's number and had called him to tell him I would call. I was in Hollywood on assignment to "do" H for the magazine Bogart mentioned and dismissed. It was to be one of a series called Happily Married Couples. In my day I have committed all known transgressions against style and taste.

"Let me ask you, are you a friend of Lazar's?" Bogart was demanding. He could make the most innocent question a challenge, which was why he always was getting into fights.

"I'm a part-time client of Lazar's," I said. "Friend, I don't know. Are you sure *you're* a friend of Lazar's? How can you tell?"

His chuckle sounded like the rattle of evil gravel in a rusty bowl. "I like Lazar, Swifty, I like his style, the little sonofabitch," Bogart said. "He's all right. If you're a friend of his . . . why don't you come up this afternoon and have a drink anyhow? The Free Loaders start assembling around 5 p.m. I'm not drinking much, but everybody else is." A wink came over the telephone wire.

Everybody else is drinking, all right. Here in this oak-paneled studio which serves as the main room of the house, a meeting of The Free Loaders Club has been called. There is a wall full of books, there is a small alcove in which the booze is kept, there is a fireplace, there are pictures of Bogart and his friends and of his wife and other friends (including one of Miss Bacall sitting atop a piano, Helen Morgan style, while Harry Truman plays for her). There are a couple of silver trophies won by Bogart's yacht. Two large couches face each other across a round coffee table that must be five feet in diameter. To the right of this table, facing the liquor alcove, as though to permit him to keep an eye on the supplies, is Bogart's chair.

Mostly Easterners are in this meeting of The Free Loaders Club. Bogart prefers these people because they profess to hate Hollywood as much as he pretends to. "Jack Warner is a creep," he once designated one of his employers. Here in the house on Mapleton Drive in Holmby Hills, which is just beyond and a more expensive neighborhood than Beverly Hills, is Nathaniel Benchley, the novelist. Nunnally Johnson, the writer-producer. Sam Jaffe, an influential and successful agent. A young wheyface who is telling Bogart his theories of acting. Joe Hyams, the newspaperman. Mike Romanoff, the restaurateur and chess player.

John Huston is telephoning from Mexico. Bogart cannot hear.

"Pipe down, you bastards," he says.

When Bogart put down the telephone the cascade of conversation washes down over him again.

H.....

There is a poem by William Empson called *Waiting For The End*. Bogart never has heard of it. There is no such poem. There is no doctor confining him to this house, there never was an operation nor a period in the goddamed hospital. There is no wife telling him not to drink so much. From him there is some shamefaced mention of the fact that he is skinnier than he ought to be, and that he is trying to rest and get back his strength, but that is all there is from him.

Not quite all. Sitting there in his chair, he pits man against man, offering a comment to one on whatever is being discussed and then drawing another into the conversation. There always is a touch of saliva at the corner of his mouth; it always seems to be getting in the way of his speech, for he is what actors call "a spitter." The most ingratiating phrases are translated by that flat and resigned voice into little bombs of embitterment, little cores of acceptance of the role of the loner in the world. It is obvious, although perhaps not to everybody in this warm, wood-paneled room, that here is a man who was told early on that the world was a gracious place, and who found out for himself that it was far from being that. Yet there is an acceptance of the world as it is, and of whatever it offers.

Bogart keeps shifting his bony, emaciated frame on a chair that looks as though it could not possibly support anyone heavier. The hair on his legs—hardly more fleshed than those of the chair—is grey and tired. It is hard to look at him.

"Have another booze," he says to someone. To everyone. He gestures toward the alcove where the liquor stands. Baseball occupies him for a moment; then his boat, *Santana*. He tells about some Republican bastards who had their boat anchored near his one night. "I had to yell at them," he says, with great satisfaction. He curses Nixon a few times.

"The Free Loaders," says Bogart, his eyes surveying them, sipping his own drink. This day it is Jack Daniels; other days it may be Scotch. Most days it may be whatever comes to the hand.

"Listen to Sam Jaffe over there," he says affectionately. Once he has made up his mind that he likes them, he takes pleasure in his friends' defects and idiosyncrasies. "You hear Sam talk about art and not know he's a goddamed agent, you'd think he was Bernard Berenson. I don't know anything about art. That's Betty's specialty. He's just as ignorant as I am, Sam, but he talks a good game. Come on."

He gets up with spindly difficulty and leads the way to his dining room. The conversation goes on as the guests keep getting up and refilling glasses.

"I bought this in Paris," Bogart says, standing in front of the picture in the dining room. "I had a hangover and couldn't see too well. But I sort of liked it." The painting was a misty blue-grey composition by an abstractionist. "To tell the truth, that hangover was so bad I thought the picture was a battle scene. It turns out it's supposed to be a harvest."

He snorts. The pain obviously is troubling him, for he is walking with a slight stoop.

He turns back toward the den, where The Free Loaders still are disposing of his liquor, clusters of them absorbed in discussions or arguments.

Bogart smiles at them. He settles himself again in his chair and picks his glass up from the floor where he left it before we went into the dining room.

"Betty ought to be here any minute," he says, using the name he always uses for his wife. (He never calls her "Baby," as the newspapers always do, and state that he does.)

"How many rooms in this house, Bogey?" someone asks.

"Fourteen," Bogart says. "I think. I've never counted. All I know is that that one over there—" he gestures toward the living room—"still hasn't been furnished. She can't make up her mind what she wants to go in there. She's had six or seven pianos in and out of that room. I'll bet she's changed the furniture, or the design of it, five or six times. Last week she finally decided what she wants. I told her, 'The hell with it—leave it be.' 'Leave it empty?' she asked. I said, 'Why not? I've got to like it that way. When we have guests, we set up tables. It's supposed to be a room to have fun in. What's the matter with it the way it is?' "

As though cued by this speech in which she is the principal character, Lauren Bacall enters.

All the men stand up, and those on the couch move aside. Miss Bacall goes straight to her husband, stretches out her long, lovely arms and encircles his neck in them, kissing him and murmuring, kissing the top of his head, his cheeks, the stubble on his chin, and the neck below it. Bogart submits to these endearing gestures with a pleased grin; he winks past her at one or another of us.

Miss Bacall has not looked at anyone. She now stands erect and looks around at The Free Loaders and our glasses. "Well! Everybody getting bagged?"

She walks over to the alcove where the liquor stands. "God! Is there *anything* left?" There is, of course; there is a seemingly endless supply around the Bogart household. She pours herself an oversized old fashion glass of Jack Daniels. She returns to the gathering and throws herself full length on the couch. "Christ! I'm tired."

"Listen," she says, looking at Bogart. "How many drinks have you had today?"

"I can't remember."

She gets up from the couch and advances toward him, standing over him threateningly. "How many?"

"I told you, I can't remember."

She whirls and faces the rest of us. We stir uneasily; nobody is certain if her anger is real or feigned. We choose the safest way out:

"One," we say, like a chorus.

"One! I'll *bet*! Bogey, you remember what the doctor said! You've got to cut down!"

Bogart says something unprintable. He then changes the subject.

The wife falls into a conversation with Lazar and Jaffe. The other conversations take up where her entrance had stopped them. Bogart regards his wife fondly. He likes her spirit, which is like that of a spirited mare; he likes her style, as he is fond of saying of the people who mean the most to him. While she is paying strict attention to the opinions and postures of her two art-collecting friends, she is shooting flickering glances of concern toward the chair where her husband sits.

He has come to treasure her specially during his convalescence from the first operation for the cancer that will kill him.

"I never was happy until I met that one," he says, and I recall a remark he made to a reporter who asked him if there had been a part of his life that he would have liked to live over. "Yes," he had said, promptly, "the days when I was courting Betty."

It is about 7:40. Miss Bacall, having looked at her watch, glances around at members of The Free Loaders.

"Okay, you creeps, clear out. It's dinner time—Bogey's got to eat."

"Hell," says Bogart. "I'm not even bagged yet."

"You've had enough," she says, but not in her usual strident tones. She shakes hands warmly with everyone. Bogart looks sad as we leave.

Waiting for the end, boys, waiting for the end.

H.....

No one could say how some of the stories about Bogart were started. It has occurred to many who knew H that he always was engaged in a gigantic spoof to perpetuate his image. Yet it also seemed that while Bogart often was embarrassed by some of the tales told of him, he kept his embarrassment to himself, for he knew that as long as he was living the character created for him by imaginative friends, or timid ones who wished to take on bravery by saying they knew him, he had to resign himself to the image that was being created.

"It's not that I don't give a damn what they print about me, as long as they spell my name right," he said to me one afternoon. "I do give a damn what they print about me. As long as it's accurate, they can spell it B-O-G-*E*-R-T. But you can't keep them from printing anything that comes into their heads, and most of it isn't accurate."

There is a Mencken's Bathtub-Humphrey Bogart Story. Lewis Milestone, a director, had a party the story goes. No account ever says when the party occurred, or where, although presumably it was at Milestone's house. At this party, Bogart was introduced to a man who had been a Free French underground fighter during World War II. The man either was drunk or excessively addicted to moviegoing. Practically upon shaking hands, the Frenchman said to Bogart, "Do something tough."

Bogart shrugged. "You got the wrong guy."

The Frenchman then announced that he could eat glass. He did. He chewed and swallowed a champagne glass. Bogart expressed admiration. Next the Frenchman said, "I can also eat razor blades." And, he proceeded to do so.

In one version of this story, Bogart then bit a piece out of a champagne glass, chewed it and swallowed it, but balked at the razor blades. In another, Bogart also ate half of a blade.

Cameron Shipp writing for the *Saturday Evening Post* reported: "The Frenchman then mixed vermouth, gin, Scotch, bourbon, *creme de cacao,* champagne and brandy. On home grounds now, Bogart thirstily matched the tough man. Stayed right with him. No chaser. 'I still don't think you're tough,' said the Frenchman. 'You can't eat glass.' 'Oh, I can so,' said Bogart. He grabbed a cocktail glass, snapped it, chewed it and tried to swallow. Nothing went down, but blood gushed copiously from his cut mouth and lips.

"'I guess you are all right,' said the Frenchman. 'We are both very tough guys. Let us go now and insult women together.'"

I asked Bogart: "Did it really happen?"

"Don't be silly," he said. "Eat a razor blade? I may be a little nuts, but I don't think I'm that nuts. Or maybe I was so loaded, I *did* do it. I've done some damned silly things in my time, you know—not the least of which was coming out here to Hollywood to begin with. I was making a good living when I was an actor on Broadway. Not as good as you get here . . . but I was getting along."

Bogart loved to play chess. Lauren Bacall hated the game. Bogart would go, on days when he was not working, to Michael (The Prince) Romanoff's restaurant, where he was perhaps the only customer who could get in necktieless, and if Romanoff could spare time from his table-visiting duties, he would join Bogart and the two of them would play chess. "I love the goddamed game so much I'd even play Duke Wayne," Bogart once told me, an especially significant statement in view of his hatred of Wayne's right-wing politics.

Bogart also loved to sail. Miss Bacall hated the *Santana*, the 55-foot yawl he owned.

Bogart was in the habit of going to bed early. Years at Warner Brothers had conditioned him to retire in time enough to get sleep enough before he had to report into the makeup department by around 6 a.m. Miss Bacall liked to stay up late at night.

"What one earth *do* the two of you have in common?" I once asked them.

"We're both stubborn and bullheaded as hell," Bogart said without hesitation.

"Right," his wife agreed.

"Except that I'm stubborner than you are," Bogart declared.

"The hell you are," she said.

"If you ask me, the best director around is Huston," Bogart said one afternoon to The Free Loaders. No one disagreed. He looked at us as though he hoped to get an argument.

"I mean, he's a sonofabitch in some ways," Bogart said, but then added, lamely, "but I certainly enjoyed working with him." He gestured at one of the pictures on the wall above his fireplace. In it, Huston had his arm around Bogart's neck and was gesturing into the distance. The director had scribbled a paraphrase of a Biblical quotation on it: "And Satan took Jesus up unto a mountain. . . ."

"He may not have known his Bible, but he knew how to shoot a film," Bogart said. "And still does. I think he's the most unappreciated director in Hollywood."

He then told the story of *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre,* which almost was not released because Jack L. Warner, the biggest brother of them all, was displeased with the film that Huston was sending up from Mexico. Warner had agreed to make this film originally because the word "Mexico" meant tourist-postery things to him: bullfighters, senoritas, charming black-eyed kids running the streets, men dozing under huge sombreros, etc. As far as Warner could see from the daily rushes, what he was getting was a picture about two grizzled, fagged-out men, Bogart and Walter Huston, the director's father, sitting around complaining because they could not find either water or gold. It did not matter to Warner that Walter Huston was one of the great actors of the American stage and screen, or that Bogart had immersed himself in this particular characterization.

Warner went to Henry Blanke, the executive producer. "It's terrible . . . can't you get those guys at least to shave?"

Blanke, who must have been one of the most patient men ever seen on the Warner Brothers lot, tried to explain that two prospectors looking for gold in Mexico could hardly be expected to shave.

"Anyhow," Warner said, reputedly, "you ought to get some music in there. They're looking for gold, all right—*mine.*"

A few days later Huston sent up more film from Mexico. One sequence, in which Huston and Bogart were still seeking water, took four days of shooting.

"What did you think of it?" Blanke inquired, anxiously.

"If that sonofabitch don't find water soon, I'll go broke," Warner said.

The film won several Academy Awards, all of which Jack L. Warner accepted. He told friends that he had known it would be a winner all along.

Bogart was, essentially, perhaps because he had been trained by his rich father, a tightwad. His father must have impressed upon him the value of a dollar when he was young, and his days as an actor on the stage, when he was struggling to get and hold onto parts, certainly must have made him all the more money conscious.

In his home Bogart was a lavish host. Yet for a time he resented moving into the house where he could function as one. He resented change because it represented expense. One day he said to me, "See the trucks out there? Every day when I wake up and look out the window, there's some goddamed truck out there. The *men* are always coming. It's not just to my house, it's this whole neighborhood. If there's nothing wrong with the place where you live, they come and find something wrong with it—the grass men, the gardeners, the pump men, the swimming pool men, the goddamed men who prune trees, the roof men, the driveway men . . . every day there's some *men's* truck parked in my driveway. Some days there are four or five trucks. Some days I can't back the car out, there are so many men. And all I know is that somebody's got to write them a check. Me."

He said, "*She* needs more closet space in here. I kept telling her for weeks, 'The men are going to come and make a hell of a lot of noise.' And they came and we had noise for days. I had to shut the door to the den to get away from those bastards."

If Bogart had had his way, he never would have moved into the Mapleton Drive place. He thought their former house, in a less fashionable section, was big enough for them. When his wife was expecting her first baby, she decided they had to move. They needed more room, she told him.

"Crap," said Bogart.

"Then we ought to do something to fix this place up," she said. "I want a new stove."

"The old stove is fine," said existential man. "It works fine for me."

Miss Bacall went and bought a brand-new stainless steel stove. After it arrived and was installed, she told him it was too big for the goddamed kitchen.

"You're nuts. You're never satisfied," said Bogart, worrying about having to make additions to the house.

The Bacall plan went into its operative phase. She began leaving brooms, pots and pans out of their proper places. She knew that H, who was neat and orderly, would resent that. And so he did. He began complaining about her untidiness.

"I *would* put that stuff all away, but I haven't got any place to put it," she would say.

"*Find* some place to put it," Bogart said, invariably.

"There just isn't any place, Bogey," she would say. She began using the same strategy with things in other rooms of the house—she would leave clothes, books, and other items strewn around rooms, so that he would demand to know why they were not put away, and so that when he complained she could say, "There's no room."

Meanwhile, she secretly was looking for another house. When she found the house on Mapleton Drive, Bogart was outraged. He first was appalled by how much it cost (it was worth around $250,000). Then he began to object to the neighborhood. "That's where all the creeps live, all the millionaires," he said.

"Judy Garland—she's a creep?" Miss Bacall asked.

"The rest of them are," Bogart said. He refused to give her the money for the down payment; he told me later, "I thought she would get over wanting to move into the house."

Miss Bacall was determined. She presently took money out of her own account and put the payment down on the house, confronted Bogart and announced that they were moving.

"I guess you're serious," Bogart said. "But I want to warn you—if we move into that place, I'm never moving anywhere else again." He never did.

Yet—except when he was entertaining guests—he continued to hold tightly to his pocketbook. Miss Bacall always ordered groceries herself, and closely supervised the cooking that was done by the man in help. She checked on the household accounts continually, at Bogart's insistence.

In restaurants, Bogart always was check-conscious. Many times I saw him pick up and study the bill in Romanoff's before paying it—and Romanoff was a close friend.

In February, 1949, it was reported in a newspaper article that Bette Davis was listed by the United States Treasury Department as the highest-paid actress in films for the fiscal year which ended in 1947. She collected $328,000 from Warner Brothers, displacing Betty Grable, who had been first the previous year with $299,333 paid her by Twentieth Century-Fox. "Both were eclipsed by Humphrey Bogart," the news story went on, "who earned more than anyone on the acting side of the movies. Mr. Bogart got $467,361."

Later, just before his death, he was able to command a minimum of a $250,000 guarantee, against a percentage of the profits, for every picture he made. Some stars today can get more than that, but in 1955-1956 Bogart's salary was a record-setting one. That may have been why there always were so many agents around the house; they may have been hoping to represent him in some negotiations.

Novelist Nathaniel Benchley recalls some social observations about Bogart that never previously have been recorded.

"Bogart's honesty was such that it shone through that idiot society out there," he said. "My wife went out to Bogart's with me, her first time, and she knew that Bogey was always tough on new arrivals. He twitted and needled them. She was terrified. 'What will I say to him?' she asked me as we were getting dressed to go to his house. 'If he says anything needling to you, you ask him what became of his hair,' I told her. We got to the house. Bogart had invited the whole crowd of people he liked—Judy Garland and Sid Luft, Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn, Lazar, I think Sydney Chaplin and Adolph Green. But he paid special attention to my wife. He knew she was terrified. He was gentle to her, quiet and sweet. He could not have been nicer. Later I mentioned it to him by way of thanking him for it.

"Bogart said, 'I'm a bastard at heart—don't forget that. I just treated her that way because she's new out here.' "

Benchley thought a moment. "He was a tower of strength for many people," he said.

And then: "Bogey did a wonderful thing for me. I had just finished a biography of my father [humorist Robert Benchley]. This was in 1955. When you come off a book you're all full of the material, and sometimes it's hard to stop talking about it. You can't put brakes on yourself. He and I were always talking on the telephone, and one day he said, 'For Christ's sake stop talking about your father.' But I didn't realize *how much* I'd been talking until the day we went sailing on his boat out to Catalina Island. There were Jeff Richards and Dewey Martin, two young actors, Bogey and I. We were pulling up after our trip, and we came alongside another boat. I was up in the bow. Bogart began introducing us to the people in the other boat. 'This is Jeff Richards and this is Dewey Martin,' he said, 'and that tall man up there on the bow is Nat Benchley—he's Sinclair Lewis' boy.' "

H.....

John Crosby, of *The New York Herald Tribune*, and Joe Hyams, who also worked for that newspaper as its Hollywood columnist, and I were luckier than most other reporters. We never had to call Bogart for appointments or make dates with him through the timorous studio press agents. Perhaps because Bogart knew we always would quote him correctly, and that we would try to reflect his nose-thumbing attitude toward Hollywood, he gave the three of us the privilege of dropping by the house on Mapleton Drive unannounced. In the last year of Bogart's life, whenever I got off the aircraft at the Los Angeles airport I would point my rented car toward his house before going to check in at my hotel.

Bogart always would be sitting in his den, grumbling at the lack of news in the Los Angeles newspapers.

"Make yourself a drink and sit down," he would say. "You just get in? What's new back there? Christ, how I miss it." Broadway producers always were offering him a chance to star in plays, and he always was thinking that he might take up one of their offers, but he never thought about it seriously. Yet he always was talking about how much he missed New York, always looking forward to going there on vacation.

Other reporters did not fare as well as Crosby, Hyams and I. Bogart took delight in baiting them, possibly because so many were so unashamedly devoted to the notion that the public cared about the private lives of stars. There was one lady columnist who had a weak bladder. Bogart never referred to her by name. He called her "The Peeing One."

Sometimes Bogart felt that the Hollywood press corps ought to have livelier items than it was getting from the studios. On days when he was bored at Warner Brothers, he would walk

into a publicity man's office and make up outlandish stories about fellow actors. The gullible flacks, never bothering to check with the stars themselves, would write them down and send them out to the gossip columnists, who obligingly printed them. Once he said that the James Cagneys, one of the most devoted couples in Hollywood, had quarreled and were getting a divorce. Another time he said that Pat O'Brien's wife objected to a tattoo on his chest and insisted that it be removed by surgery. Yet another time he reported that Paul Muni had lost all his false beards. "He kept them in a special beard room in his house," Bogart said. "Last week he left the window open and the beards all blew away."

Stories in magazines sometimes referred to the troubles the writers had had in getting Bogart to sit still for an interview. It seemed that he always had to put reporters to a test before making up his mind to be cooperative. There was one afternoon when two ladies from the press of The Great Northwest were given this test, one I am positive they never will forget.

This pair had been brought to the house by a studio press agent. They were sitting up very straight on the couch across from Bogart's chair, their flowered hats set primly, their little notebooks and silver-plated pencils held at the ready. Bogart, who had not shaved for two days, was in his bathrobe, slippers on his feet, holding a drink. The visiting ladies must have amused him rather than irritated him as so many reporters did.

The butler admitted me and I walked through the sunporch into the den. Bogart had not been expecting me. "Here's a man who can give us the word from the East on this subject," he said, reaching up to shake hands.

"What subject?"

"We were just discussing screwing," Bogart said.

The two flowered hats seemed to spin on the two carefully-coiffed heads, and there was a flutter of notebook leaves as the ladies sat bolt upright, trying not to blush, blushing nevertheless, trying to smile and not quite succeeding, and then automatically smoothing their skirts over their knees. I was sure the press agent was going to faint. Nothing Bogart ever did in films was a more effective shocker. The ladies never had heard that word uttered in company before. All this happened in the space of a second.

"I see," I said. "What about it?"

"These ladies here and I were agreeing that it's okay," Bogart said, whereupon the two of them permitted themselves to collapse in laughter. Bogart decided they were all right; he gave them a superb interview. To this day they still are telling this anecdote over bridge tables in Eugene, Oregon, or wherever it was they came from.

This scene always has stuck in my mind, I believe, because it so succinctly sums up one of the qualities Bogart had, one that keeps him so alive today. He could project that raw masculinity, as he did with the use of the gutter word, and almost simultaneously convey good manners, taste and breeding. His calling them "these ladies" somehow reassured them that the afternoon was not going to degenerate into one of those lurid Hollywood matinees they had read about, and also served as a small apology for having used the word. This ability also served him, as noted, on the screen. He always seemed to be on top of everything, joking when he was serious and serious when he was joking.

When he died I was in a hotel in Leicester, England. I had brought up a newspaper to my room without looking at the headlines. There was the news. Although I had been expecting it, as all of us who loved him had been, I was thrown into a momentary unbelieving panic, and the first thing I wanted to do was to call Lauren Bacall and find out more. I paced. It would not do to call her; I sat down and tried to write her a letter and gave that up after three sentences.

Bogart dead. The man who had died so many times on the screen, virtually every time in a violent manner, had been so *living* off the screen, it simply was impossible to accept. I kept pacing. I drank as I paced, and presently the drink enabled me to lie down and fall into forgetful sleep.

Days passed before I could write to Lauren Bacall. I then was very busy, but I did my work distractedly, because I had to write her. Finally one night I sat and wrote her a short note, trying to say as well as I could that I felt that all who knew Bogart had suffered such a loss that it was impossible to speak coherently about it. She sent me a note in return, one of hundreds she sat and wrote in the months after Bogart's death. Messages had come in from all over the world, sincerely impulsive outpourings of the emotions that the living Bogart had aroused in the people who had come to regard him as a kind of universal institution.

Miss Bacall saw little of the press just after the death. She called Joe Hyams and asked him to serve as her spokesman. She saw few friends. In the days that followed she felt lost and bewildered, she later told me. The Free Loaders Club had stopped its daily conventions. "It just seemed to stop at once," she said. "I don't know why. Some of them stopped, I guess, out of sympathy for me, and I guess some stopped because they couldn't stand to come to the house and be reminded of him. I kept things pretty much the same in the house—I left his chair where it was, and I left up the pictures he liked. The funny thing was that nobody would sit in his chair. They sat on the floor instead of sitting in that chair. I wanted to get rid of the damned chair, but I couldn't make myself take it away. Then a friend of mine said I ought to take down his pictures that were on the wall over the fireplace.

"I couldn't even do that. I had a maid take them down and pack them away.

"I gave a couple of cocktail parties. Nobody mentioned him. That upset me more than anything else, because I wanted to hear about him. I just couldn't get it through my head that he was gone."

H.....

It is 3 p.m. and on this day I am the first in of The Free Loaders. Bogart's face is especially pinched and drawn this day. It occurs to me that I have come too early, and am preventing him from getting the rest he needs to be convivial when the rest of the bunch will arrive. I contrive an errand in Beverly Hills.

"No, no, *stay*," he says—almost begs—and I realize he desperately wants company.

"Have a belt," he says. "What's going on, anyhow?"

I try to tell him what's going on. He accepts all news of liberal politicians with approving nods, and grimaces when Eisenhower, Nixon and other Republicans are mentioned.

"I don't know what got over the country, electing Eisenhower," he says, as he has said many times before. "You know I originally was an Eisenhower supporter? Well, I was. I thought he was Truman's man. Then I heard him speak a couple of times, and that was enough for me. He wasn't any more a liberal than . . . well, than Truman was a Communist. The big war hero! My ass. If you ask me, he's going to go down in history as a lousy president." He throws down his newspaper.

As he does, a series of startling sounds come from the kitchen. There is a loud scream, then a slap, then loud laughter, then another slap and more laughter. "They're at it again," Bogart says. "Excuse me—I got to go belt somebody."

He stands up, gathering his bathrobe around him, and heads for the kitchen, exactly like Humphrey Bogart on the screen heading into a villain's hideout to clean things up. Bogart the father I never before have observed. "Fatherhood came a little late in life," he once told a *Time* reporter. "I don't understand the children, and I think they don't understand me, and all I can say is, 'Thank God for Betty.' "

"All right," Bogart says, in his best menacing voice, "what's going on in here?"

A small, whimpering voice, that of Leslie, the daughter, aged four, says accusingly, "He . . . was shooting me with rubber bands."

Bogart becomes the prosecutor. "Is that true?" he asks of Steve Bogart, aged seven.

The trapped hoodlum replies, "Aw, I wasn't shooting her *much*."

"You were, too!" the little girl charges.

"I was *not*!" the small boy shouts.

"Wait a minute, you two," Bogart says. "Steve, you shut up. I don't want to have to rap you. Listen, you got no right shooting your sister with rubber bands. She's littler than you, and besides, she's female. They cause us a lot of trouble, but we got to endure it. They're not as strong as we are."

"She was teasing me," says Steve, beginning to cry, "and she was teasing Jim." He is referring to a pet white mouse Bogart has given him.

"I don't care what she was doing to you or Jim," Bogart says. "You're in the wrong." His voice suddenly becomes gentle. "Come on, now, be a good boy. Be a gentleman. It sounds like a ratfight in here."

He comes back to the den, grimaces at me, and sits down, fully and happily aware of his resemblance to characters he has played.

Bogart had three boxer dogs, two of which had been given him by Louis Bromfield, the novelist, on whose farm in Ohio he and Lauren Bacall were married. Boxers look fierce, but they are timid animals, very high-strung, and conceal that with noise. Next door to the house on Mapleton Drive lived a writer. The dogs' barking annoyed him. He continually complained to Bogart about them.

"Move," Bogart said.

"What was that?"

"I said, 'Move,'" Bogart said. The neighbor got up and left. Two days later he was back, in a rage.

"One of those goddamed dogs came over and bit me!" he shouted.

Bogart stared at him. "I know. I *sent* him over to bite you."

The man was driven half-crazy by the clamor of the dogs, and one day he appeared at Bogart's front door to plead.

"They make so much noise, I can't work," he said. "Listen, Bogey, couldn't you do something about them? Couldn't you have their vocal cords cut?"

Bogart gave him another Bogart stare. "If anybody needs his cords cut, you do," he said.

"There's very little style here, and practically no taste," Bogart continued later. Other actors were Defenders of The Industry; if they did not believe that Jack Warner lived on Olympus, they did not express that belief in public. Bogart never hesitated to say what he felt. Once he became so embittered at the mediocrity of films in general, and actors in them, that he went to a studio press agent and earnestly tried to persuade him to get a plaque made that would say WORST ACTOR OF THE YEAR. He planned to present this to one of his fellow inmates at Warner Brothers. The press agent tried to talk him out of it.

"There has to be something done to combat all this shit," Bogart insisted. "He'll know it's a joke, but he'll get the point."

"But, Bogey, his feelings will be hurt," the press agent said. "After all, he's *an actor*."

"Who says so?" Bogart demanded, belligerently. Then: "Yeah, I guess you're right. His feelings *would* be hurt, I guess, and I'd hate like hell to do that."

Despite his scorn for the mores of the community, H nevertheless was a most dependable and diligent artisan. No matter how bad his hangover, he always would haul himself out of bed at around 5:30, shower, dress and drive to the studio to report into makeup at 6. Or he would go to work direct from a drinking bout. On these occasions he usually still would be drunk.

"But somehow he always seemed to sober up when he got in front of the camera," the late Jerry Wald, who was a Warner's executive, told me many years later. "The guy was a marvel. He could walk in with his eyes red, but somehow they would clear. He was like one of those movie detectives who get their arm broken in one scene and are punching hell out of a guy in the next. I never saw anybody like Bogey when it came to recuperation (sic) powers."

"Some dumb bastard from a newspaper was up here the other day," Bogart said. "He said to me, 'How do you manage to look so evil?' I said to him, 'I let my beard grow for two days.'" During the run of *The Petrified Forest* on Broadway, Bogart shaved only on Saturday nights, after his performance. The rest of the week he cut his heavy black whiskers with barber's clippers. He and Stuart Rose, his brother-in-law, used to lunch once a week at a midtown restaurant favored by people in show business. One day, as they were finishing lunch, Bogart asked Rose to walk with him over to Fifth Avenue. "There's a cigarette case at Cartier's that I'd like to buy for my wife," Bogart said. He then was married to Mary Phillips.

At the checkroom, Rose was astonished to see the coat that the attendant handed Bogart. It was one that a Bowery bum might have asked a mission worker to take off his hands. Rose was wearing a proper black Chesterfield and a good hat. Bogart, bewhiskered and defiant, put on a hat that should have been worn out years before, and pulled it down over his eyes.

"He was trying to play his part on the stage," Rose has recalled. "I guess he thought people would look at him on the street and recognize him. It was a joke, but he was conscientious about the part he was playing. We went to Cartier's. As we came in, the guards seemed to converge on us. They were sure it was some sort of unique stickup, the gentleman and the bum. Bogey paid no attention to them. He asked to see the cigarette case, paid cash for it, put it in his pocket, and we walked out. People on Fifth Avenue did stare at us, which I guess was what he wanted. The gentleman and the hood."

Mark Hellinger, the newspaper columnist who went from New York to Hollywood to become a producer, was one of Bogart's friends. Hellinger, now dead, had a story he loved to tell about Bogart. One night they went to a gambling joint on Sunset Strip. There was a peephole, and the eye in it went from side to side. A voice said, "Sorry, Mr. Hellinger, we can't have Mr. Bogart in here. He's always causing trouble. If he doesn't cause it, somebody goes up to him and starts it."

"He's cold sober tonight," Hellinger said. "I swear it. He's just fine. All we want to do is come in and—"

The eye's voice cut him off. "Mr. Hellinger, would you mind turning around? Look behind you."

"Bogart was in a fistfight with one parking lot attendant and getting ready to take on the other," Hellinger later said. "And you know? I swear he did it just to cross me up. He hadn't wanted to go to that joint. He said, 'Every time I go there, I get into trouble.' He was trying to prove it to me."

H.....

The Free Loaders Club, which assembled for what was to turn out to be more than a yearlong wake, was a kind of afternoon auxiliary, or an outgrowth, of another group that for years had existed during the evenings, before Bogart was stricken. The Free Loaders were not as well known as the original group, which Bogart designated as The Rat Pack, or The Holmby Hills Rat Pack. Although Bogart was the founder and leader of that bunch, and sometimes referred to himself as director of public relations, he designated Frank Sinatra as president, a fact which must irritate Sinatra today, for he has spent a good deal of time denying that there ever was or is any such thing.

In Bogart's mind there was. Judy Garland was vice-president, Miss Bacall was known as den mother. The agent Lazar was treasurer, and David Niven, the actor, Jimmy Van Heusen, the songwriter, and Mike Romanoff all occupied offices that changed from day to day according to Bogart's fancy.

"We're going to elect Noel Coward an honorary rat," Bogart once told a reporter.

John Huston was a rat in good standing. To be in good standing, it was necessary for the rat to do something ratty—that is, to defy Hollywood custom in an especially demonstrative way. (There was a well-known singer who, one night while on suspension from a major studio, went up to the studio president's house and defecated on his doorstep. Presumably this could have qualified him as a rat, but most members of The Rat Pack felt he had gone too far.) Huston's gesture of defiance was to start the exodus from Hollywood, the trend toward making films in foreign countries, invariably those he never had seen or shot an elephant in. Bogart admired Huston's desire to get away from the world in which they made their living. "John's got real guts," he said to me. "He never lets them tell him what to do. If somebody comes to him and asks him to do a picture, he'll say, 'Fine—but we've got to make it in Tanganyika.' He's one of the few real *souls* around this crumby place."

Bogart often liked to talk about eligibility for rat pack membership. Anybody who liked to stay up nights and drink large quantities of liquor was automatically marked as potential rat pack material. "We really *stood* for something," Miss Bacall once said. "We had *officers* . . . we had principles. You *had* to stay up late and get drunk." And then she added, as inscrutable as Bogart himself when he was discussing his scrambles, "All our members were against the PTA."

Bogart would show aspirant Rat Packers their eligibility by taking cruel shots at them, as he did with all his friends. If a man came in for his most stinging comments, he could be sure that Bogart had accepted him. "John Huston looks like an ape when he's bored," Bogart told me. "Harry Warner was giving a bunch of guys a lecture on the international market one day. It was one of the dullest speeches I ever heard in my life. Huston was pretending to listen, but as the great man kept talking away, Huston's face gradually began to look just like an ape's. I felt like handing him a banana."

Another close friend, at least in terms of Bogartian invective, was Frank Sinatra. Bogart once showed his affection for the

singer by saying, "The thing about him is, he's a cop hater. If you ask him a question, any question, he thinks you're a cop." There was another frequently-quoted remark he made about Sinatra which no reporter, including the incumbent, ever got quite right. "The trouble with Sinatra," Bogart is supposed to have said, "is that he thinks heaven is a place where there are all broads and no newspapermen. He doesn't know he'd be better off if it were the other way around."

Bogart liked younger people, and was always ready to help young actors. Producers and directors knew this, and were always calling him up to see if he would advise youngsters they had just put under contract: "Bogey, willya let this kid come up to the house and talk to him for a while, facryinoutloud?"

"Tell the little bastard to come up tomorrow," Bogart always would say.

The young man would arrive. Bogart would offer him a drink, which the lad usually would refuse. "I don't understand these kids," he said to me. "None of them drink. What the hell's the matter with them? Do you think they're all fags, or are they just health nuts?"

After asking a few questions, Bogart would inquire as to what the visitor was up to currently. Without hesitation, the young man would go into a recital of the tortures he was going through for his Art. Never having opened a book of Shakespeare's even in his high school English class, he nevertheless would attempt to describe what he *felt*. "Feeling is everything," he would say. "I can't act unless I really *feel* it."

Bogart's attitude in these conversations was one of tolerant amusement. He never communicated this to the whelps; they were too busy with their sells and cons. Lighting a cigarette, Bogart would nod solemnly as they expressed their whey-faced views of acting. Sometimes he would shoot a glance at one of his contemporaries in the room.

One afternoon, after he and I had sat and listened to a young man, who had come for advice, explain heatedly what in his opinion was wrong with the actors of Bogart's generation, he turned to me and asked, in complete puzzlement, "I wonder if I ever was like that? I don't think so. They would have thrown me the hell out of the studio."

Nevertheless, he continued to tolerate the visits of the aspirants. During this period a rash of short, goofy first names for young male actors broke out in Hollywood. The Typhoid Mary chiefly responsible for it was an agent named Henry Willson, who if buried in Forest Lawn may permit them to inscribe on his tombstone the intelligence that he was the first to devise "Rock Hudson" for a lad named Roy Fitzgerald and "Tab Hunter" for another named Arthur Gelein. One afternoon Bogart announced that he had made up his own name for a new Henry Willson client. This was to be used by a Chinese-American juvenile, he said, who might well replace Keye Luke in popularity. The name was Dungg Heap.

Bogart had no respect for the new crop of actors, possibly because none of them had gone through the period of apprenticeship on the stage that he had endured; most of them had been picked up by Henry Willson or other agents simply because they had pretty faces and moved in a reasonably masculine manner, and had been sold to the studios on the grounds that they "had something." What they had, mainly, was a desire to do something that beat working; so Bogart believed. He could not hide his contempt for the youngsters who were not willing to work at their profession.

Bogart worked mainly for Warner Brothers. He would speak of his days on that lot with understandable bitterness. "In my first 34 pictures," he told George Frazier, "I was shot in 12, electrocuted or hanged in eight, and was a jailbird in nine. I was the Little Lord Fauntleroy of the lot." His roles were so similar in those Warner's films, he seldom studied his lines. "How many times do you have to study 'Reach'?" he once asked me. And: "I played more scenes writhing around on the floor than I did standing up. My principal problem was finding new ways to say 'Aaagh' and different ways of spitting blood. I'll say one thing for my performances, though—I developed several new grips on the stomach. Some of them still are being used today."

Bogart must have given Jack L. Warner the same casual treatment he previously had given masters at Trinity School and Phillips Andover Academy. In his jaunty, candid autobiography, *My First Hundred Years In Hollywood,* Warner recalls a morning when he had a telephone call informing him that Bogart was missing from the set of the film he then was making. Bogart, wearing filthy pajamas, was riding a bicycle around the lot. He was drunk. Two studio cops finally got him to dismount and go to his dressing room.

Warner, who was production chief, went to see Bogart at once. "Goddammit, Bogey, I don't care if you bust your ugly face," he says that he said. "Well, yes, I do care. But there are hundreds of people depending on you in this picture, and some of them get a pay check that wouldn't handle your liquor bill for two days."

Bogart called many of his friends "Junior." He said, "Forget about it, Junior. It'll never happen again."

"And," writes Warner, "it never did."

The bicycling may never have happened again, but there were many mornings when Bogart would arrive for work still hung over from the previous night's carousings. On some of these days he would go straight to Warner's office and explain to him that he had been drinking the night before, but that he was there ready to do his job. Warner was both indulgent and businesslike. As he reveals in his book, his eye mainly was on the dollars that Bogart represented; perhaps that was what prompted his indulgence. More interesting is the information about Bogart himself that his appearances in Warner's office gives us. Although he spoke of Warner in public, and to reporters, as "a creep," he thought of him as a substitute father, and went to him looking for a warm relationship he never had had from his own father.

On December 29, 1946, Bogart signed a 15-year contract with Jack L. Warner, "believed to be the longest in the history of the industry," Jack L. Warner was quoted as saying.

"I may drink, but I do my work," Bogart later said to a friend.

H.....

In October 1947, *The New York Herald Tribune* reported: "The Committee for the First Amendment, a group of 300 independent movie producers, directors, writers and actors, formed in the last 10 days, today chartered a plane to take 50 members to Washington to combat what they feel is an unfavorable picture of the film industry arising from testimony before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. The plane will go to the capital on Sunday, with stopovers in Kansas City, St. Louis, and Chicago. Press conferences will be held at those cities and in Washington. Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall will be among those aboard.

"The testimony of Louis B. Mayer, vice-president in charge of production for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Sam Wood, independent producer; and Jack Warner, vice-president of Warner Brothers, was the focal point of the resentment. The chief concern here is the effect of a split between employee groups and the top-rank producers. Others on the Committee include David O. Selznick, Lionel Barrymore, George Stevens, John Ford, Ira Gershwin, Katharine Hepburn, Paul Draper, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., Anatole Litvak, Burgess Meredith, Gregory Peck, Irwin Shaw, Billy Wilder, Larry Adler, John Huston, William Wyler and Philip Dunne.

"The local papers have played up the investigation with daily pictures and front-page headlines. Editorial comment has been sparse [one Los Angeles paper], referring to it as 'a witch-hunt.' "

Bogart generally is credited in Hollywood with having organized this committee and the flight. The committee later was able to boast 500 names. They were protesting the fact that the House Committee, then headed by a fat, profiteering Republican from New Jersey, J. Parnell Thomas, was attempting to "prove" that communists had been spreading propaganda by infiltrating the film industry and "taking it over." There were 10 writers who refused to tell Thomas and his interrogators whether or not they ever had been Communists. They were known as the Hollywood Ten, and they all went to jail. So did Thomas himself, for that matter; he went to the same prison where Ring Lardner, Jr., one of the Ten, was sent. Lardner was there because he had been punished for standing on what he regarded as his constitutional rights. Thomas was sent up because he had padded his Congressional payroll.

Bogart's appearance did not help the Ten. At least one member later was to feel that he might as well never have made the trip at all. In *Inquisition in Eden,* his book about his own ordeal, Alvah Bessie, one of the Ten, speaks of The Committee for the First Amendment as follows: "Some, like Bogart, were quickly intimidated and issued public retractions; many were

later investigated themselves and were 'proved' to be authentic witches. . . ."

Very late one night, I asked Bogart to tell me about this episode. He was as evasive about it as he always was on any subject close to him. Finally he said, "If you ask me, the industry—Warner and the rest of them—felt that the government heat was on. They had to have scapegoats. That's why they set up the blacklist of stars, writers, producers and all the rest. They had to show the government they were willing to cooperate.

"Warner was one of the worst, if you ask me. Sure, I worked for him for a long time, and you might say I owe my career to him. If it hadn't been for the Warner Brothers Stock Company —Eddie Robinson, Jimmy Cagney, George Raft and Pat O'Brien and all the rest—I wouldn't be sitting here in this house drinking this booze and talking to my friends. So I owe a debt to Warner. But he and a good many of the rest of the stuffed shirts who control this town decided they had to do something to take the heat off the industry, and so for a long time there've been people who can't get work. There's been a blacklist. Nobody's ever proved these people on the blacklist are or ever were communists, but there it is, that list, and their names are on it, and nobody hires them.

"You ask me if I made a retraction. No, I didn't. I didn't have to make a retraction. But you know . . . if I'd been less valuable to the studio, I probably would have had to make one or I'd have been dropped from the list of contract players over there. I'm sure of that. And you know, I have a family to support. I may not strike you as a family man, but by Jesus I am one. . . ."

When Bogart married Mayo Methot, in 1938, she gave up her Hollywood career and thereafter felt a bitterness about that act which she vented on Bogart at every opportunity. So reported Cameron Shipp and other biographers. The Bogarts made it clear to Hollywood society that they, in their own odd fashion, were as fond of fighting as other newly-married couples usually are of sexual intercourse. They fought anywhere and everywhere, not just with their fists (and in Miss Methot's case, teeth and nails) but with anything that came to hand.

"They not only fought at home alone, they fought when their friends were around," the late Herschel Unders, a press agent who worked for Bogart for a time, told me. "Sometimes they even fought over the telephone for their friends." Nathanael Benchley affirms this by telling of a time when a friend of his called the Bogarts at their suite at the St. Regis in New York. Bogart asked the caller to hold on for a moment. There was wild screaming in the background and sounds of crashing, furniture breaking, etc. Miss Methot was fond of throwing things. Presently she picked up a potted plant (most of Nathanael Benchley's stories appear to have potted plants in them) and hurled it across the room, hitting Bogart in the stomach. This caused the two of them to fall down laughing. Bogart became aware that he had put down the telephone. He picked it up. "Now then, where were we?" he asked.

Peter Lorre, one of H's best friends and a player in some of Bogart's better films, offered to bet Charles Lederer, the writer, that he could get the Bogarts into a fight inside of five minutes. Lederer said, "All right—for a hundred dollars." Lorre invited the Bogarts, Lederer and some other guests to his house for drinks.

"Now get your checkbook out," Lorre said to Lederer, as he started to walk past the Bogarts with a tray of drinks.

As he got abreast of them, Lorre said, not to anyone in particular, and not to himself, precisely, but loudly enough for the name to be heard, "General MacArthur." He did not break his step. Bogart hated MacArthur. Miss Methot thought him a fine American.

"Within three minutes," the reporter Ezra Goodman wrote, quoting Lorre, "Bogey was hitting her over the head with a glass and she was biting and scratching him."

Bogart called his wife "Sluggy." He seemed to regard her combativeness as one of her charms. Two of his most prized possessions were framed in his bar alcove in the house in Holmby Hills, long after he had divorced her. One was a drawing made by James Thurber after he had observed one of the fights. The other was a bill for over $400, for breakage, from the Algonquin Hotel in New York. They had wrecked furniture, lamps, etc., to that amount in a fight on their honeymoon.

The fights were staged so often that some people in Hollywood began to believe they were stunts to gain publicity. This was not so. Bogart told me, "There was nothing we could do about it. One would say one thing, the other would say something else, and the next thing we knew we were at it with whatever happened to come to hand. We didn't need an audience. Why, we had plenty of fights at home." During a memorable one, Bogart finally left the house, got in the car, and drove to a restaurant on the Strip. As he was going in, the doorman said, "Why, Mr. Bogart, you're *bleeding!*" He was, indeed. Miss Methot had stabbed him in the back.

H.....

The legend of Humphrey Bogart—not quite as brave a figure as Casey Jones, less daring and tough than Joe Magarac and less invincible than Paul Bunyan, certainly not as infallible as John Henry, but more defiant than Joe Hill and more sleepless than Rip Van Winkle—came into being on Christmas Day, 1899, in New York City. On that morning, Dr. Belmont DeForest Bogart, whom Bogart himself once said to me "looked something like father in Life With Father, and acted like him, too," arose as usual at 6 a.m., shaved with a straight razor, dressed, and went downstairs in his big brownstone house on New York's upper West Side, a suitable dwelling for a doctor who had inherited money and had a good practice among the fashionable and rich families in that neighborhood. Doctor Bogart was, it is recalled by the editor Stuart Rose, who was to marry one of the two daughters, "an extraordinarily handsome man." He liked to take two or three months off each year to indulge in his hobbies of sailing and hunting. Brisk and witty, he was popular and well-liked not just in his social set but by all the patients he treated. He was married to Maude Humphrey, one of the foremost magazine illustrators of the day. The house—Humphrey Bogart was to recall—"was full of Irish servants."

After inspecting the Christmas tree, which had been trimmed the night before and which stood in the living room, Doctor Bogart went into the dining room, where one of the three in help gave him a cup of coffee and some breakfast. As he was finishing off his meal, a maid came to tell him that Mrs. Bogart wished to see him. The doctor rushed upstairs. As he expected, his wife was in labor. He helped her dress and rushed her to Sloan's Maternity Hospital—and there, some hours later, she gave birth to a son. Doctor Bogart insisted that the baby be given his mother's name and the doctor's own middle name, and so it was done: Humphrey DeForest Bogart.

Certain names always carry certain small burdens. "Humphrey" was both pompous-sounding to some ears and effeminate-sounding to others. "I had to fight my way out of the name a lot when I was a kid," Bogart was to tell a friend. He had to fight, too, for attention. Both parents were busy with their careers. Maude Humphrey was much in demand, and ultimately became the highest-paid female commercial artist in the country. The doctor, when he was not attending to his patients, was always in one club or another with his fishing, sailing, and hunting companions. There were two more children—Frances, three years younger than Humphrey, and Kay, six years younger. All three of the children later showed signs, says one friend of the family, of not having been given the love they needed when they were small. Frances, known as Pat, the one who married Stuart Rose, spent several years in and out of institutions in which she was treated for nervous ailments. She is now living in California. Kay died while undergoing an appendectomy some years ago.

There is considerable evidence to indicate that the parents kept so busy with their separate interests because they could not keep busy with each other. They were too well-mannered to argue in front of their children, but it was known to their friends that the marriage was far from a blissful one.

Bogart spoke little of his parents. He seemed to prefer to forget his childhood. Whenever a reporter brought it up he would say, "Oh, what the hell is the point of going into *that?*" Then he would change the subject. Only rarely did he discuss his reactions to the pair who had brought him into the world. "I can't say I loved my mother," he said to a reporter. "I guess you would say I *admired* her." He had spent time not only living down the name that had been given him, but also trying to conceal from his schoolmates the fact that he had been the Maude Humphrey Baby. His mother had used him as a model, and his chubby little face appeared in magazine illustrations and advertisements. "I understand there was a period in American history when you couldn't pick up a goddamed magazine

without seeing my kisser in it," Bogart once said to me. "When I was a kid, it gave me kind of a complex. I always was getting the razz from friends." Bogart went through life hating his face —or, at least, pretending that he hated it. One morning, Lauren Bacall told me, she found him in their bathroom, peering into the mirror and muttering.

"What are you saying?" she asked.

"I was just asking myself how anybody ever could get to be an actor with a kisser like mine," Bogart said.

"It isn't your face that got you where you are, dear," she said. "It's your sweet disposition."

"One more crack like that and I'll slug you," Bogart said, amiably.

H.....

Stuart Rose tells about Bogart's first appearance on any stage. He does not remember the year. He believes it may have been 1922 or '23. Nor does Rose remember the name of the play. All he knows is that Alice Brady, who was the person principally responsible for Bogart's career, gave Bogart a walk-on in a production staged at a theater in Brooklyn.

"Bogey played a Japanese butler," Rose recalls. "He was terribly nervous. I think he had one or two lines at the most. He was a little too tall to be a Japanese, and he sort of crouched as he came onstage. He was carrying in a tray of cocktails. Doctor Bogart, really a charming man, put his hand on my knee and said, 'The boy's good, isn't he, Stuart?' and I said, 'Yes, sir.'

"Actually, he was terrible. But I didn't want to say that to my future father-in-law."

Bogart had been something of a trial to his parents, or at least to the doctor; the mother never paid much attention to him. The father felt that he had done his best. He had sent the boy first to Delancey School, a private institution, where he remained until the fifth grade, and then to the famous Trinity School, founded by the Episcopal Church in 1709. Bogart today is listed on the records of Trinity as "a communicant of St. Michael's Church." He entered Trinity upon the school's 200th anniversary, in September 1909.

Bogart apparently did satisfactory work at Trinity until 1916-17, when he repeated the 11th grade, according to Dr. C. Bruner Smith, who has been at Trinity since 1927. In the ninth grade, the boy's average was 66 percent, just barely passing. In the tenth, he had a 58 percent average; in his first try at eleventh, he went up to 69, but apparently was too listless to do much better the second time around, for his average was 70 that year.

A classmate at Trinity, the author, broadcaster and film producer, Doug Storer, remembers Bogart as "a timid, mousy little guy who never opened his trap." Storer, not an untalkative man himself, was an all-around athlete who participated in most school sports. "Bogart never came out for *anything*," he told me. "He wasn't a very good student . . . he added up to nothing in our class. All of a sudden, years later, everybody who knew him at Trinity was astonished to find him playing tough guys in the movies."

Dr. Bogart wanted his son to go to Yale. He also thought it would be fine if Humphrey could prepare at Phillips Academy at Andover, Massachusetts, where he himself had gone. Bogart tried to prepare at Phillips—but managed to fail out in less than a year.

A classmate of Bogart's remembers that at Andover, Bogart distinguished himself principally for his shooting and wrestling ability. He was, in the phrase of one of his classmates, "a wonderful wing shot." As for his marks, a transcript of them in the files at the Academy shows that he did not pass a single subject. He managed an A in English during his first term, the same mark in Algebra, and B's in Chemistry and French, but from then on he plunged downhill like a lemming. The final report consisted of nothing but D's and E's.

Bogart went home and went into the Navy without telling his parents. His mother was worried, of course. She still thought of him as the Maude Humphrey Baby—her art kept her a bit out of touch with life.

Bogart had been taught to sail before he was 10 at the family summer resort on Lake Canandaigua in New York, and by the time he was 14 he had built sailboats. "By the time he was ready to join the Navy . . . he was an expert sailor," Cameron Shipp wrote. And then: "His naval record has been considerably darkened and tampered with both by press agents and by Bogart himself during moments inspired by a brimming cup." This refers to a rumor, indeed probably inspired by Bogart himself, that he had been kicked out of the Navy because he killed a man.

Bogart did not kill a man, but he shot one.

"The war was a big joke," he later was to say. "Death? What does death mean to a kid of 17? The idea of death starts getting through to you only when you're older—when you read obituaries about famous people whose accomplishments have touched you—and when people of your own generation die."

The shooting was no joke. Bogart was given the job of escorting a prisoner from one Naval base to another. In Boston, he and the man had to change trains, going from one railroad station to another. Stuart Rose remembers the story. "The prisoner was handcuffed—not to Bogey," Rose says. "Bogey, of course, was armed. They became friendly—well, not friendly, but at least on speaking terms. A lot of people go to the brig in the Navy. In South Station in Boston, the prisoner asked Bogey to light a cigarette for him. Bogey gave him a cigarette and lit it, whereupon the prisoner hit Bogey in the face with his two handcuffed hands. Those handcuffed hands damned near cut Bogey's lip off. That was what gave him that slightly sinister expression.

"He never had lisped before that. Bogey shot the guy. He shot him and knocked him down. He did not kill him, as some stories say. Bogey was a good shot. He was carrying a .45 Colt, as I remember. Somehow he then got to Portsmouth prison with the man, where Bogey was treated by a Navy doctor who did a very bad job on his lip."

Bogart was not held on charges for shooting the prisoner, as it has been stated. Instead, he was commended for doing his proper duty. It was clear to some friends, later, that he felt guilty about having shot the man. He used to say that he had got his trademark lip from a piece of shrapnel. He told me this with a straight face, and I believed him—until I talked to Stuart Rose.

Bogart's naval career was honorable (so his discharge certificate said) but undistinguished. He served mainly as a helmsman on troopships, the *Leviathan* and the *Santa Olivia*, shuttling back and forth between New York and Liverpool. When he got out of the service he did not know what he wanted to do. Doctor Bogart helped him into a number of jobs, one being with the Pennsylvania Railroad as a freight checker.

Bogart hated this job, he later said. He told one reporter that his supervisor also hated him, and finally called him in to try to get him to work harder.

"If you do work hard," the man reputedly said, "some day you may have a chance to be president of this railroad."

"How many are between the president and me?" Bogart said he had asked.

"Around fifty thousand," the man said.

"I quit," said Bogart.

Again, this may have been one of those stories he gave press agents and reporters.

Stuart Rose, who for years was an editor at the book publishing house of Little, Brown, and Company, and later was an editor at *Saturday Evening Post* for more than 30 years, a man of impeccable character and integrity, kindly led me through the labyrinthine ways that led to Bogart's becoming an actor in the first place. Rose's family lived on the Upper West Side of Manhattan, as Bogart's did. Rose joined the Army as—he says—Bogart joined the Navy; both boys lied about their ages. Rose was crazy over horses, and got himself assigned to the cavalry. The two lads did not know each other at the time.

Rose recently told me: "I was in the Army in South Carolina, a corporal in the cavalry, and I went home to New York on leave. A girl I knew, Jean Ford, whose parents were great friends of my parents, invited me to a dance. There for the first time, I met Humphrey's sister Pat. She was about 14 then. Her name was Frances, but she always was called Pat. The youngest child was Kay, and they both were very good-looking girls. I enjoyed meeting Pat, and when I went back to camp we corresponded, and we kept that up when I was in France during the War, and after I came back and got out of the Army and lived at home and got into the publishing business, I married her. That was in 1924.

"Meanwhile, Humphrey and I became very close friends when I became a civilian. He was always dissatisfied. His father

kept getting jobs for him through friends, and he didn't like any of them.

"Another friend of ours was young Bill Brady, son of William A. Brady, one of the best-known producers on Broadway at the time."

Rose does not recall that Brady, Sr., was a patient of Doctor Bogart's as it has been written. He remembers only that the families were friends.

"Young Bill Brady was the half brother of the great actress Alice Brady," Rose recalls. "She was the daughter of William A. Brady by his first marriage. After that, the elder Brady married the comedienne Grace George, another splendid actress. Young Bill lived with them, near where we lived.

"Alice Brady, quite a lot older than Humphrey, at the height of her career, was married to a leading man named James Crane, a pretty good actor but an absolute no-good . . . She was going on the road with a play called *Experience,* a very popular but not very good play. She asked Bogey one night if he might like to be company manager. He said he would love it. That was the first job he ever had that he liked."

Bogart was an attractive young man, Rose recalls: "Not very tall, but extremely good-looking. Great vitality about him." The young man took to the theatre naturally, and before long became known in show business as one of the more reliable young actors around New York.

Part of his success was due to the immense magnetism that attracted women to him. But to the regret of so many ladies who threw themselves toward him, he remained a one-woman-at-a-time man. "Bogey always has kept himself free from scandal," Cameron Shipp wrote. "Not even a columnist has caught him out in the matter of dalliance, a commendable record in Hollywood." Shipp did not mean "commendable." He meant "unprecedented."

In 1926, Bogart married Helen Menken, the first of four actresses who became his wives. Miss Menken had been an actress as a child. According to available records, she made her first appearance in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in New York in 1906, when she was five years old. She continued to work steadily on the stage until she met Bogart. Their marriage ceremony must have been bizarre. It was held at the Gramercy Park Hotel, where the actress maintained a large suite. Her parents were deaf mutes. "The minister who conducted this Episcopal service also was a deaf mute who had learned to talk as Helen Keller had," says a friend who was present. "His voice was almost obscene sounding. The ceremony was harrowing to the witnesses because, for the benefit of Helen Menken's parents, he used sign language while he was going through the ritual." According to another friend, "Bogart never had wanted to marry Miss Menken, but young Bill Brady told him, 'If you don't marry that girl, after going around with her for so long, you'll never get a part on Broadway again. She's too big a star. She'll make sure you won't get cast . . . and if she doesn't, her friends will.' "

The marriage lasted a year. In 1928, Bogart married Mary Philips. He and she were husband and wife for nine years, during most of which she continued to work on the stage. Bogart seldom spoke of her in later years. After their divorce in 1937, she married Kenneth MacKenna, who had been an actor on Broadway and later became story editor at MGM. "Professional committments kept Mary and me apart," Bogart said. Friends later said that Mayo Methot was the principal reason they separated. She was working in a film with him when they met and eventually married. They were divorced May 10, 1945, in Los Angeles, and the next day Bogart gave the press the news that he would marry Lauren Bacall, who also had been working in a film with him when they met. Born in New York in 1924, Miss Bacall was seen by a talent scout while she was modeling and trying to be an actress, and shipped by him to Hollywood to be tested for a part in Bogart's *To Have And Have Not.* "I think we'll have fun working together," Bogart said to the former Betty Perske when he first met her in Howard Hawks's office. "I liked him the first time I saw him," Miss Bacall later said to me, "but *marry* him?" She did, as everyone knows, on May 21, 1945, at Louis Bromfield's farm near Mansfield, Ohio.

Bogart first stage-managed the play *Experience,* starring Alice Brady, the one which Stuart Rose saw with Pat and Dr. Belmont Bogart; that was in 1920. He had only a two-line walk-on, but that was role enough to convince him that he should try to make the stage his carreer.

In all, he appeared in 17 plays. "Bogart was rarely unemployed for 13 years," one biographer has written. Two years after his walk-on role in the road company Bogart was versatile enough to appear on stage twice in *Drifting,* starring Alice Brady, in New York at The Playhouse Theatre. "H. D. Bogart" played Ernie Crockett; as Humphrey Bogart, he played Third Husband. (He was two down to another actor, Barry Fitz Patrick, who had four parts.) This play, which went on for 63 performances in New York, was "a melodrama in six scenes by John Colton and D. H. Andrews." Alexander Woollcott reviewed it, and mentioned Bogart's performance as follows: "The young man . . . is what is usually and mercifully known as inadequate." Maude Bogart apparently had opposed Bogart's going on the stage. According to Cameron Shipp, Bogart told him that his mother entered the room on the morning when he was reading this crushing line and said, "So you wanted to be an actor, eh?"

H.....

Bogart soon fared better. "The season's distance champion," columnist Burns Mantle wrote of *Cradle Snatchers* which opened on September 7, 1925, at The Music Box. Mary Boland and Edna May Oliver were two of the better-known performers in it. Bogart played a Mexican. This time, Alexander Woollcott found him adequate. A Chicago critic, Amy Leslie, found him more than that. "Humphrey Bogart created a furor," she wrote. ". . . He is as young and handsome as Valentino, as dexterous and elegant in comedy as E. H. Sothern, and as graceful as any of our best romantic actors."

Eight plays and 10 years later found Bogart starring in *The Petrified Forest* in his best Broadway role. It was by Robert E. Sherwood and opened at the Broadhurst Theatre on January 7, 1935, and in the cast were Leslie Howard, Peggy Conklin, Blanche Sweet and Robert Porterfield. After its 181 performances Bogart moved to Hollywood permanently (he had dabbled in movie making earlier, but wasn't happy with his roles).

At the time he moved Bogart was married to Mary Philips. He and his wife had a house in Fairfield County, Connecticut, near his brother-in-law, Stuart Rose. Bogart was doing very well; he was earning around $500 a week on the stage, during the season, and at least that much in summer stock, in which he regularly was employed. "He was always in demand," Rose remembers. "He learned to act well. He was a wonderful study—he could read a side and memorize it." (A side, for the benefit of those lucky enough not to be close to mummers, is one page of a part in a play.) "He could memorize a side in two or three minutes."

But even though Bogart's reputation was established after playing the part of Duke Mantee, the gangster in *The Petrified Forest* on Broadway, Warner Brothers did not especially want Bogart when the play was bought for film. The company already had under contract several actors who could do very well as gangsters. Bogart had to wire Leslie Howard, the play's Broadway producer-star, who was in England, to ask him to intercede. Howard then took the position that he would not do the film unless Bogart played Duke Mantee.

Bogart went to Hollywood and never was seen on Broadway again.

"Do you realize you're looking at an actor who's made more lousy pictures than any other in history?" Bogart asked the assembled Free Loaders one afternoon. William Holden and Robert Mitchum, had they been there, would have contested that statement hotly; each takes a certain inverted pleasure in declaring that he is the all-time Bad Film Champion, and each tends to dismiss the good films he made with some such remark as, "Well, that was a lucky one . . . but you don't get lucky often."

"How many have you made, Bogey?" Nathaniel Benchley asked him one day.

"I've never kept count," Bogart said, lying. He knew exactly how many he had made, as all actors always do. He made 75 films. Some were, as he insisted, dreadful. But some—not just his favorites—also were excellent. In every one there was a memorable line or gesture, one which—if it worked—he then would use again in the next film, or the one after that. Bogart was a cool, knowing craftsman, continually working on mannerisms of speech and exposition, which he regarded as tools; when he found one of either that worked well in his hand or mouth, he put it in his bag and hauled it out to use whenever

the time seemed appropriate. Sometimes he used one or another of those tools to parody his original use of it. He did this with a commanding consciousness.

He told one of his biographers: "There's an awful lot of bunk written about acting. Hardly anybody ever says that it isn't an easy job. It's a *tough* job. You can't just make faces. The Method is bunk, too, but there's something to it. The people addicted to the Method believe you have to immerse yourself in a part, get yourself psychologically in touch with the character. A real actor doesn't *do* that—he trains himself so that he *can't help* doing it. What you do is make yourself do what you know the character might do and hope it comes out okay. Then your faces are the character's faces. It's got to be a matter of instinct with you. You don't walk onto a stage or into a picture *your* way. You do it the way the character would do it . . . or the way you feel he might do it. But you don't have to wring your hands and get to the point of tears beforehand. You work and work until you just do it automatically because you're an actor. It's what you do for a living. It's a job, like anything else."

Another time he said: "Around Hollywood I'm known as the actor who always falls down and kicks and screams about every part somebody like Jack Warner or Harry Cohn gives me to play. But I'm also known as the guy who then stands up and plays the goddamed part right after that. I was trying to get a reputation when I was younger, on the stage, and I asked an old, experienced actor how I could do it. Holbrook Blinn. I'll never forget him. 'Just keep working,' he said. 'If you keep working, and people keep seeing you, people are going to begin to think you must be pretty good.' "

All actors have little prepared speeches they deliver to reporters, and these are a couple of Bogart's. H gave them to me and to at least two other writers. But unlike so many of the phony speeches set by his colleagues, they truly reflected his approach . . . yet were contradicted by his real behavior. Bogart always walked into a picture *his* way.

As he sat there with The Free Loaders on those afternoons, the dying man could have reflected, if he had wished (and perhaps he did, for he did not lack the actor's normal complement of vanity), that although he had made enough bad pictures to make him the champion, he also had made some wonderful ones. The bombs, as he would have called them, did outnumber the good ones by about 10 to one. Yet today people all over the world, not just young people, are finding that the unmentionable ones are worth seeing—and absorbing—if only because this actor could project a state of being in a manner so wholly individualistic. Recently in *Breathless* when Jean-Paul Belmondo, thoughtlessly (one senses) playing a thoughtless creature driven by circumstance into thoughtless antisociality, thoughtlessly stopped in front of the Bogart poster and forced his face into those wry, jaded lines, it was as telling a comment on what Bogart was trying to do as ever could have been made. Bogart himself was thoughtlessly prevailing. He always got himself through his material. His instinctive attitudes always pulled apart his roles and then remoulded them to his own design. In a faceless society, he made himself a face.

Clifford McCarty, writing in the May 1957, *Films In Review*, made a list of all 75 Bogart films (see box, page 107). I've listed the most interesting below with my comments.

A Devil With Women. Bogart's first film made by Fox and released in November 1930, it was directed by Irving Cummings and starred Victor McLaglen. Bogart played a role similar to those he was still playing on Broadway, a rich, debonair young man.

Bad Sister. Directed by Hobart Henley for Universal. This was Bogart's first performance as a bad guy. It also was Bette Davis' first film appearance. Released in March 1931.

The Petrified Forest. Warner Brothers released this in February 1936. It is one of the films for which he is remembered best. Archie Mayo directed. Leslie Howard was in it, of course, and so was Bette Davis, but it is agreed by most critics and fans that Bogart's portrayal of Duke Mantee was one of the great characterizations ever seen on the screen. More than 20 years later, Bogart repeated his role on a live telecast, directed by Delbert Mann. This time, Henry Fonda played Leslie Howard's original part and Lauren Bacall substituted for Bette Davis. According to Jack Gould of *The New York Times*, "(She) . . . was most moving." Then turning his attention to the star, he wrote: "Mr. Bogart . . . so identified with the part that he virtually has made it his own. Last night, in what was his debut on a live TV drama, he was cold, vicious and convincingly peremptory. Few actors can suggest so much evil so quietly."

Bullets or Ballots. Darryl F. Zanuck, executive producer at Warner's, had started the studio's gangster-picture production, aided presently by a brash young ex-newspaperman from New York named Jerry Wald, who eventually was to become the most prolific independent producer in Hollywood. All major studios began making gangster pictures after Zanuck, but it generally is acknowledged that the Warner Brothers product was superior. Edward G. Robinson, who was in this one with Bogart, was the heaviest heavy of them all, but here he played a cop disguised as a gangster. The ever-present Joan Blondell also was in it. This is a favorite of the Bogart fans of the present generation. It was directed by William Keighley, and released in June 1936.

San Quentin. Bogart here played the first jailbird part he thus far had essayed. This is the Warner Brothers film that Lennie Bruce and other standup comedians have in mind when they do impressions of old prison-and-gangster films. Pat O'Brien played the prison yard's captain, in love with Ann Sheridan, the sister of the convict Bogart. Released in August 1937, directed by Lloyd Bacon, this is a special favorite among the Bogartians. Another by The Brothers.

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Marked Woman. Bette Davis was back again, weeping and living and loving the way the audiences liked her, playing the hostess of a clip joint who wanted to get revenge for the murder of her sister, and doing it by putting the finger on Eduardo Cianelli to the district attorney, who was surprisingly enough—Bogart. Another Lloyd Bacon film, this one was released in April 1937. "My God, how I worked in 1936 and 1937!" Bogart once said to me. "I no sooner got finished with one than those bastards had me in another. They kept me so busy I never even got loaned out in those days." They also underpaid him, he thought. By then he was beginning to build a huge audience, and he was continually embattled with one Warner or another, more often than not Jack L., in an effort to get a salary increase. At this point he was earning around $75,000 a year, but felt, quite justifiably, that he was worth more. His films were grossing millions of dollars. He was longing, also, for the kind of family life he never had had—and which he was not to have until much later, when he married Lauren Bacall. This longing may have been responsible for the fact that he decided, during the making of this film, to marry an actress in it, Mayo Methot.

Dead End. Some feel that this was one of Bogart's truly great roles. Made by Samuel Goldwyn and United Artists, it was directed by William Wyler, and also had in its cast Joel McCrea, Sylvia Sidney, Claire Trevor and Marjorie Main, as well as the young men who became known as the Dead End Kids and proceeded to violate the screen with their antics in a series of abominable films. Bogart at last had been loaned out and, as so often happened with stars in those days, was able to show that he was capable of a performance somewhat more ambitious than the things that Warner Brothers had been giving him to do. August 1937, was the release date.

Swing Your Lady. "If you want to know the worst picture I ever made," Bogart once said during a meeting of The Free Loaders, "go and get them to screen that one for you." Inflicted upon the public in January 1938, it numbered in its cast Louise Fazenda, Penny Singleton and Nat Pendleton. Ray Enright was the director of this, which McCarty has described charitably as a "Hillbilly farce."

The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse. Bogart always referred to this, which also had Edward G. Robinson in it, as "The Amazing Dr. Clitoris." Anatole Litvak directed it, more in resignation than fulfillment. It was flung into the face of the public in July 1938, by Warner Brothers.

Angels With Dirty Faces. The mixture as Warner Brothers knew how to stir it in November 1938. This is another of those that the new comedians like to use as sources for their impressions. Michael Curtiz, who along with Seiler and Bacon was a staff director for Warner Brothers, steered Bogart, James Cagney and Pat O'Brien through it. Despite its trite situation and overstylized acting, it nevertheless manages to hold the interest of, and delight, present-day audiences. Bogart is a gangster in it; Cagney kills him; O'Brien, the jail priest, talks Cagney into

acting like a coward as he goes to the electric chair, so the Dead End Kids will not regard him as a hero and therefore follow him into a life of crime. Bogart and Cagney both felt that it was one of the better of the items they helped make when they were working for Warner Brothers.

The Roaring Twenties. This is typical of the Zanuck-Wald films that were made at Warner Brothers when the all-star gangster cast was under contract to the lot. It may be, in fact, the best example of the kind of headline-hunting drama that Darryl F. Zanuck liked best to make. Cagney was in it, and Priscilla Lane, and Gladys George and Jeffrey Lynn. It was directed by Raoul Walsh and put out in October 1939. This too is one that causes TV audiences to stay up very late at night, not only in the U.S. but in England, for it deals with the Prohibition Era.

H.....

High Sierra. This, which appeared in January 1941, is one of the ones that sends the audiences at Brattle Theatre and other centers of Bogartmania into hysterics. A good script from a novel by W. R. Burnett, it depicted Bogart as a hoodlum in his last days, again directed by Raoul Walsh. Ida Lupino played a taxi dancer, and others in the cast were Arthur Kennedy, Joan Leslie and Alan Curtis. It came out in January 1941.

The Wagons Roll At Night. Never one to let a good thing go, the Warners again put Bogart on the road, this time as the boss of a traveling tent show and carnival. Sylvia Sidney was in it, playing a fortune-teller, and Eddie Albert portrayed a lion tamer who was in love with Bogart's little sister, Joan Leslie. This film marked a turning point in Bogart's career. It was the first one in which he received top billing.

The Maltese Falcon. There are Bogart devotees who consider this his finest. "I had a lot going for me in that one," Bogart said later. "First, there was Houston. He made the Dashiell Hammett novel into something you don't come across too often. It was practically a masterpiece. I don't have many things I'm proud of . . . but that's one." Peter Lorre later told me: "Everything in this picture just clicked. Everybody was right. Everything came on." The critic Pauline Kael has this to say about the film: "Humphrey Bogart's most exciting creation was Sam Spade—that ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear, who gave new dimension to the detective genre. This first film by writer-director John Houston made him famous and a good many of us think it's still his best. It is an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Houston used Hammett's plot design and economic dialogue in a hard, precise directorial style that brings out the full viciousness of characters so ruthless and greedy that they become comic. It is, and this is rare in American films, a work of entertainment that is yet so skillfully constructed that it hasn't even dated. After many years, and after many viewings, it has the same brittle explosiveness—and even some of the same surprise—that it had in 1941."

Casablanca. There are Bogartomanes who have seen this one more often than *The Maltese Falcon.* It is a splendid example of what the writer Merle Miller has called "a *movie*-movie." That is to say, it has strongly identifiable characters (who therefore become types), "atmosphere" (a setting both exotic and intriguing), and suspense (the audience *knows* something thrilling is going to happen, but cannot tell what). Bogart was so effective in it that it immediately established itself as another of those sources from which imitators could draw material. The number of impressionists who have uttered "Play it again, Tham," as Bogey lisped it, in nightclubs around the world never could be counted. Bogart simply *was* Rick, the world-weary Casablanca cafe proprietor. "The role . . . established him as a romantic star, brought him an Academy Award nomination, and made him king of the Warner lot," McCarty wrote. Bogart had first-rate support: the ubiquitous Lorre, Claude Rains, Paul Henreid, Greenstreet again, and S. Z. Sakall. And, finally, there was Ingrid Bergman. The director was Michael Curtiz. January 1943.

Sahara. Bogart left Warner Brothers for Columbia to work for the director Zoltan Korda in this story of a tank crew who captured a large Nazi detachment (500 men). It is a first-rate action picture, and Bogart is backed up by a sturdy cast: Dan Duryea, J. Carrol Naish, Lloyd Bridges, Rex Ingram and Bruce Bennett. Released in October 1943.

To Have And Have Not. "Little remained of Hemingway's novel," wrote McCarty, who should have written, "Little was there of the Hemingway novel to begin with." Nevertheless, Howard Hawks managed to make a story out of material that was almost nonexistent, and this film is treasured by The Knights of the Bogarter, in Cambridge and elsewhere, for it marks the first appearance together of Bogart and Lauren Bacall. This was a special favorite of Bogart's, too, possibly because it was made while he was courting his wife-to-be. Not even the day-in-day-out annoyance of working for Warner Brothers could upset him. Mike Romanoff, the restaurateur, later said of him, "I never saw him happier than he was during this period."

The Big Sleep. Someone at Warner Brothers had told someone else that a writer named Raymond Chandler was in the same *genre* as Dashiell Hammett, and that he had created a character, Philip Marlowe, who was a good deal like Sam Spade, the detective Bogart had played in *The Maltese Falcon.* This was reason enough to put together another film, and so this film was put together by Hawks and released in August 1946. Bogart then had got to the point where he could make only one film per year and command a huge price for it. Miss Bacall was in it, and so were Dorothy Malone and Martha Vickers.

Dead Reckoning. John Cromwell directed this for Columbia. Bogart apparently owed the firm a picture at the time, or was on loan-out from the brothers. It still turns up on the late-night TV, but it is regrettably routine. Someone at Columbia may have been trying to make Lizabeth Scott into another Lauren Bacall, who by then was well-established. It was released in February 1947.

The Treasure of the Sierra Madre. A film that needs to be seen—and is seen—again and again and again by those who love Humphrey Bogart. His own affection for it was such that he used to say, smiling like a small boy, "That wasn't a bad one." It was, in fact, a spectacularly good one. John Huston wrote the script and directed it, doing both jobs at the very peak of his unmatchable form. Both Huston's father, Walter, and Bogart responded to the director in an inspired manner. Only in Frank Norris' *McTeague* is it possible to find a comparable story of how the desire for riches can slide a character into depths. Bogart said to me one day, "I guess when we started we didn't know how good the material was. But then things began to happen between Walter and me, and it turned out . . . all right." Again he was understating. If the Warner Brothers organization ever wants to atone for its many, many sins against taste, style and artistic integrity, it can mention the name of this film. It was released in January 1948, at which time it established Humphrey Bogart permanently as one of the really great stars of the world screen.

Key Largo. Huston again directing Lauren Bacall and Bogart in an adaptation of Maxwell Anderson's play, a story of even less substance than that of *To Have.* Nevertheless, most people found it an effective film, and it is one of those that provoke cheers and whistles at Brattle and other towns in the United Humphrey Bogart States. Warner Brothers released it in July 1948.

The African Queen. The greatest Bogart film of them all, it is thought by many, although for some curious reason the students in the Bogart Cult do not like it (or say they do not) and have labeled it as Out. This must have to do with their basic reasons for being Bogart-oriented. They feel that this film comes closer to being a real experience than those in which he, James Cagney and Edward G. Robinson always were shooting each other. So it does. Undeniably a *movie*-movie, it nevertheless has moments of warmth and tenderness and humor between Katharine Hepburn and Bogart which seldom have been approached on the screen. Miss Hepburn and Bogart had a fine time in Africa, although she pretended to disapprove of the drinking. Robert Morley's brief appearance was, as always, a masterly exhibition of the actor showing his ability to immerse himself in a performance and yet remain himself, as Bogart always did. Bogart himself loved this film.

The 1951 film concerned a hard-drinking riverboat captain who took a missionary's spinster daughter on a voyage downriver out of German East Africa in World War I—and who, against his will—became a regenerated man as he was in the process of helping the lady to lose her inhibitions. It was made by Horizon-Romulus-United Artists. It was the film for which Bogart finally won the Academy Award. His dedication to his business was shown clearly on the night they gave it to him.

Instead of making some sarcastic remark, he muttered a grateful and mainly humble statement, now lost to record. There is no doubt that he finally had been touched by the community he claimed he despised. The day after the ceremonies, he was back in character. His telephone rang and rang, and for each caller he had a remark indicating either that (a) the award was long overdue, or (b) that it actually did not amount to much. He took pleasure in telling Cameron Shipp that Steve, his little boy, had picked up the Oscar and thrown it at him. "That's about how much it means," he said.

Beat the Devil. The trumpet player Miles Davis once saw Duke Ellington walking out of a concert hall, turned to Jazz critic Nat Hentoff and said, "Man, that cat puts *everybody* on." It can be said of this one, released by Santana-Romulus-United Artists in March 1954, that the film put the industry on, the actors put themselves and other actors on, and that everybody indeed was put on except the public. All the people involved—Huston, who directed; Truman Capote, who wrote the script; Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley and Bogart, who acted in it—had a great time making it. The actors in each scene all appear to be trying not to giggle. This perhaps is why the college crowd is so fond of this particular film. It is Bogart doing what they sense he always has been doing. Playing the part of a leader of a gang of international scoundrels who are trying to get hold of some uranium money in Africa, Bogart manages to pretend that he is playing straight and yet goes along—straight—with Capote's spoof of a square script. The company had any number of diversions while this film was being made. There were daily touch football games; there was an affair or two that everybody watched with interest (Bogart was not involved in either of the two that attracted the most attention; he always, as mentioned, was a straitlaced husband). But *Beat the Devil* barely broke even. Film producers are secretive about their grosses, and so it may have done better than it now is reported to have done. Because of the fanaticism that exists among those who have seen it and love it, it eventually may turn out to be as important a production, in terms of revenue, as any of Bogart's films. It is shown around the country, and in Europe, even at times when there are no other Bogart films on schedule. And this is curious, for although it is one of Bogart's better performances it is as disorganized and helter-skelter as those touch football games were. Its appeal only can be attributed to Bogart's ability to be convincing even when his material was not, and his ability to sweep along others in the tide of his parodying conviction. In this may be found one of the reasons for Bogart's grasp on the new generations. Life must be laughed at to be endured.

H.....

The Caine Mutiny. Bogart was put on the cover of *Time* at around the date of this film's release, which was September 1954. Herman Wouk's book perhaps never has had the credit it deserves, although it has been taken seriously in quarters perhaps not altogether up to assaying its worth. Whatever fate it has had, it provided an excellent part for Bogart as the ball-bearing-rolling Captain Queeg, and caused him to be put up for an Academy Award. Bogart never liked the part because he felt it was "badly defined." He used to say, "I never quite knew how I should play that character." The picture came out as a result of the producer Stanley Kramer's efforts, and the company of record was Kramer-Columbia. Edward Dmytryk was the director. "I think Herman Wouk liked it," Bogart said to me, "but I don't think many others did. But the book had had so much publicity. . . ."

The Desperate Hours. William Wyler directed this film version of Joseph Hayes' Broadway play. Everything was in the film's favor, it seemed. The play had been a success, and Bogart seemed perfect for the part of the gunman who holds a normal, ordinary family prisoner in their own house. The rest of the cast was extraordinarily competent: Fredric March, Arthur Kennedy, Martha Scott and Dewey Martin. But the film, another one for Paramount, released in November 1955, never quite came off as well as it had been hoped. "Maybe I'm getting too old to play hoodlums," Bogart, who had been weary during filming, said at a sneak preview to William Wyler.

The Left Hand Of God. Directed by Edward Dmytryk, released in September 1955 by Twentieth Century-Fox, this one featured Bogart as a shot-down flyer masquerading as a priest. Agnes Moorehead and Gene Tierney also were in the cast, as was Lee J. Cobb, whose performance as a Chinese warlord must rank as one of the great unintentionally funny portrayals of all time. A favorite among the New Bogart Braves, one of the few of the later films to attain that distinction.

The Harder They Fall. It was fitting that Bogart should make his exit with a film in which he was typecast, or Bogart-cast, as a crooked fight manager. This dramatization of Budd Schulberg's novel was made by Mark Robson for Columbia and released in April 1956. By then Bogart already was dying.

There was to have been *The Good Shepherd,* and he and John Huston had discussed other projects, but there were no more.

The Harder They Fall was the hardest to get through. "I feel tired all the time," Bogart said one night to his wife. "I don't know what's the matter with me. I don't seem to have any pep at all any more. Old age is catching up with me, I guess." This was in late 1955. He had developed a chronic cough, which he attributed to cigarettes, but he would not give up smoking. Also, he noticed over a period of time, that his skin seemed drier than usual—which he attributed to exposure to the sun while sailing his boat. These were two signs of cancer, he later told me, which he should have recognized.

Bogart never had been sick a day in his life, as the saying goes. Because he was conscientious about his career and his family, he had gone from time to time for checkups, and always had been assured that, considering how much he drank and how energetic he was, he was in good shape. He never had had what might be called a hearty appetite, but he ate enough to maintain his weight at around 150. His stomach was surprisingly flat for a man who was 56, and although his hair was going, his features were seemingly indestructible.

It was only because Miss Bacall kept hounding him that he finally agreed to see a doctor. He went into a hospital for a checkup. The news was not good.

Newspapers always treat cancer as though it were a venereal disease, for some reason known only to the countrywide fraternity of city editors. Bogart must have been told that he had a growth that conceivably was cancerous, but a report in *The New York Times,* sent out by United Press, said only:

"Feb. 28, 1956—Humphrey Bogart said he would enter Good Samaritan Hospital tomorrow for surgery to remove a slight obstruction on his esophagus. The actor said . . . that he expected to leave the hospital after about a week. . . ."

Another report told of his plans to make *The Good Shepherd.*

On March 4, 1956, Dr. Maynard Bradsma told a reporter that Bogart "was recovering satisfactorily" from major throat surgery by a specialist. Dr. Bradsma did not communicate the information that the surgery had kept Bogart on the operating table for eight hours.

Bogart went home, stayed in bed for about a week, and then began calling the afternoon meetings of The Free Loaders Club. Some days he felt well enough to get in his Thunderbird, or in his wife's Mercedes-Benz, and drive down to Romanoff's for lunch and affectionate insults from the proprietor. One day he went to the studio and had a 10 minute meeting with Harry Cohn, head of Columbia Pictures. The nights around the house on Mapleton Drive were as lively as ever. Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy, Judy Garland and Sid Luft, Walter Wanger, Nunnally Johnson and the other members of the cast of The Holmby Hills Rat Pack were frequent dinner guests. Frank Sinatra stopped by frequently when he was in town, always summoning that finger-snapping jauntiness of his.

Rumors that he was incurably sick began to be printed in the gossip columns. Reporters seldom called to check with him. Presently he decided that he should do something about them and chose Joe Hyams as his mouthpiece. On October 10, 1956, Hyams wrote in *The New York Herald Tribune* that he had called Bogart a few days before "to check out" a report that Bogart had suffered a relapse. Hyams had gone to the house, he said, and had found Bogart "slumped in an easy chair."

Bogart had composed "an open letter to the working press," Hyams reported. It began with a statement from Bogart which said that he had been "greatly disturbed" (which does not sound like him; he would have said something like "browned off") at unchecked rumors about the state of his health. "A great deal of what has been printed has had nothing to do with true facts.

"I have read that both lungs have been removed," his open letter went on. "That I couldn't live another half hour; that I was fighting for my life in a hospital which doesn't exist out

here; that my heart has been removed and replaced by an old gasoline pump from a defunct Standard Oil station. I have been on the way to practically every cemetery, you name 'em, from here to the Mississippi, including several where I am certain they only accept dogs. All the above upsets my friends, not to mention the insurance companies, so . . . let's get the facts to the American people—and here they are.

"I had a slight malignancy in my esophagus. . . . The operation for the removal of the malignancy was successful, although it was touch and go for a while whether the malignancy or I would survive. . . .

"I'm a better man than I ever was, and all I need now is about 30 pounds in weight, which I am sure some of you could spare. Possibly we could start something like a weight bank for Bogart, and believe me, I'm not particular from which portion of your anatomy it comes."

After having read the letter aloud, Hyams reported, Bogart got up and went to his bar and mixed himself "a stiff drink." He toasted Hyams. "Here's to Mark Twain," Hyams said that he said. "Reports of his death were exaggerated, too."

It was not touch and go. The malignancy was in the process of showing Bogart that it was stronger than he.

"I've got this goddamed pain across my shoulders," he would say to his wife. "Otherwise, I feel fine."

He did not feel fine. He tried to eat heavily, even going to the length of having breakfast, which he never had done before, but he could not gain weight. The attendance at The Free Loaders' Club began falling off because many of the regulars could not stand to see him so obviously walking toward his grave.

H.....

Presently the pain became so unendurable that Bogart implored his physicians to put him back in the hospital to see if they could find ways of giving him relief.

On November 25 he called Joe Hyams, who by then had become his unofficial voice to the press. "Come on over, Joe, and I'll give you a story."

Hyams rushed to the Holmby Hills house. Bogart, he later told me, was unusually grave as he told him the facts.

"I'm going back into the hospital for a week or so," he said. "They're going to give me some treatments, and I'll have physiotherapy."

Bogart appeared to be "trim and smiling." So the reporter wrote. The truth was that he had the look of death on him. Yet he appeared eager to act as though the hospitalization was a routine matter.

"I called you out here, Joe," he said to Hyams, "so that people in the East won't think I'm going in to have a leg amputated or my head cut off. Most of my friends either are on the wagon or have joined Alcoholics Anonymous. The shock of hearing that anything serious is happening to me might lead them away from the straight and narrow."

Hyams reported later that "Mr. Bogart's personal luggage for the hospital visit included seven mystery-detective books, a copy of 'Chess,' a portable chess set and two bottles of Scotch."

Bogart was "pound-for-pound, his usual irascible self," Hyams said. "His wife . . . will drive him to the hospital in her Mercedes-Benz convertible following a family dispute over his Thunderbird. He insisted she have his car tuned while he was away and made her promise not to drive it. 'Can't trust a woman at the wheel of a good car,' he said. 'They not only fix everything with a hairpin, they leave the things every place they go.' "

Christmas came. Bogart was home, but not many of the old Rat Pack showed up at the Holmby Hills house. The word was out in Hollywood: the stay in the hospital had done no good. Bogart was dying. He had wasted away to the point where he scarcely could move. He could not negotiate stairs; he lowered himself in the dumbwaiter. On January 2, 1957, the columnist Sheilah Graham spoke to Bogart on the telephone.

"It does a man good to be boiled out a little, like a wiry Texan in the hot sun," H said, admitting a weight loss of 35 pounds. "Sure—I'm feeling great. I lose a little money on the races, but I did all right on the Rose Bowl. . . ."

The good friends kept stopping by, leaving the house with grim expressions. It was clear to them that it was going to happen sooner than perhaps even Bogart himself expected.

"Humphrey Bogart died in his sleep early this morning in the bedroom of his Holmby Hills home," *The New York Times* reported in a story datelined January 15, 1957. It chronicled the history of his illness, mentioned the plays he had made, and said he was survived by Lauren Bacall, and his son Stephen Humphrey, born in 1949, and his daughter Leslie Howard Bogart, born in 1952. The *Times* also said: "He often deflated the publicity balloons that kept many a screen star aloft, but he remained one of Hollywood's top box-office attractions for more than two decades. . . . On the screen he was most often the snarling, laconic gangster who let his gun do the talking. In private life, however, he could speak glibly and wittily on a wide range of subjects and make better copy off the cuff than the publicists could devise for him."

Bogart's will was filed for probate on February 4, 1957. It reportedly was "valued at more than a million." He left trust funds for the two children and bequests for two employees, Mrs. May Smith ($2,000) and Mrs. Kathryn Sloan ($1,500). All his personal possessions went to Lauren Bacall. Half the remainder of his estate went to her, and the other half was to be used to provide a trust fund for her care.

Editorials were written about him. *The New York Herald Tribune* said in part, "Mothers never held him up to children as their ideal, but youngsters relished his screen portrayals, and so, as a matter of fact, did their elders. In his fatal illness, Mr. Bogart faced pain and tragedy with his customary boldness, even flippancy. He seemed to be defying fate to do its worst, and when it did, it found him calm and courageous. His death robs the screen of a unique figure, and saddens thousands of his admirers. . . ."

It is hard to know what Bogart would have thought or said about the services they held for him. My first impulse is to think that he would have said something like, "Oh, for God's sake, did they have to get that embarrassing?" But upon reflection I think that he very well might have been touched, for that sinewy body was larded by sentimentality, and he valued nothing more than the friendships he had made, and there were his friends trying to say to each other, and to his shade, what they felt about him, as he was alive, and what they knew they had lost now that he was dead.

These ceremonies for Bogart were held in All Saints Episcopal Church on January 17, 1957, conducted by The Rev. Kermit Castellanos, its rector. While the services were going on Bogart's body was being cremated at Forest Lawn Memorial Park. In the front of the church was an 18-inch model of the *Santana*. It was later reported that the urn which contained his ashes later would also contain the small gold whistle he had given Miss Bacall, inscribed with: "If you need anything, just whistle," her line from *To Have And Have Not*.

The Rev. Mr. Castellanos opened the services "by reading, at Mrs. Bogart's request, The Ten Commandments." "They had a very special meaning in Mr. Bogart's life," he said. "He believed in them. He lived by them. I read them now as a foundation of his faith."

Jack L. Warner, Gary Cooper, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, David O. Selznick, Marlene Dietrich, Billy Wilder, Harry Cohn, Danny Kaye, James Mason, Ida Lupino, Jennifer Jones, Dick Powell and other well-known people in the community were present. Around 3,000 stood outside the church. On several film lots, actors and technicians observed a minute of silence.

John Huston was there to speak in subdued accents the words the wife and all the friends wanted to hear.

"With the years he had become increasingly aware of the dignity of his profession—Actor, not Star. Actor. Himself, he never took too seriously—his work, most seriously. He regarded the somewhat gaudy figure of Bogart, the Star, with an amused cynicism; Bogart the Actor he held in deep respect . . . .

"No one who was in his presence in the final weeks," Huston said, "could ever forget that his was a unique display of sheer animal courage."

Huston paused. As his words took hold of his listeners, men and women sobbed audibly. Twenty miles away in Forest Lawn the flames were doing in the shriveled body; awareness of that came through even to those among the mourners who had been wounded by Bogart's acerbically honest wit, and awareness of what the director was saying next about his friend, as good a symbol of his time as time yet has moulded and exhibited.

Huston's voice filled the church, as even now the import of his words is filling theaters across the country, and television screens in millions of houses.

"There will never be another like him," said John Huston of Humphrey DeForest Bogart. —Richard Gehman

THIS FUNNY LIFE

While on active duty in the Navy at a base in the U.S., a group of us were attempting to impress each other by relating, with great exaggeration and little regard for the truth, our various sexual achievements.

One shipmate quietly interrupted us with this profound question: "Do you fellows think that your sisters are virgins?" he asked.

Immediately and unanimously, as would be expected of every gallant male, we answered in the affirmative.

He then continued, "I think that this is the attitude of every man in the U.S. Which leads me to the conclusion, fellows, that there is a very active nymphomaniac orphan girl, traveling rapidly about the country, servicing the entire Navy."

Lawrence Turner
Egg Harbor, N. J.

We had just finished an especially rough and tricky examination at the Army Command and General Staff College, and most of us were annoyed at the complexity of the test. We complained sulfurously and at length to each other about it.

The best complaint, however, was made by one of the chaplains in the class. After the exam, he posted this notice on the class bulletin board: "FREE! Free marriage ceremony offered to the parents of the author of this exam."

Capt. Fred C. Berry, Jr.
Ft. Leavenworth, Ky.

A pretty girl who hadn't been feeling well went to a doctor for a physical examination. When it was completed, the doctor asked, "Tell me, are you married?"

"No, I'm not," replied the girl.

"What do you do for a living?" asked the physician.

"I'm a teacher in a children's nursery school," replied the girl. "Why do you ask?"

"Well," said the doctor, "my examination indicates that you're going into business for yourself!"

Dan Bennett
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

A gentleman phoned the city desk and suggested that our newspaper do a feature story on his uncle.

"My uncle doesn't smoke or drink, and never uses bad language," the caller declared. "He's never been married, and never been known to chase after women." Then, as an afterthought, he added, "In fact, my uncle has no vices at all, and tomorrow he's going to celebrate his 70th birthday."

"How?" asked our editor.

Ron Greer
Hollywood, Calif.

The course in Viet-Namese was nearing completion in a large language school in Washington, D.C., when a salty Navy commander, in a class comprised solely of Army officers and himself, asked the instructor if he might address the class. Permission granted, the commander inquired of his Army colleagues if anyone could tell him the difference between a beautiful girl and a Viet-Namese rice paddy.

After a long silence one young Army officer admitted that no one could.

With a smile the commander exclaimed, "Well, if not one of you gentlemen know the difference, the Army is sure sending you all to the right place!"

Name and address withheld at writer's request

In front of the Leaning Tower of Pisa stands an old man. When tourists park their cars near the tower, he hands them a slip of paper covered with Italian printing, and asks for 20 lire. Believing the sum to be a parking fee, most tourists pay it without question.

Recently, one visitor took the paper to an Italian friend and asked him to translate it. The old man, it turned out, was insuring all parked cars against damage in case the tower tipped over.

John W. Chase
Point Pleasant, N. J.

When I began my first job in a drugstore during World War II, my manager told me that the merchandise was grouped in broad categories—cosmetics in one section, vitamins in another, patent medicines in another, etc. He said that, until I became familiar with the stock, I should ask each customer what the product was used for, so that I would be able to find any item easily by looking in the appropriate section.

A few days later, a sailor came in requesting a particular brand of contraceptive. I brightly said, "Gee, I never heard of it, but if you'll tell me what it is used for I'm sure I'll be able to find it for you."

The sailor did a double take before he realized that I was serious, then replied, "Well, young lady, if you don't know by now, I sure don't want to be the first to tell you."

Name withheld at writer's request
The Dalles, Ore.

I had to represent my company at a big national convention in Los Angeles recently and like most conventions it necessitated attending one cocktail party after another, as many as three or four a day. This was fine at first but as the week wore on the late hours and boozing began to show. Everybody looked a little green around the gills.

As a friend and I dragged into the hotel lobby one night after a particularly late session, he said, "You know, I'll sure be glad to get home again."

"Why?" I asked. "Miss your wife?"

"No," he said, flatly. "So I can take the cure!"

Tony Furman
New York, N. Y.

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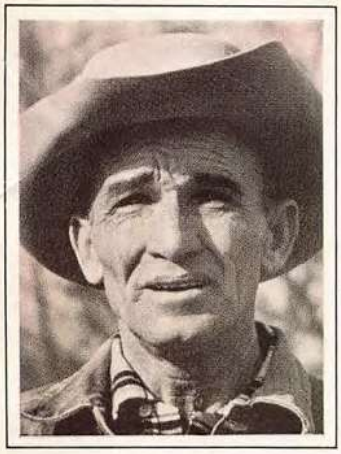

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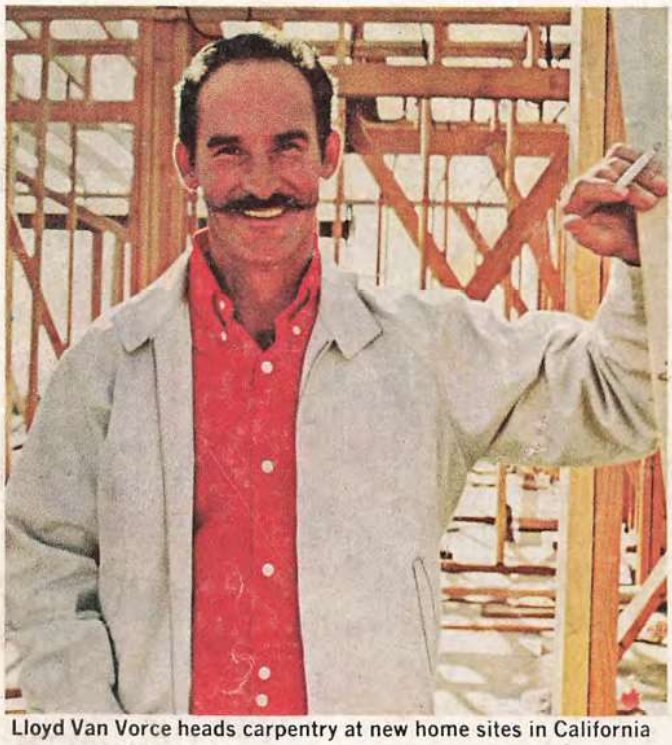
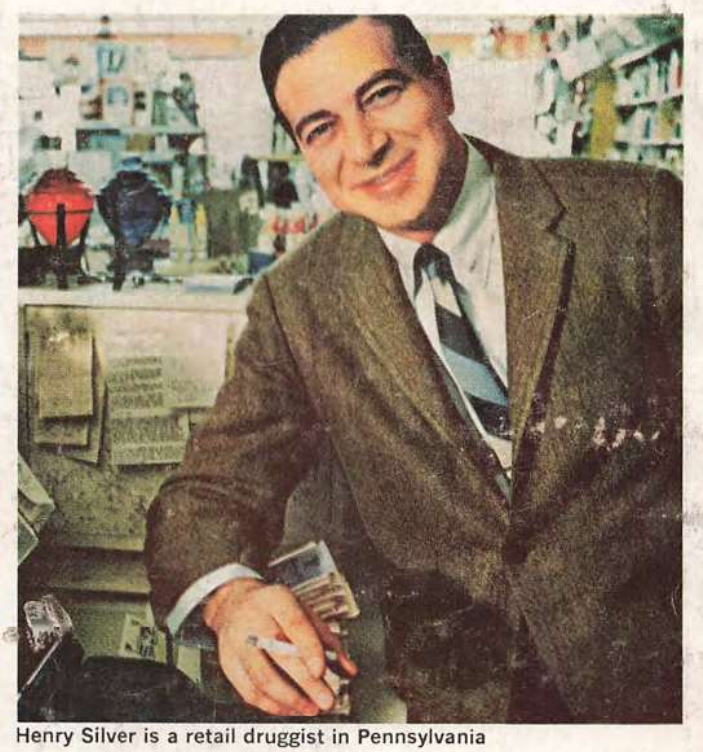


Lloyd Van Vorce heads carpentry at new home sites in California



Henry Silver is a retail druggist in Pennsylvania

Naomi Hatfield writes a fashion column in Minnesota

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